May 2, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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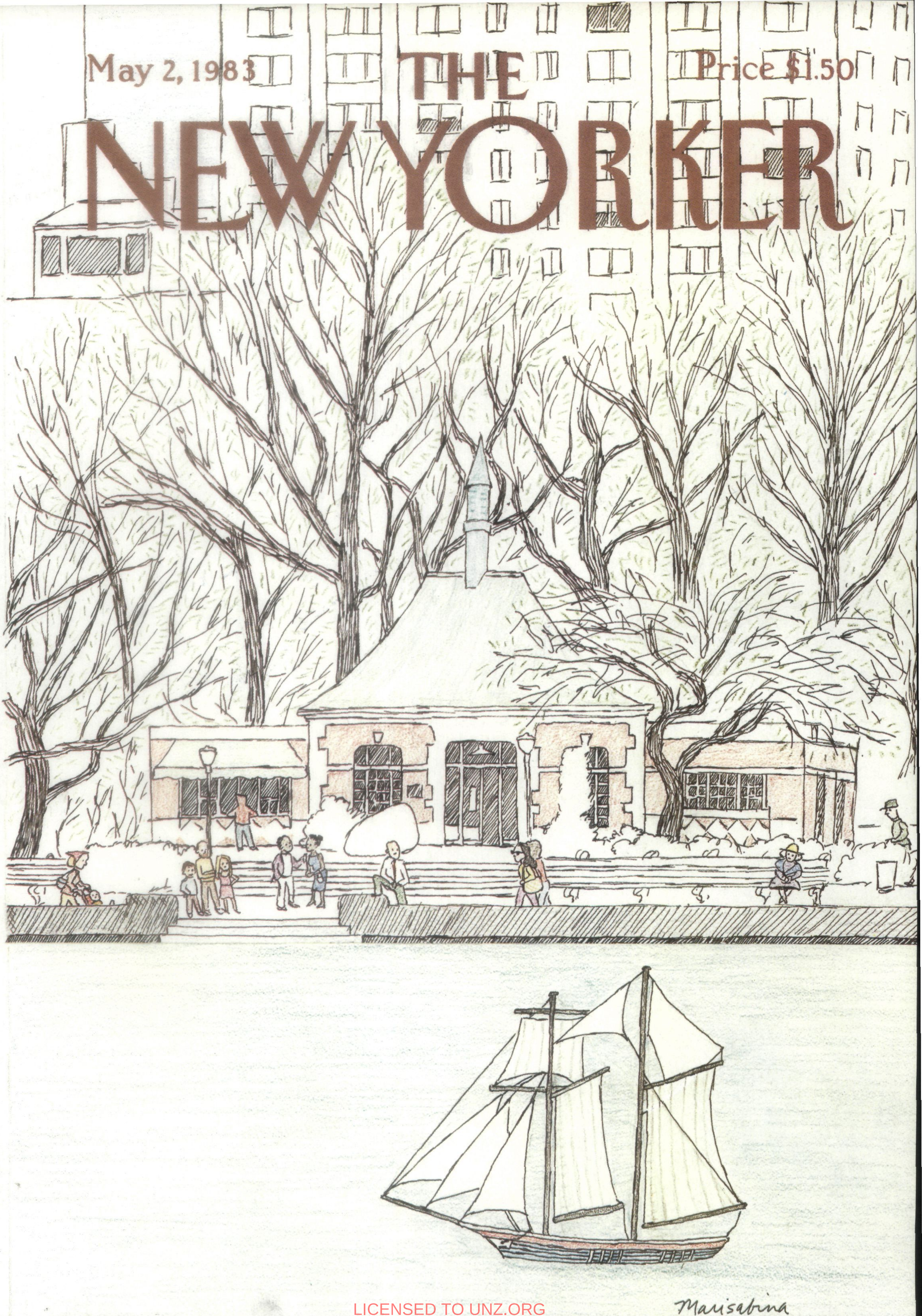
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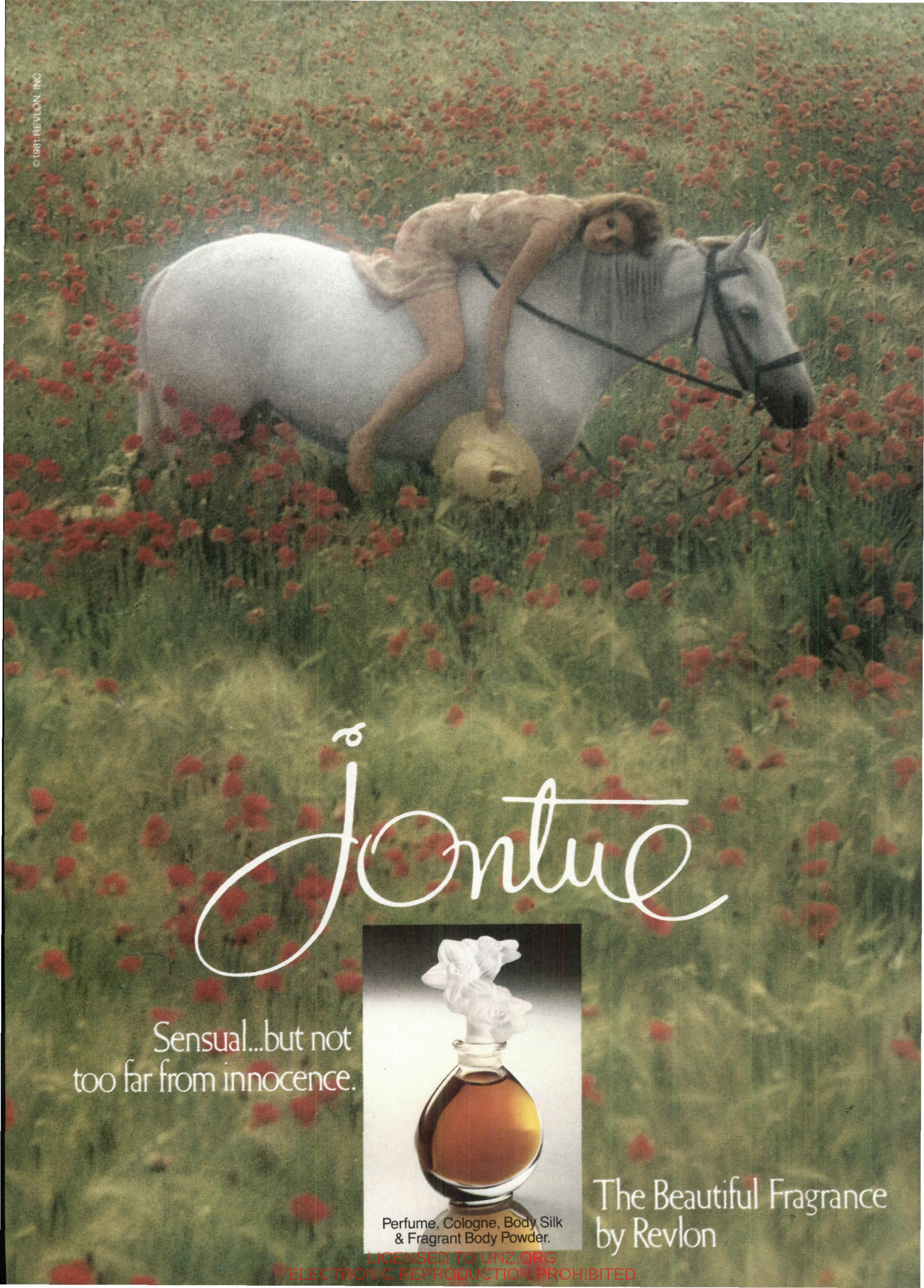
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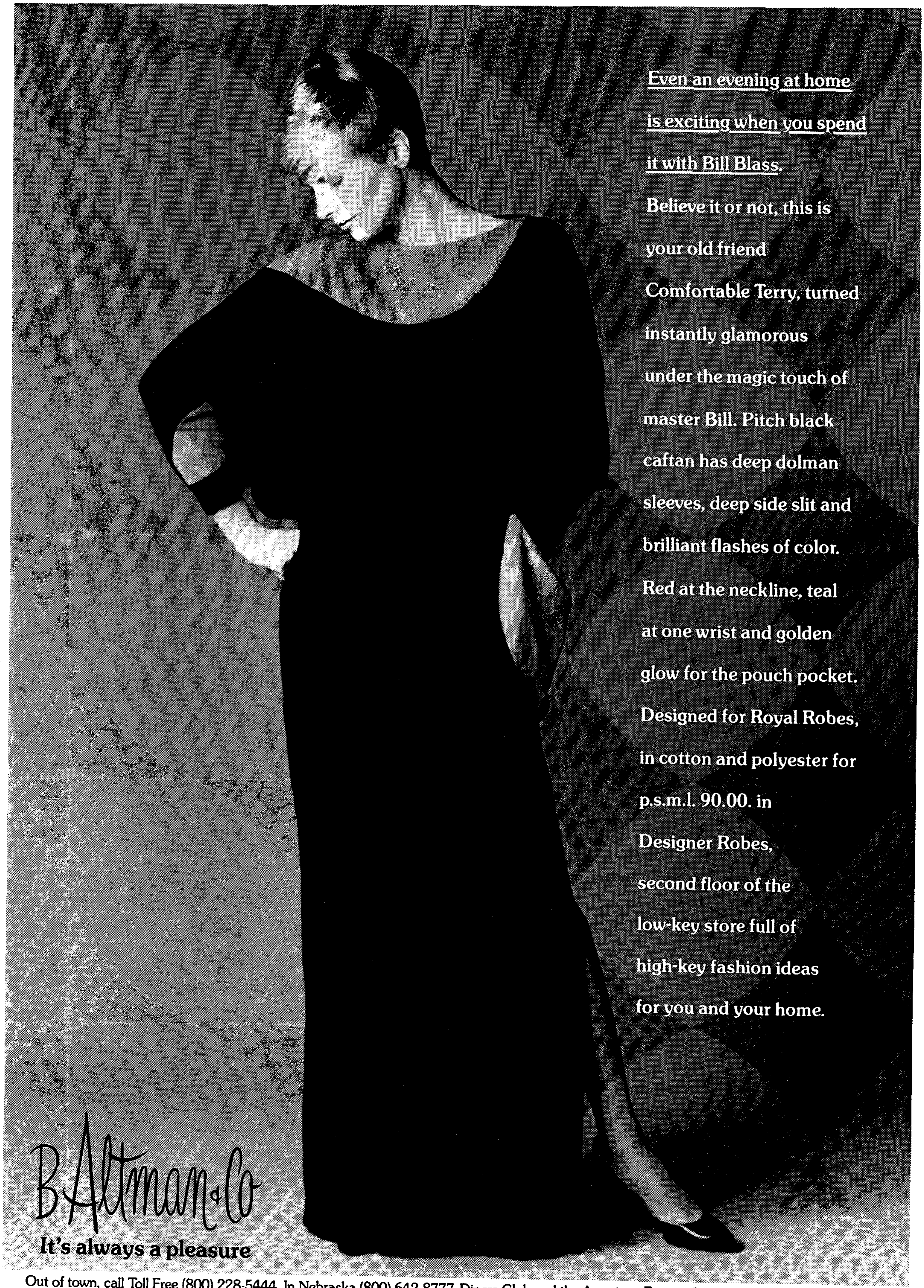

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. Molière's **TARTUFFE,** directed by Brian Murray: Wednesday, April 27, at 2 and 8, and Thursday, April 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Beckett's **PLAY AND OTHER PLAYS,** directed by Alan Schneider: Friday, April 29, at 7 (opening); Saturday, April 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 1, at 3. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731.)

Actors Touring Company London—A two-week engagement. **THE PROVOKED WIFE,** a Restoration comedy by Sir John Vanbrugh: Wednesday, April 27, at 6:15 (opening); Saturday, April 30, at 3 and 8; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 3-4, at 8; and Saturday, May 7, at 3 and 8. . . . **QUIXOTE,** a new play adapted from Cervantes' works, by Richard Curtis and John Retallack, with music by Susan Biggs: Thursday, April 28, at 8 (preview); Friday, April 29, at 6:15 (opening); Sunday, May 1, at 3 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8; and Sunday, May 8, at 3 and 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186.)

All's Well That Ends Well—The Royal Shakespeare Company production of a disagreeable comedy by a youngish and possibly potboiling Shakespeare. Nevertheless, a model of ensemble acting, under the direction of Trevor Nunn. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/83.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Matthew Broderick is sensationally effective as the wisecracking, adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and William Atherton in a revival of the Herman Wouk play. Arthur Sherman is the director. Previews through Wednesday, May 4. Opens officially on Thursday, May 5. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Duet for One—Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer in a play by Tom Kepinski. Previews Wednesday, April 27. Opens officially on Thursday, April 28. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Elba—A crotchety, humorous couple escape from an old people's home and return to their farm in Elba (Idaho). The performance, under Tom Bullard's direction, is so good that it almost makes up for the weaknesses in Vaughn McBride's often promising first full-length play. James Whitmore and Audra Lindley are the husband and wife, and they are most ably supported by Frank Hamilton, Ann Wedgeworth, and Barbara Sohmers. (4/25/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Equity Library Theatre—The seventeenth-century drama **THE CHANGELING,** by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Extremities—Karen Allen in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are splendid as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

K2—Two skilled mountain climbers find themselves trapped on a ledge high up on the face of the second-highest mountain on earth. With Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson. The author is Patrick Meyers, who has managed to write a thriller consisting largely of talk. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 1: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, May 4: Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at

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8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning, a superb magician, has wandered as if by chance into a musical comedy totally unsuited to his nature. One of the members of the cast plays a unicorn, unconvincingly. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—A musical with music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin, and a book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. With Twiggy and Tommy Tune; directed by Mr. Tune and Thommie Walsh. Previews through Saturday, April 30. Opens officially on Sunday, May 1. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Three one-acters by as many dramatists. The plays, under the collective title **ABOUT HEAVEN AND EARTH,** vary in strength, but the performances, by a cast of blacks and whites, are satisfactory. The final play is a monologue delivered by Douglas Turner Ward, the company's artistic director and guardian angel. (4/25/83) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for best play of the year. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Other Side of the Swamp—A play by Royce Ryton, imported from London. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Poppie Nongena—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—In spite of the vast reaches of the Radio City Music Hall and its attendant acoustical difficulties, this production of the Gershwin classic, given at full length, is well worth attending. (4/18/83) (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Remak Ramsay gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey are good, too. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Ritz—Holly Woodlawn, Googie Gomez, and Casey Donovan in a revival of the 1975 Terrence McNally comedy. Michael Bavar is the director. Previews through Sunday, May 1. Opens officially on Monday, May 2. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 221-2693. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

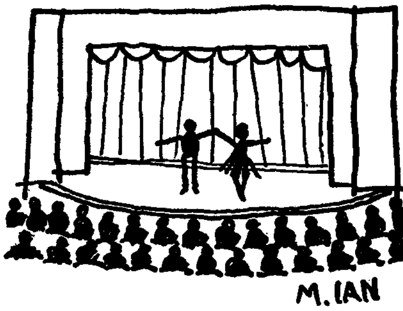
Show Boat—The Kern melodies and the Oscar Hammerstein II lyrics are as affecting as they were back in 1927, but the book aches with age, and the present production is a flimsy one. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Snoopy—A musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Sus—A pair of London policemen grill and torment a black suspect, whose wife appears to have been murdered. David Leary and John Curless do very well as the bobbies, and Terry Alexander is extraordinary as the "sus." Barrie Keeffe is the British playwright, and Geoffrey Sherman directed. (4/25/83) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Top Girls—The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Polly Draper, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Total Abandon—Richard Dreyfuss in a play by Larry Atlas. Jack Hofsiss is the director. Previews Wednesday, April 27. Opens officially on Thursday, April 28. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



Trio—Three one-act plays by Bill Harris. Opens Thursday, April 28. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Gary Sinise and Dan Butler. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

A View from the Bridge—From the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes this admirable production of the Arthur Miller thriller. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio make the most of their opportunities as an Italian husband and wife in the gray depths of Brooklyn. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A disastrous mock-thriller by Anthony Shaffer, who wrote the classic "Sleuth" and has here unaccountably lost his way. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wild Gardens of the Loup Garou—A play, with music, by Carman Moore. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 777-0033. Thursday, April 28; Saturday, April 30; Sunday, May 1; and Thursday through Monday, May 5-9, all at 8:30.)

Win/Lose/Draw—Three one-act dialogues marvellously performed by Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim. The authors—singly and combined—are Mary Gallagher and Ara Watson. The third and most substantial of the plays is "Chocolate Cake," by Miss Gallagher (about two secretly ravenous women), but the other two are entertaining as well. All of them were first done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Amy Saltz was the good director. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winners and **How He Lied to Her Husband**—Two revivals, the first by Brian Friel and the second by George Bernard Shaw. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

You Can't Take It with You—Jason Robards, Coleen Dewhurst, James Coco, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Young Playwrights Festival—And a gifted quartet they are, not one of them over eighteen. Their names are Peter Getty, David Torbett, Richard Colman, and Charlie Schulman. The actors and directors are experienced and impeccable. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. The author is John Pielmeier. Starting Monday, May 2, Diahann Carroll will replace Miss Ashley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. Starting Friday, April 29, Mark Hamill will replace Mr. Pankow. (Broadhurst, 235 W.

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44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Scott Holmes, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,568 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 5, at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, May 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

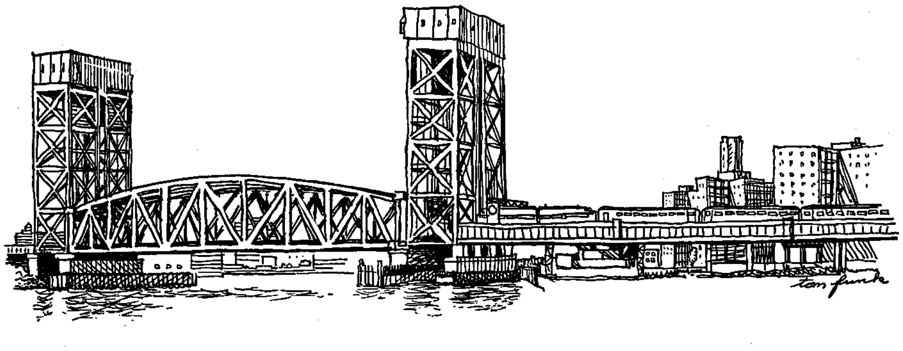
The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 27, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 28, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; Tuesday, May 3, at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesday, May 4, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 5, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 6, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, May 7, at 10:30, 3, and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Robert Wright and George Forrest's "Song of Norway," with music by Edvard Grieg. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Wednesday, April 27, and Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 2. For information about tickets, call 685-9537.)

Benefit Program—Harry Belafonte, George Burns, Carol Channing, Dick Cavett, Gregory Hines, and Richard Kiley will be among the participants in a benefit for the Actors' Fund. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. Monday, May 2, at 7:30. For tickets, call 221-7000.)



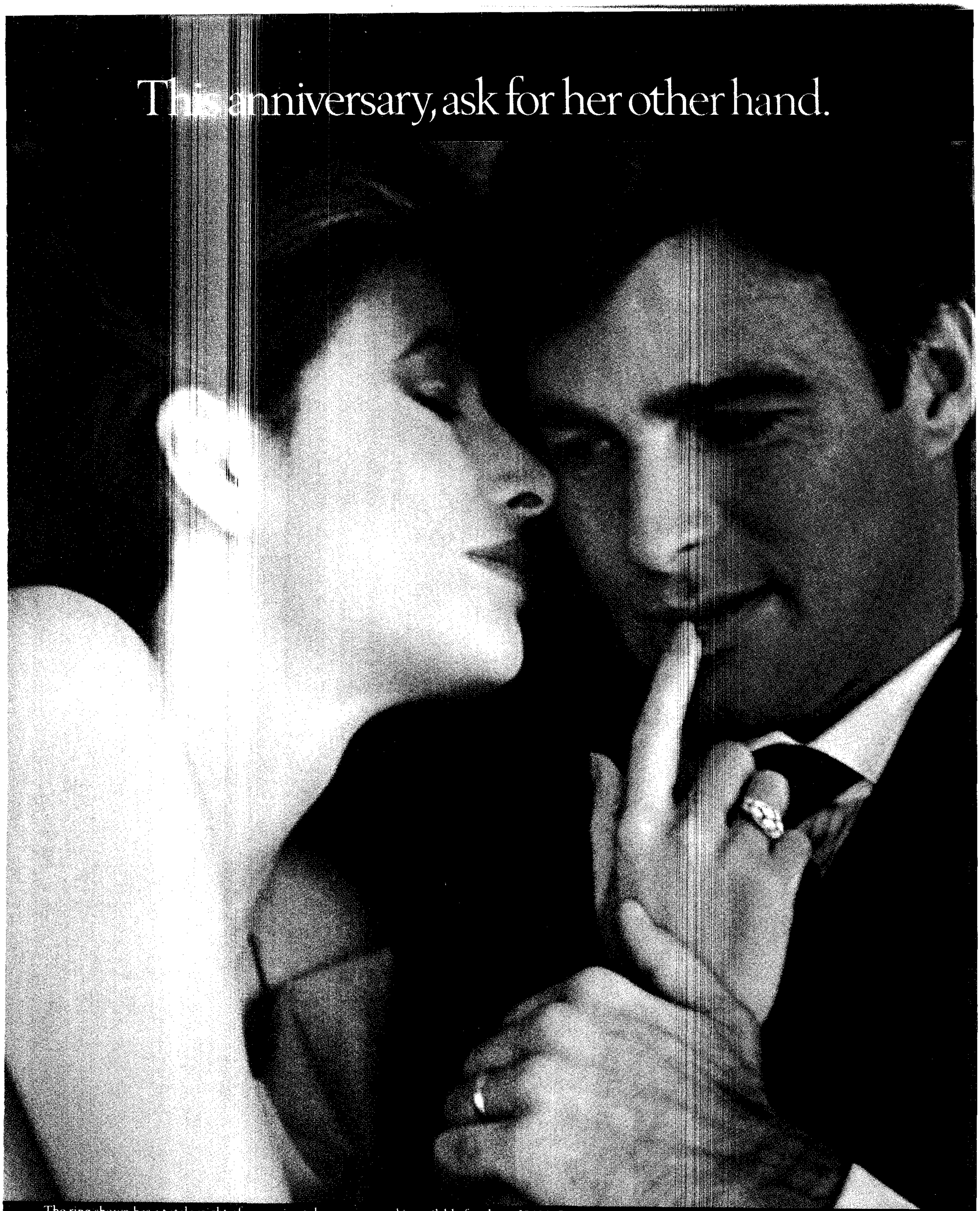
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 27: "Mother Goose," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Divertimento No. 15." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 28: "Chamber Works," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "Souvenir de Florence," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 30: "Mother Goose," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 30: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Magic Flute," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Chamber Works," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 1: "Kammermusik No. 2," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 3: "Ballo della Regina," "Mother Goose," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 4: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 5: "Chamber Works," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 6: "Chamber Works," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 7: "The Magic Flute," "Interplay," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 27, at 8: "Book of Beasts," "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8: "Images," "Dust," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8: "Esplanade," "Lost, Found and Lost," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8: "Airs," "House of Cards," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 1, at 3: "Diggity," "Duet," "Snow White," and "Arden Court." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

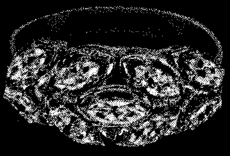
Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, April 27: "Three Dances," "The Real McCoy," and "Summer's Lease." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 777-7710.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening April 28: "Three Dances," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 29: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 30: "Anatomic Balm," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 1: "The Real McCoy," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 1: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 3: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 4: "Theatre," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 5: "Three Dances," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 6: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Summer's Lease." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, April 27, at 8, and Sundays and Wednesday, April 27, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 22.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, July 16—Monday, May 2, at 7:30: "Duets," "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Sleeping Beauty," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Swan Lake Adagio," "Le Corsaire," and "Symphonie Concertante." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 3, at 8: "Les Rendezvous," "Follow the Feet," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 4, at 8: "Symphonie Con-


This anniversary, ask for her other hand.

The ring shown has a total weight of approximately one carat and is available for about $2400. Prices may vary.

The Diamond Anniversary Ring.
A band of diamonds that says you'd marry her all over again.



A diamond is forever. De Beers

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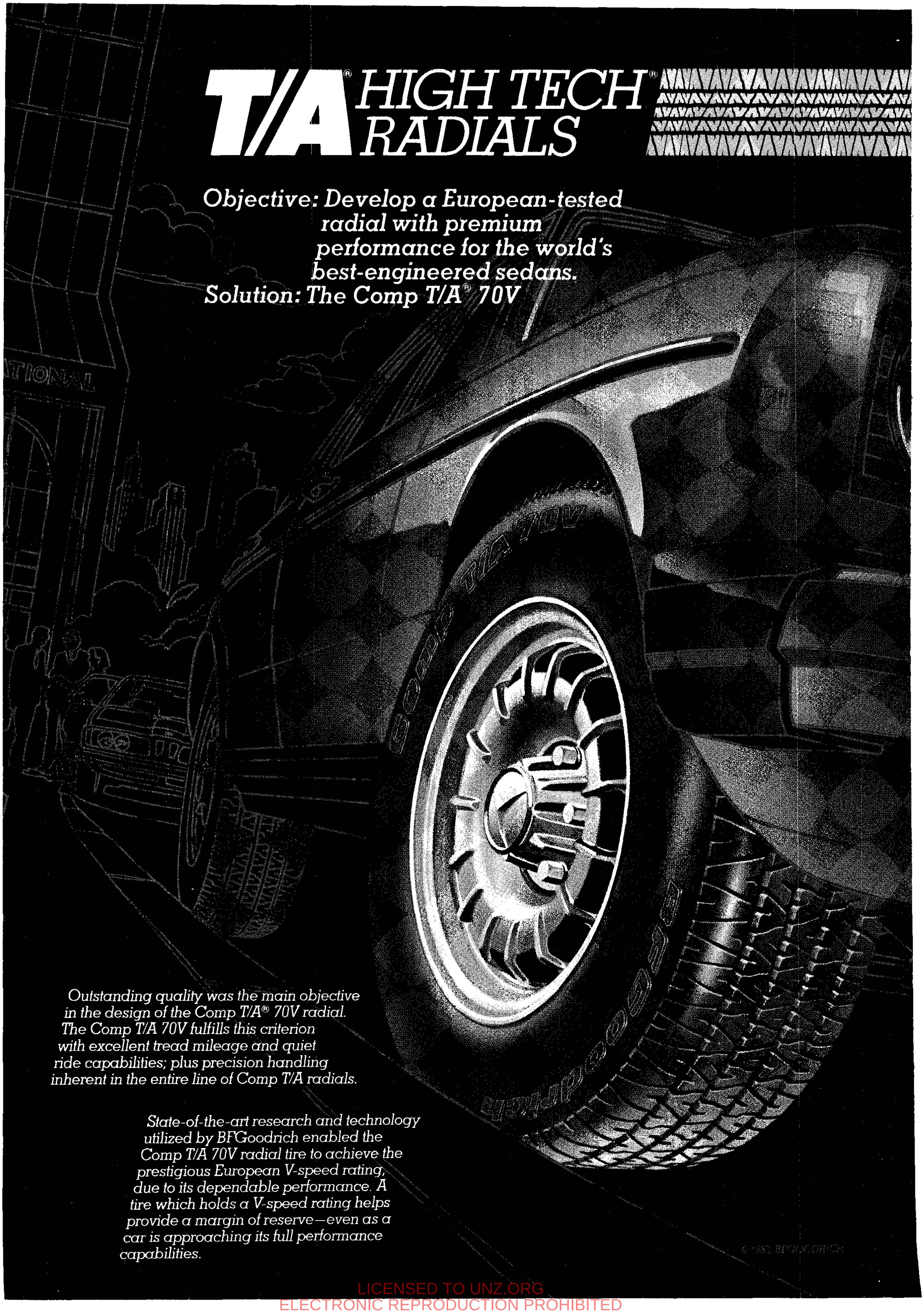

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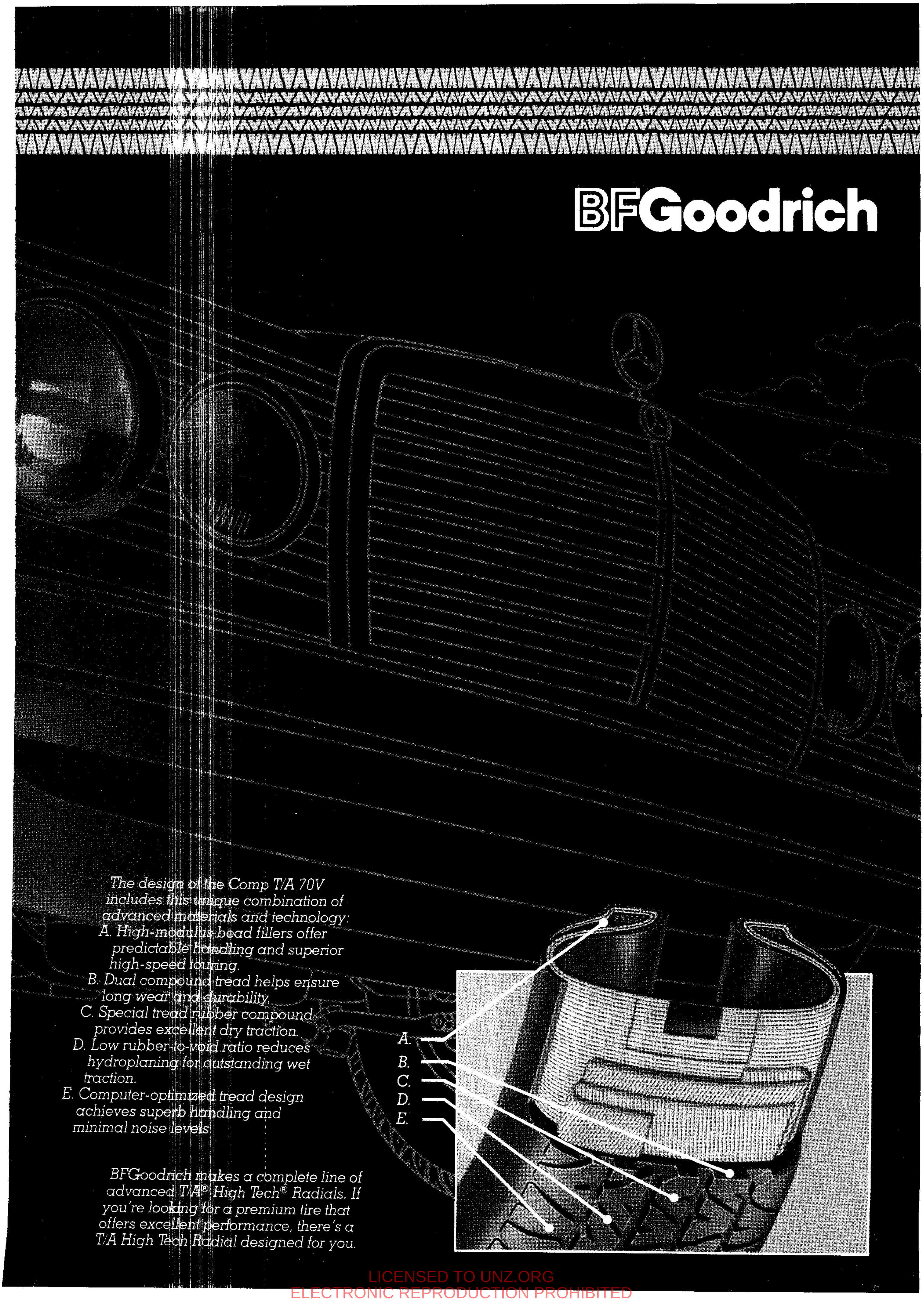

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Color graphics
Address file updating
Spelling checker
Name directory
Order entry
Utility billing
Retail management
Project costing
Mail list management
Money market management
Investment analysis
Playing blackjack
Electronic mail
Activity organizer
Survey analysis
Electronic spreadsheet
Statistical study/cross tabulation
Project tracking
Business marketing
Hypothesis testing
Quantitative decision making
Time billing
Filing system
Inventory control
Scheduling/organizing
Cash flow analysis
Database sort/index
General ledger
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

certante," "Duets," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "Duets," "Le Corsaire," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2: "Les Rendezvous," "Follow the Feet," "La Fille Mal Gardée Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22—Tuesday, May 3, at 8: "Seven Journeys" (New York première), "Pigs & Fishes," "Satyriade," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 4, at 8: "Landscape," "Research" (New York première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8: "Streams," "Treading," "Songs Without Words," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8: "Seven Journeys," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Satyriade," "Treading," and "Fontessa & Friends." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: "Songs Without Words," "Spectrum," and "The Stack Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

London Contemporary Dance Theatre—A one-week engagement by this company appearing here for the first time—Tuesday, May 3, at 7; Saturday, May 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 8, at 2: "Nympheas," "The Dancing Department," and "Class." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 4, at 7, and Thursday, May 5, and Friday, May 6, at 8: "Death and the Maiden," "Liquid Assets," "Forest," and "Cell." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, pianist **John Hicks** guides his quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, pianist **Hugh Lawson** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**Blossom Dearie,** in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which all convey, with help from Miss Dearie's detached delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hepness or hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Concert-style (shh!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Trumpeter Tom Browne heads up his group through Sunday, May 1. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Friday, April 29, the Nighthawks and blues archivist **John Hammond;** Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, mandolin wizard **David Grisman,** who calls his stirring music Dawg—it's actually a combination of hot jazz (he's performed with Stéphane Grappelli), bebop, and bluegrass. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Right now, it's mostly the **Red Mitchell** show, as Mr. Mitchell is present every night, playing bass with pianist **Ronnie Mathews** through Saturday, April 30, and with pianist **Lee Ann Ledgerwood** beginning Monday, May 2. Music from nine-forty-five.

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Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **Jimmy Lyon,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

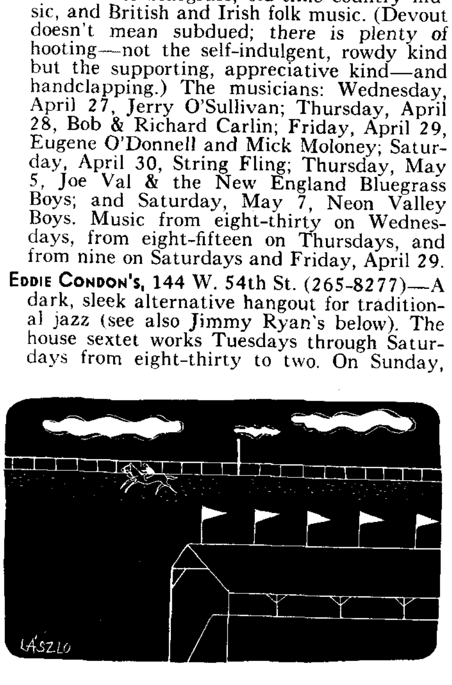
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** is back in the Café Carlyle for spring training with his seamless infield, bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Robbie Scott.** Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . **Barbara Carroll** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, April 27, IBM, the Baxters, 1,4,5, and Keith Gale; Thursday, April 28, Human Switchboard, the Vels, and the Cucumbers; Friday, April 29, Urban Blight, Chris Moffa & the Competition, and the Toasters; Saturday, April 30, Urban Blight, Hi Fi Tie, and Static Disrupters; and Tuesday, May 3, Beast, the Abductors, and the Objects. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Adelaide Hall,** who starred in "Blackbirds of 1928" on Broadway, sings here with pianist **Ronny Whyte** and bassist **Frank Tate** backing her up through Saturday, April 30; on Tuesday, May 3, veteran folkie **Oscar Brand** will return. Sundays and Mondays are now the property of pianist **Mike Renzi** and bassist **Jay Leonhart.** Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, April 27, Jerry O'Sullivan; Thursday, April 28, Bob & Richard Carlin; Friday, April 29, Eugene O'Donnell and Mick Moloney; Saturday, April 30, String Fling; Thursday, May 5, Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys; and Saturday, May 7, Neon Valley Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays and Friday, April 29.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, May 1, the **Phil Bodner** quintet will occupy the stand from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, Jack Maheu leads a quintet from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays Bill Simon's and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.



Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Two tough and swinging tenor players—**Arnett Cobb** and **Big Nick Nicholas**—share a quintet through Sunday, May 1; on Tuesday, May 3, **Joe Pass** will arrive to play guitar solos that leave stunned smiles on the faces of his listeners. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, April 27, Husker Du, The Ordinaires, and Men 'N' Volt; Thursday, April 28, Jasmine; and Friday, April 29, Gamble Rogers and **Rosalie Sorrells.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, *and Monday, when a hootenanny* begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: pianist **Andy Laverne** and bassist **Mike Richmond** through Thursday, April 28; Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, pop-soul pianist Kenny Brawner and his band; and Sunday, May 1, Biterio and Jeff Raheb. Music Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten; Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; and Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). The Scott Hardy trio performs Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays belong to singer **Janet Lawson** and her trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist **Chuck Wayne.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, singer-pianist Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—Pianist **Ralph Sutton,** who can really move on out on traditional-jazz-piano numbers, works here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Bassist **Jack Lesberg** will sit in with Mr. Sutton on Friday and Saturday, April 29-30. The Sunday-and-Monday piano man is bebopper **Joe Albany.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter **Jimmy Maxwell** occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **Hilton Ruiz,** a fine, driving young pianist with Latin-jazz roots, and **Major Holley,** who accompanies himself on bowed bass with some showboating humming a la Slam Stewart, sound real good as a duo, unlikely as it might at first seem. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays now belong to singer-actor-pianist Michael Moriarty and bassist Gene Perla. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Thursday, April 28, blues guitarist Roy Buchanan; Wednesday, April 27, country-rock singer Marshall Chapman and blues legend (Kansas City variety) **Big Joe Turner;** Sunday, May 1, **Buckwheat Zydeco** and the wild slide guitarist

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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J. B. HUTTO; Monday through Wednesday, May 2-4, blues singer and harmonica expert PAUL BUTTERFIELD and two former members of the Band, pianist RICHARD MANUEL and bassist RICK DANKO. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Wednesday, April 27, guitarist KEVIN EUBANKS' quintet; Thursday through Sunday, April 28-May 1, tenor saxophonist DEWEY REDMAN'S quartet; Tuesday, May 3, guitarist JACK WILKINS; and beginning Wednesday, May 4, PAQUITO D'RIVERA. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave. at 73rd St. (249-4100)—HELEN FORREST recalls her big-band-vocalist past for her many admirers Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave. at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, April 27, vibraharpist JAY HOGGARD; Thursday, April 28, trumpeter BRUCE PURSE; Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, French Toast; Monday, May 2, French hornist JOHN CLARK'S group; and Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, ART BLAKEY. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, April 27, Shade and the Stingers; Thursday, April 28, Teachena and trumpeter OLU DARA; Friday, April 29, Bill Chinnock and Ric Cherwin; Saturday, April 30, the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL; Wednesday, May 4, Blue Sparks from Hell; Thursday, May 5, Jah Malla; Friday, May 6, the Actors Institute; and Saturday, May 7, guitarist ARLEN ROTH and Lili Anel. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is *playing piano in this quiet room, which func*tions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—SY OLIVER, chief arranger for and trumpeter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, April 29, Martha & the Muffins; Saturday, April 30, R.E.M.; Monday, May 2, Witness; Tuesday, May 3, N.Y.C.; Thursday, May 5, the Divinyls; and Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, Robert Gordon. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, April 27, Rory Stuart; Thursday through Sunday, April 28-May 1, high-wire trumpeter JON FADDIS and an all-star quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, percussionist NANA VASCONCELOS; Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, PÉ-DE-BOI; Tuesday, May 3, Marcos Silva; Thursday, May 5, Brazucá; and Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor-saxophone great EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 30; on Tuesday, May 3, flutist JAMES NEWTON will bring in a septet. Sunday is Brazil night with THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON, and Monday is GIL EVANS night. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—CHARLES BROWN, the personable as all getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-*hot pianist, is back at this simple blues room* Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty. Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform Irish music on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, April 27, Blackout and Random Speed; Thursday, April 28, Idle Chatter and Communicators; Friday, April 29, F.R.O.N.T. and Diamonds; and Saturday, April 30, Jon Galt. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

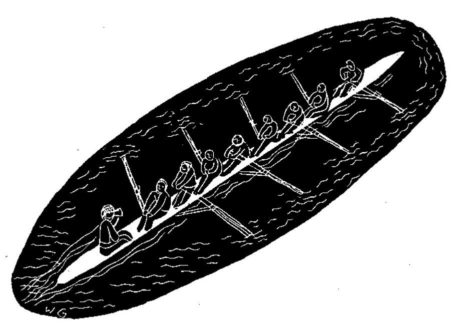
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist and spiritual swinger PHAROAH SANDERS leads his quintet through Sunday, May 1; on Tuesday, May 3, saxophonist GEORGE ADAMS will bring in his quartet. Mondays, the MEL LEWIS big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Singer and pianist BOBBY SCOTT works with a trio at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Tony Regusis is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Joe Forrester has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: Django's Music through Saturday, April 30, and Sunday, May 1, trombonist JIMMY KNEPPER and pianist DICK KATZ. Mondays and Tuesdays now belong to tenor saxophonist WARNE MARSH. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Pianist AL DAILEY performs duets with sizzling guitarist JACK WILKINS through Saturday, April 30; on Monday, May 2, pianist JOHN BUNCH will arrive with bassist PHIL FLANIGAN. Guitarist JOE BECK is here Sundays. Music from about nine.



JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Derek Bailey and Company—Dharmadhatu Meditation Center, 49 E. 21st St. Thursday through Sunday, April 28-May 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 807-7944.

Bob James and Jon Lucien—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, April 29, at 8.

Maria Martha Serra Lima—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, May 6, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, April 27, at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip and Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, April *28, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Andrew Cyrille and* Special People. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Clark Terry quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 1, at 10 and midnight: Vic Juris quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Jazzmania Society—Sundays at 8: Jam session. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:30: Flamenco Latino. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Georg Baselitz—An exhibition that includes both his well-known "upside down" paintings and earlier works that illustrate his strong influence on the current Italian Neo-Expressionists. Through Saturday, May 7. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bill Beckley—New paintings and drawings combining oil, encaustic, and collage. Through June 11. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Richard Estes—Photo-Realist paintings of urban areas from the past decade. Through Thursday, May 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

René Genis—Recent landscapes, including scenes of the islands of Greece and the Jura Mountains in France, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 7. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Douglas Gorsline / Elsie Kent—Illusionistic landscapes and still-lifes. / Pastels of Great South Bay and other land-sea views. Through Saturday, May 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Renato Guttuso—Recent oils and works on paper (twenty-plus each) by an Italian figurative Expressionist. Through May 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—The Danish Cobra artist's paintings and other works, from the Lefebre family collection. Through May 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Barbara Lekberg—Draped-figure sculptures in bronze, terra-cotta, and plaster. Through Tuesday, May 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Richard Piccolo—Recent paintings. Through May 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes reflecting the terrain of Wellfleet and of Tepoztlán, Mexico. Through May 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Shapiro—A two-gallery showing of recent works. Paintings in which mystical Eastern symbols are arranged in a sort of checkerboard pattern. Through Saturday, April 30. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.) . . . ¶ Drawings in the same vein. Through May 14. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Judith Shea—Clothing shapes, such as skirts, translated into cast-metal and cloth sculptures—on the wall, on the floor, and free-standing. Through May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures, paintings, and works on paper from the artist's estate. Through May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, with the hesitant scrawls and indecipherable writing that characterize so much of this artist's work. Through May 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

British Artists—Just a few of the galleries throwing open their doors for the next month or so to artists from the U.K.—**browne,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints spanning two centuries by artists from Gainsborough (a 1783 mezzotint—the only one he ever did) and Stubbs to Moore and Hockney. Through June 3. . . . **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painted-aluminum wall sculptures, plus drawings, by Nigel Hall. Through June 1. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Carole Robb (oils and drawings on the theme of "Apollo and Daphne in Umbria"); Peter de Francia and Thomas Newbolt (drawings by each). Through May 14. . . . **gimpel,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-lifes from the seventies (and a few executed very recently) on canvas and on paper by William Scott. Through May 28. . . . **hirschl & adler modern,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Large figurative paintings and drawings by Graham Nickson. Through May 18. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Cityscapes by Julian Barrow. Through May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **noortman & brod,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lawrence, and others. Through May 27. (Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **colnaghi,** 26 E. 80th St.: Thirty drawings by eighteenth-century French artists, including three by Fragonard and one by Boucher. Through May 26. (Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil of a summery interior at Nice by Matisse and a reedy bronze figure by Archipenko are included in the current offering. Through May 28.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Bellany—The free association of ideas seems at work in these Expressionist canvases, crowded with froglike creatures, birds, sailboats, clocks, and other unexpected oddments. Through Saturday, May 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Found scraps of red plastic make up the silhouette of an American Indian on one wall, and scraps of green plastic a design of leaves on another. There is also a tableau of a chair, a table, and a stool incongruously embedded in rocks. Through Saturday, April 30. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Susan Heideman—Oils and watercolors of lush tropical vegetation, some from the Caribbean and some from greenhouses. Through Saturday, April 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Heliker—Views of Mount Desert Island, still-lifes, and interiors—both painted and drawn. Through May 14. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—A two-gallery show of massive cast-bronze sculptures, inspired by and somewhat resembling waterfalls. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street. Through May 14.)

Valerie Jaudon—New color combinations, new rhythms, and an easy authority with brushwork are evident in these pattern paintings of interlocking Moorish arches. Through Saturday, April 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

E. L. Kirchner (1880-1938)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by the ground-floor German Expressionist. Through Saturday, April 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Oils and gouaches and drawings in pen, pencil, and pastel. Through Friday, May 6. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Massive collages and assemblages involving fabrics, cardboard, canvas, and a great deal of strong color. There is also a sculptural piece, consisting of three boxes (one protruding from the wall) decorated with similar collage. Through Saturday, April 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karl Mann—Large-scale collages incorporating bits of old clothing and various junk-pile finds. Through May 14. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Poskas—Precisely rendered paintings of the Connecticut countryside—old homes, snowbound fields—and a few urban vistas in Waterbury. Through Saturday, April 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Recent paintings. Through May 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Abstract watercolors, including recent ones done on Japanese paper and then pleated, plus small decorative boxes with tiny constructions inside. Through May 12. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Osvaldo Romberg—Paintings, among them charts analyzing color relationships, abstractions honoring Albers, and fairly representational studies of water lilies. Through Saturday, April 30. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Paintings done in 1948 and after. Through Saturday, April 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—The artist's interest in Japanese art is reflected in four triptychs, a large drawing, and a silk screen on linen. Through Saturday, May 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Costas Tsoclis—Recent paintings in which strips of wood are incorporated as part of the image the artist is representing—a portion of a tree trunk, for instance. Through Saturday, April 30. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig / Robert Terry—Paintings of the interior of a summer house in Maine and the landscape surrounding it. / Paintings of Wall Street, the Chrysler Building, the East River, and other local scenes by an artist from Broken Bow, Nebraska, whose palette favors fiery reds. Through Wednesday, May 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

British Artists—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: New paintings by Stephen Buckley. Through May 21. . . . **kornblee,** 20 W. 57th St.: A sculpture by Alexander Hollweg which consists of twenty-four individual carved-wood panels evoking the Somerset countryside. Through May 21. . . . **marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Francis Bacon, R.B. Kitaj, Lynn Chadwick, Bridget Riley, and other contemporary artists. Through Tuesday, May 3. (Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **brewster,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Francisco Zuñiga, Leonora Carrington, Marc Chagall, Joan Miró, and others. Through May 14 . . . . **hamilton,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures in which automatic writing and biomorphism are given contemporary treatment by seven young artists: Austé, Carroll Dunham, Richard Hennessy, Mel Kendrick, Jonathan Lasker, John Newman, and David Storey. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century American realists—Prendergast's "Summer Afternoon," Niles Spencer's "Sheridan Square," Edward Hopper's "Vermont Sugar House," Colleen Browning's "Picnic," and Leonard Baskin's "Head of Young Woman" are but a few. Through Saturday, May 7.

Sculpture—Representative pieces by eight New York School artists—Herbert Ferber, Peter Grippe, David Hare, Ibram Lassaw, Seymour Lipton, Theodore Roszak, David Smith, and Richard Stankiewicz—at two locations: Zabriskie, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; open Mondays. . . . ¶ Zabriskie's second location, where one large-scale work by each artist can be viewed, at 521 W. 57th St.; opens at 1. (Through May 23.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Stephen Antonakos—Neon tubing mounted on painted canvas and on wood panels, plus a large installation. Through May 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Elise Asher—Paintings of imaginary creatures and architecture, set in imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, April 30. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

James Brown / Brett De Palma—Deliberately crude images painted by an artist whose influences include African sculpture and American Indian symbols. / Primitive paintings involving backwoods folklore. Through Saturday, May 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Francesco Clemente—Oils, frescoes, screens, decorated found objects, and drawings; some of them are sexually explicit. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through May 10.)

Jean Cocteau (1889-1963)—Spirited drawings and pastels, plus nine ceramic plates he

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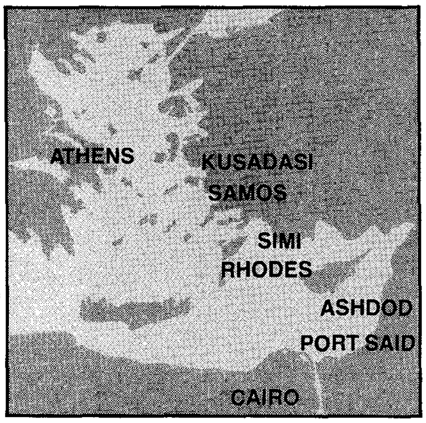

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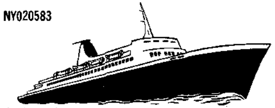


Luxury ships of Grecian registry.

decorated. Through Sunday, May 1. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Seven large oils in which contoured shapes are prominent, plus a group of drawings. Through May 14. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Steve Gianakos—A series of large-scale color drawings of upwardly mobile gorillas (relaxing at their beach houses in the Hamptons, convening in black tie at a cocktail party) is among new paintings and drawings. Through May 12. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Gilbert and George—Back in the saddle again, this time with huge photomontages, in vivid colors, plus pornographic drawings. Through May 14. (Sonnabend, at both 420 West Broadway, and 121 Spring St.)

Gloria Kisch / Denise Corley—Wall sculptures in mixed mediums. / Paintings combining oil, paper, and chicken wire. Through Saturday, April 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

William Leavitt—Clean-cut pastel drawings, mostly of architectural forms. Through May 14. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Nino Longobardi—Swimmers and skulls are recurrent figures in new paintings and drawings by this accomplished Neapolitan draftsman. Through Saturday, April 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Cynthia Mailman—A view of the upper East Side from the Hospital for Special Surgery (the artist was recuperating from a knee operation) and scenes of Texas deserts are among this realist's new paintings. Through May 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Elizabeth Murray—Large abstract paintings, each done on two or more elliptical canvases that are fitted together and sometimes overlap. Through Saturday, April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Athos Ongaro—Old-fashioned sculptures—bronze reliefs, mosaic-covered busts, and a life-size marble figure in a fountain that works—by an Italian artist. Through May 9. (Nosei, 100 Prince St. Open daily.)

Mark Schwartz / Shalom Gorewitz—Expressionist paintings. / Intensely colored video works, ranging from calm desert scenes to urban chaos, by an artist whose tapes are included in the Whitney Biennial. Through Saturday, May 7. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Robert Stackhouse—A twenty-foot boat skeleton, made of painted oak and laths, dominates a show of outsize drawings of boats, notably of a fifteenth-century galley that was recently salvaged from the bottom of Lake Garda, in northern Italy. Through Saturday, May 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—A memorial show of paintings and works on paper, including final oils by the artist. Through May 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

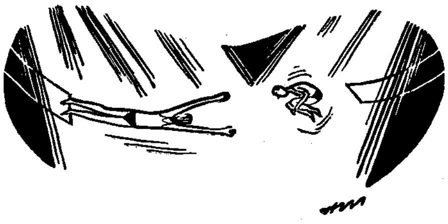
Lynton Wells—Photographs of chairs projected onto sensitized linen and largely painted over with tangled abstractions based on landscapes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Bonlow,** 150 Greene St.: Painters from Berlin and Cologne, including Rainer Fetting and Salomé. Through May 14. . . . **The Drawing Center,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Knowlton,** in new galleries at 153 Mercer St.: Big show, many artists. Through Saturday, May 7. . . . **Thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Recent paintings by Eric Fischl, John Lees, David True, others. Through Saturday, May 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

Mark di Suvero—Recent metal sculptures. Through Saturday, May 7. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Dorothy Eisner—Familiar objects and settings (hats on chairs, windows and shutters, the ocean) seen in paintings and collages by an Expressionist who paints in Maine, in Wyoming, and in her New York studio. Through Friday, May 6. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)



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Elfi Schuselka—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt / Alvin Langdon Coburn (1882-1966)—A comprehensive show of landscapes, architecture, and portraits by a noted British photographer. / Photogravures, prepared by the artist, of London and New York in the early part of the century. Through May 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jan Groover—Palladium-platinum contact prints. Through Saturday, April 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy S. Norman—A portrait of Stieglitz is one of twenty-eight contact prints. Through Sunday, May 1. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through May 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Stanley Wulc / Carol Mothner—Meticulously arranged photographs that evoke the tableaux of the Old Masters. / Still-life paintings of flowers. Through May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **Castelli Graphics West,** 43 W. 61st St.: Images produced with the Nimslo 3D camera, by more than sixty artists, among them Robert Mapplethorpe, Judy Pfaff, Robert Longo, and William Wegman, who has contributed yet another homage to Man Ray. Through Wednesday, May 4. (Opens at 1.) . . . **Museum of Modern Art,** 18 W. 54th St.: Extremely large photographic works by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, and others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **Neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: British photographers ranging from Francis Frith to Bill Brandt. Through Saturday, May 7. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **Prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: Prints from the twenties and thirties by a group of artists who espoused a photographic style known as "The New Objectivity," among them Herbert Bayer, August Sander, and Werner Mantz. Through June 16. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **The Urban Center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Color prints of the Brooklyn Bridge by six contemporary photographers, among them Bill Hines and Peter B. Kaplan—plus black-and-whites, also of the bridge, by Jeff Perkell. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable, including some of his native Dedham. . . . ¶ More than a hundred pieces of Islamic jewelry, from nations as disparate as Spain and Malaysia, crafted over the past ten centuries. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through May 15. . . . **Photography:** Large-scale prints. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish artist who was in the vanguard of sculptors working in welded metal. . . . ¶ A show of paintings and sculptures by British artists, drawn from the museum's collections, which includes one work each by Henry Moore, Francis Bacon, Anthony Caro, and others. Both shows through May 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the centenary of the Brooklyn Bridge: Engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harper's Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Botanical engravings of plants gathered in the Pacific Ocean region during Captain Cook's 1770 round-the-world journey—the first such specimens seen by European botanists. The prints were recently reproduced from copperplate etchings made two centuries ago and used now for the first time. Also on display: Dried plants collected on the trip and some watercolors that were the basis for the prints. Through July 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collection of Queen Elizabeth II; items include an Easter gift that Czar Nicholas II commissioned for Alexandra—a tiny jewelled egg in which rests an enamel plaque of the carved profiles of their five children. Through July 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through June 12. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The plaster cast for "The Holocaust," a sculpture by George Segal which was commissioned by Mayor Dianne Feinstein's Committee for a Memorial to the Six Million Victims of the Holocaust and which is to be cast in bronze and installed on a site overlooking San Francisco Bay, is on view. Through May 15. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at

89th St.—A loan show from London's Royal Academy consisting of forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Starts Friday, April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5, Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who live and work in the Southwest, among them John Alexander, Nancy O'Conner, and Willard (The Texas Kid) Watson. Through Saturday, May 7.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Five separate installations, by Paul Hunter, Jonathan Kessler, Kevin Labadie, Tim Maul and Fred Szymanski, and Stephen Whisler. Through Saturday, May 7.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Z'ev (music), Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation, by John Miller, combining paintings, drawings, and videotapes. Through Saturday, April 30.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Keith Sonnier's video installations, drawings, and neon and bamboo sculptures occupy the main exhibition room. Through June 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Finnish National Opera—Final performances—Wednesday, April 27, and Saturday, April 30, at 8: Aulis Sallinen's "The Red Line," with Jorma Hynninen, Taru Valjakka, Eero Erkkilä, and Matti Salminen; conducted by Okko Kamu. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8: An all-Sibelius concert, with Taru Valjakka, Matti Salminen, and Jorma Hynninen; conducted by Ulf Söderblom. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8: Joonas Kakkonen's "The Last Temptations," with Jaako Ryhanen, Ritva Auvinen, Tapani Valtassari, and Matti Heinikari; conducted by Ulf Söderblom. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Mannes Camerata—Two performances of Jacopo Peri's "Euridice." Staged and conducted by Paul C. Echols, with the Minstrel Tapestry Dancers. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8. For tickets, call 737-4049.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first of eight performances of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Verdi's "Un Giorno di Regno," in English, staged by Joseph White, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1400.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 28; Saturday, April 30; and Tuesday, May 3, all at 8. A Schubert-Schönberg-Chopin program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. ¶ Friday, April 29, at 2: A Debussy-Chopin-Tchaikovsky program, with Mr. Gutiérrez. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8: A program of works by Vivaldi, Sibelius, Nielsen, Schumann, and Liszt, with Julius Baker, flute; violinists Myung-Hi Kim, Marina Kruglikov, Yoko Takebe, and Carol Webb; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: An all-Brahms program for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, with Gidon Kremer, violin, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello.

San Francisco Symphony—Edo de Waart conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8, a Haydn-Rachmaninoff-Tobias Picker program. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8, a Mozart-Bruckner program.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson conducting a Rachmaninoff-Mahler program, with Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8.)

London Symphony Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8, a Webern-Stravinsky-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 3, at 8, a Rossini-Elgar-Berlioz program, with Antonio Meneses, cello.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here—Wednesday, May 4, at 8: A Mozart-Schubert program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8: A Mozart-Beethoven program, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Frank Little, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: An all-Brahms program, with Daniel Majeske, violin, and Stephen Geber, cello.

American Symphony Orchestra—Moshe Atzmon conducting the final concert of the season, with Rita Bouboulidi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting, with Martin Soderberg, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, May 1, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

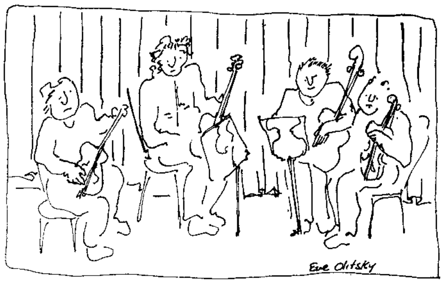
Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the final concerts of the season, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, May 7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 6.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Haydn's Mass in D Minor. (Broadway Presbyterian Church, 114th St. and Broadway. Friday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Concordia Choir—Gerald P. Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 3.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a program that includes the première of Paul Alan Levi's "Mark Twain Suite." With Jane Thorngren, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Perry, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)



Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing Bach's "Christ Lag in Todesbanden" and Mozart's "Vesper ae Solennes de Confessore," with Sheryl King-Lazzarotti, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Michael Handy, tenor; Hugh Berberich, bass; and members of the Little Orchestra Society. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. Saturday, April 30, at 7. For tickets, call 757-5496.)

Monteverdi Choir and The English Baroque Soloists—John Eliot Gardiner directing four concerts by these two groups appearing here for the first time. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 8, a joint concert. ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, May 1, at 8, a concert by the English Baroque Soloists. ¶ Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, May 2, at 8, a joint concert. ¶ Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesday, May 3, at 8, a joint concert. For tickets, call 582-4090.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Ernest Bloch's "Sacred Service," with soloists Cantor Howard Nevison and the Reverend C. Hugh Hildesley, and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 1, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Mozart-Haydn program, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Mark Bleeke, tenor; and Ben Holt, baritone. The last in a series of concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 7:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

RECITALS

Viktor Friedman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Chase and Todd Phillips, violin; Toby Hoffman, viola, Peter Wiley, cello; Carolyn Davis, double bass; Linda Strommen, oboe; and David Jolley and Stewart Rose, horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program at Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Consort of Musicke—Anthony Rooley, lute; Emma Kirby, soprano; and David Thomas, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 29, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—A Mozart-Haydn program, with Albert Fuller, fortepiano. (Grace and St. Paul's Church, 123 W. 71st St. Friday, April 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, April 30, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Marten Sameth—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Italian Renaissance music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 1, at 2.)

American Chamber Ensemble—Blanche Abram, piano; Naomi Drucker, clarinet; Linda Eckard, mezzo-soprano; Timothy Baker, violin; and Chris Finckel, cello. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, May 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

International Chamber Artists—The Muir String Quartet; Sara Lambert Bloom, oboe; and Joaquin Valdepenas, clarinet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, May 1, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Mihaela Martin—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final concerts of the season, performed by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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James Buswell, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Lukas Foss, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, at 7:30.)

Esther Fuerte-Wajman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 8.)

Daniel Smith—Bassoon, with Michael May, keyboard; members of the New York Virtuosi; and the Ravina Chamber Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 1, at 8.)

André Watts and Charles Treger—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program of contemporary chamber music for wind instruments. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinet/soprano saxophone, with assisting artists, in a program that includes nine premières by American composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 3, at 8.)

Brahms Concerts—The first three in a series of seven concerts presenting Brahms' complete chamber music for strings and piano, performed by the Guarneri Quartet and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 3; Thursday, May 5; and Saturday, May 7, all at 8.)

New York Philomusica—The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

Daniel Epstein—Piano, in a benefit recital. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, May 6, at 7:30. For tickets, call 620-0755.)

David Leisner—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

English Concert—A chamber ensemble in its first appearance here, with Trevor Pinnock conducting and playing the harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Aleck Karis and Bruce Anderson, piano; Eric Chasalow, flute; and the Aspen Wind Quintet. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, May 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Colorado Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, May 7, at 2:30.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Lilian Kallir, piano, and the American String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With David Oei, piano, and Barbara Martin. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

MISCELLANY

American Heritage Music Festival—The last two in a series of concerts of music by American composers. Thursday, April 28, at 8: Composers String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8: Howard Shanet conducting the String Revival. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. No tickets necessary.)

Benefit Concert—Josephine Mongiardo, soprano; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Michael Riley, bass-baritone, in a benefit performance for the Bloomingdale House of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, April 27, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Friday, April 29, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, April 30-May 1, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Monday through Wednesday, May 2-4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, May 6, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 7, at 7:35.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division semifinal playoffs: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. The third game Saturday, April 30, at 2; the fourth game Sunday afternoon, May 1; and, if required, a sixth game to be announced.)

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 30.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 30.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The third and fourth games Saturday, April 30, and Tuesday, May 3, at 8:05, and the sixth game, if necessary, Saturday, May 7, at 8:05.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, April 29, through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7.

Running—The Trevira Twosome, a ten-mile race, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, May 1, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Montreal (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 1, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mercedes Tournament of Champions: Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis, Guillermo Vilas, José-Luis Clerc, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 268-2300. Sunday through Friday, May 1-6, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 7, at 1:15; and finals Sunday, May 8, at 12:15.)

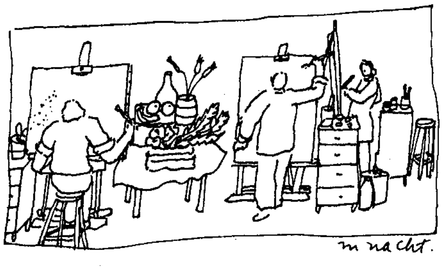
Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Seamus Heaney reading from his own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 2, at 8.) . . . ¶ W. S. Merwin and Michael Ondaatje reading from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, May 2, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gwendolyn Brooks and Lucille Clifton reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 3, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Michael Harper reading from his own poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, May 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's-In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—"Brooklyn Bridge," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 1, starting at the steps of City Hall, Broadway and Park Row, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, April 29, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, April 30, at 10:15: American Indian, African, and Oceanic art. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 4-5, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 30. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, April 30, at 10: French and other Continental furniture. . . . ¶ Monday, May 2, at 2: Contemporary prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 3, at 10, modern prints, and at 2, Old Master prints. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Saturday, April 30, at 11: Old Master and modern prints, as well as books.



COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 28.

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, May 8 (day). San Diego, May 17-19 (night). Los Angeles, May 20-21 (n) and May 22 (d). San Francisco, May 23-24 (n) and May 25 (d). Montreal, June 10 (n). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, May 10-11 (night). Chicago, May 13 (n) and May 14-15 (day). Oakland, May 27-28 (n) and May 29-30 (d). California, May 31-June 2 (n). Seattle, June 3 (n), June 4-5 (d), and June 6 (n). Cleveland, June 7-8 (n).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 15.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 2-4.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 5.)

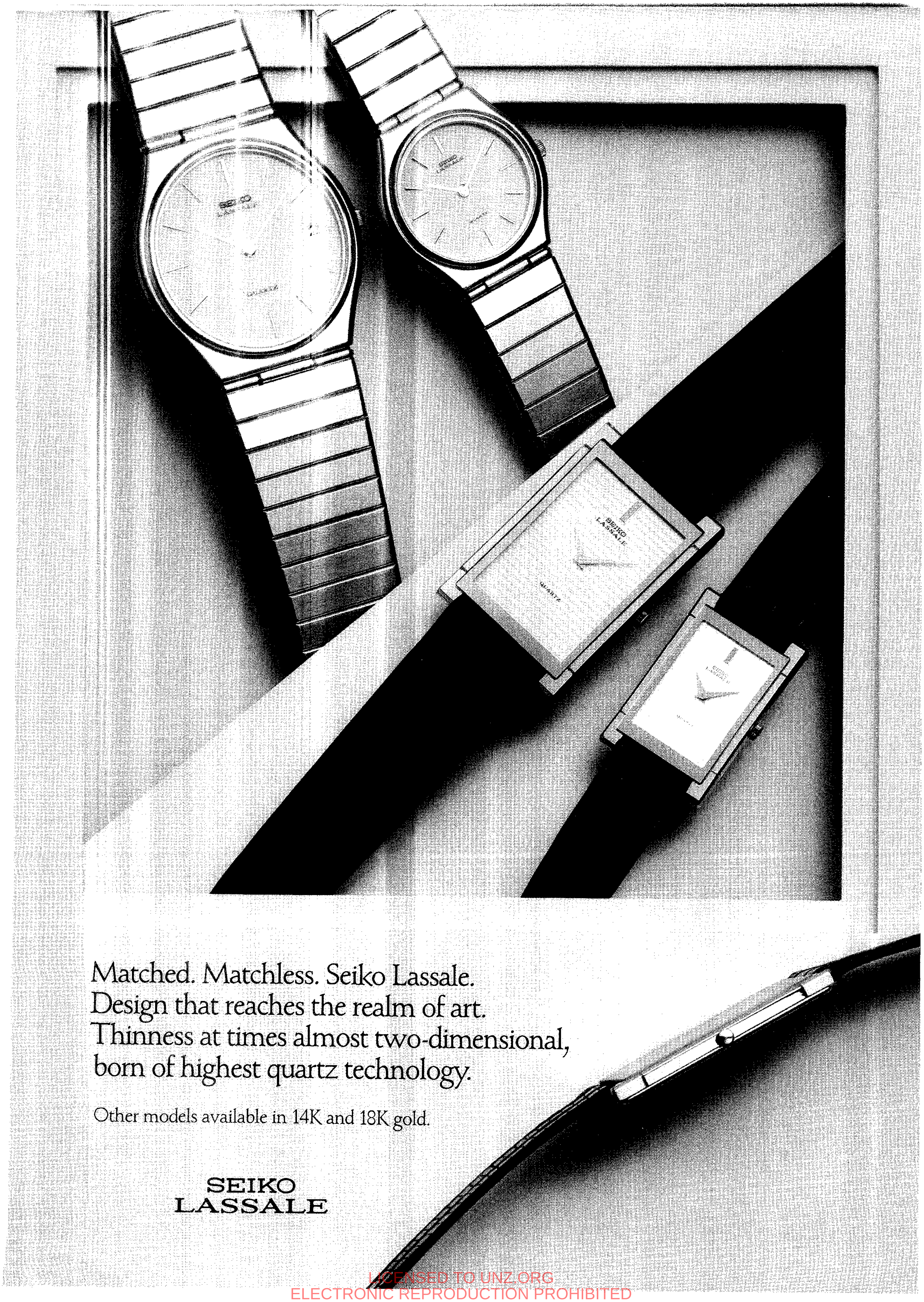
Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 21. . . . BELMONT: May 18-July 25. The Belmont, June 11. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: May 20-Sept. 24. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 1.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale, May 8. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Tulsa, May 15. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Golden Bay, May 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup games, May 30 and June 2 and 5.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (362-6000): Vladimir Horowitz, piano, May 15. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 21, to be followed by "Horizon '83—A New Romanticism?," June 2-15. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, May 18. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Opera Orchestra of New York, May 8. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, May 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 31. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 13. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, May 14. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 17. . . . ¶ Montreal Symphony Orchestra, May 21. . . . ¶ Rossini Opera Festival, May 22. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, June 6, 7, and 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Music from Marlboro, May 9. . . . ¶ Concert Royal, May 12. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Greek Chorale, May 15. . . . ¶ Nash Ensemble of London, May 16 and 21. . . . ¶ Natan Brand, piano, May 17. . . . ¶ Zamir Chorale, May 22. . . . ¶ Solisti New York, May 24. . . . ¶ Bethany College Choir, May 26. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Brahms Concerts, May 10, 12, 24, and 26. . . . ¶ Cho-Liang Lin, violin, May 14. . . . ¶ Tashi, May 15. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, May 19. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 21-22.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in a revival of Noël Coward's "Private Lives." . . . ¶ A musical, "Dance a Little Closer," based on Robert E. Sherwood's 1936 play "Idiot's Delight." The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, the music is by Charles Strouse, and the cast is headed by Len Cariou, Liz Robertson, and George Rose. . . . ¶ Peter Nichols' play "Passion," imported from London and with Frank Langella, Bob Gunton, and Cathryn Damon.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 28-30, June 4-5, and June 11-12. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 30. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, June 15.



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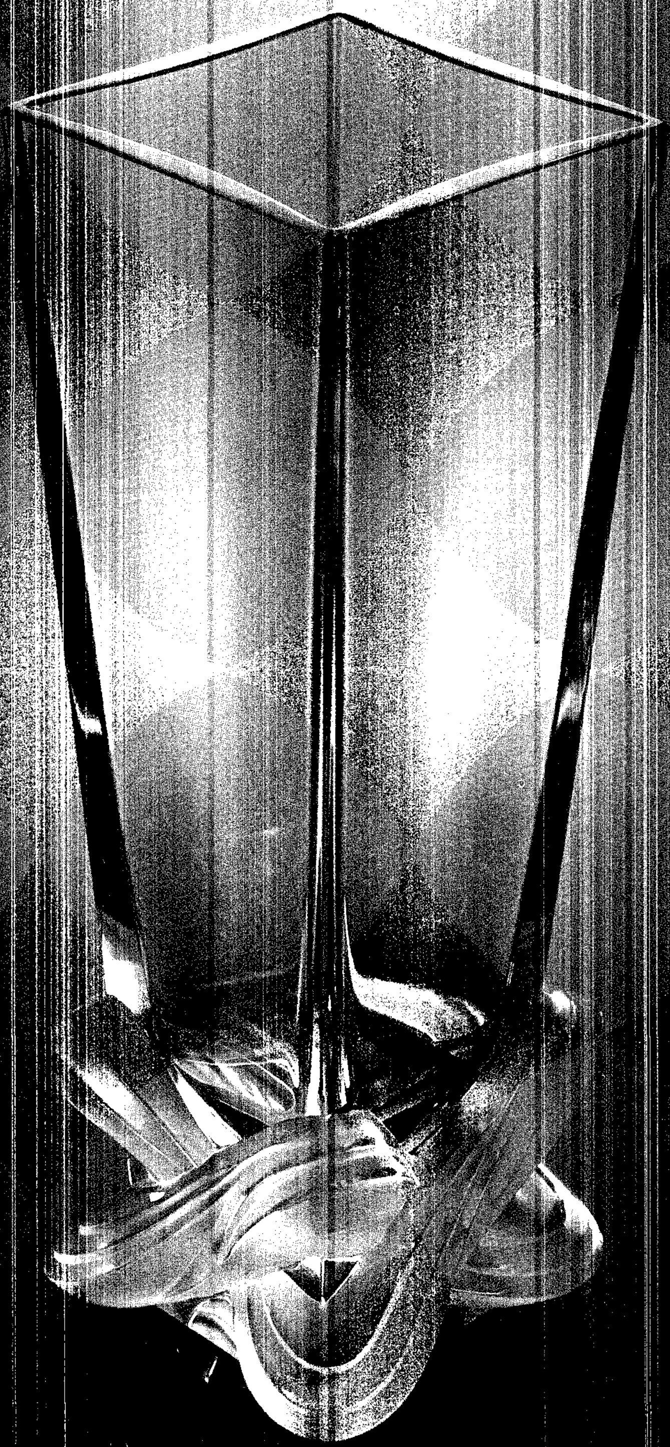

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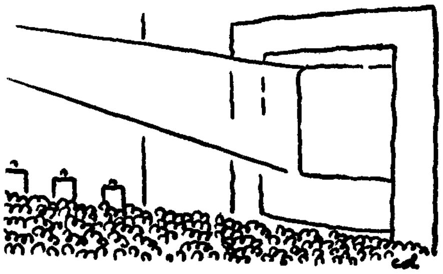

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Independent British films:
Through May 1: "Down the Corner" (1977; directed by Joe Comerford); "So That You Can Live" (1982); and "Moon Over the Alley" (1975; Chuck Despins).
From May 3: "Crystal Gazing" (1982; Peter Wollen and Laura Mulvey); and "The Falls" (1980; Peter Greenaway).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 28: "Tootsie" (†).
From April 29: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 28: "48 Hrs." (†) and "Body Heat" (†).
From April 29: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 28: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
From April 29: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Tootsie" (†). From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall. From April 29: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The King of Comedy" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 28: "Anna Karenina" (1968; Alexander Zarkhi; in Russian).
From April 29: "The Hunger" (Richard A. Shepherd), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Flight of the Eagle" (Jan Troell; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Invitation au Voyage" (Peter Del Monte; in French).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Duel" (1971; Steven Spielberg), with Dennis Weaver. From April 29: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Tootsie" (†). From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The Verdict" (†). From April 29: "The Ruling Class" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 28: "Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.
From April 29: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 4: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
From May 5: "Routes of Exile: A Moroccan Jewish Odyssey" (Eugene Rosow).

U.A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 28: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
From April 29: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From April 29: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From April 29: "The Hunger" (Richard A. Shepherd), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The Deadly Spawn" (Douglas McKeown). From April 29: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 3: A program of four short films: "The Grandmother" (1970; directed by David Lynch), "L.A. Suggested by the Work of Edward Ruscha" (1980; Gary Conklin), "Babobilicons" (1982; Daina Krumins), and "Strong-Willed Women Subdue and Subjugate Reptiles" (1982; C. Larry Roberts). From May 4: "All By Myself" (Christian Blackwood), with Eartha Kitt.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig. From May 6: "Tokyo Story" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon. From April 29: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.
Theatre 2: "Out of the Blue" (Dennis Hopper), with Linda Marz and Hopper.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From May 6: "In Love."
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 28: "Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.
April 29-May 2: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†).
May 3-5: "Jour de Fête" (†); and "The Red Balloon" (†).
From May 6: "Mon Oncle" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through April 28: "A Hard Day's Night" (†).
From April 29: "Dirty Dishes" (1978; Joyce Buñuel; in French), with Carole Laure.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 30: "Abuse" (Arthur Bressan).
From May 1: "Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 28: "Tootsie" (†).
From April 29: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From April 29: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Waiting for Gavrilov" (Pyotr Todorovsky; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "48 Hrs." (†). From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The King of Comedy" (†). From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through April 28: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall. From April 29: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy. From April 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Local Hero" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "1990: Bronx

Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 6: "In Love."

Theatre 3: Through April 28: "48 Hrs." (†). From April 29: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.

Theatre 4: Through April 28: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From April 29: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Max Dugan Returns" (directed by Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Theatre 2: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From April 29: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.

Theatre 4: Through April 28: "The Verdict" (†). From April 29: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

Theatre 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 6: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno. From April 29: "Curtains" (Jonathan Stryker), with John Vernon and Samantha Eggar.

Theatre 3: "The King of Comedy" (†).

Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through April 28: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

From April 29: To be announced.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From April 29: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From April 29: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through May 5: "1990: Bronx Warriors," with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 6: "Mausoleum."

Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones). From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Curtains" (Jonathan Stryker), with John Vernon and Samantha Eggar. From April 29: "The Hunger" (Richard A. Shepherd), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Theatre 2: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Bad Boys" (†). From April 29: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.

Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The Deadly Spawn" (Douglas McKeown). From April 29: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 5: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons, from 1947-58, based loosely on the classics.

From May 6: A program of Chuck Jones cartoons.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through April 28: "Light Years Away" (1981; directed by Alain Tanner), with Trevor Howard; and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau.

From April 29: "Britannia Hospital" (1983; Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

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Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 28: "Wanda Whips Wall Street" and "Urban Cowgirls." Both X-rated films.

April 29-30: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (1974; Ken Shapiro), with Shapiro and Chevy Chase.

May 1-3: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1980; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr; and "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter.

May 4-5: "Cat People" (†); and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

May 6-7: "Barbarella" (†); and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Beneveniste), with Jason Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 28: "Let's Spend the Night Together" (1983; Hal Ashby), with The Rolling Stones.

From April 29: "The Hunger" (1983; Richard A. Shepherd), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 27: "Romanoff and Juliet" (1961; Peter Ustinov), with Ustinov, Sandra Dee, and John Gavin; and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.

April 28-30: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson, Nigel Terry, and Paul Geoffrey.

May 1-2: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (†); and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

May 3-4: "Come Back, Little Sheba" (†); and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, and Marisa Pavan.

May 5: "First Coda" (Andre Degas); and three short films.

May 6-7: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Personal Best" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 28: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa; and "Network" (1976; Sidney Lumet), with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall.

April 29-30: "The Missionary" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith; and "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl" (1982), a concert film.

May 1: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

May 2-3: "Fellini Satyricon" (†) and "Fellini's Roma" (†).

May 4-5: "Village of the Damned" (1960; Wolf Rilla), with George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, and Michael Gwynne; and "Children of the Damned" (1964; Anton M. Leader), with Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, and Barbara Ferris.

May 6-7: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

April 27: "Angi Vera" (1980; Pál Gábor; in Hungarian), with Veronika Papp; and "Confidence" (1979; István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági.

April 28: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

April 29: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and Birgitta Valberg.

April 30: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

May 1: "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

May 2: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

May 3: "Oblomov" (1981; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

May 4: "Voyage en Douce" (1979; Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin; and "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.

May 5: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

May 6: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (†).

May 7: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 27: "The Great Ziegfeld" (1936; Robert Z. Leonard), with Luise Rainer, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

April 28-30: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937; William Dieterle), with Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut; and "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.

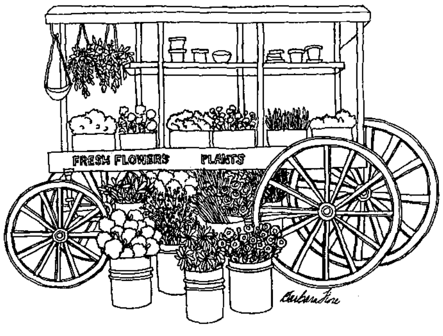
May 1-2: "You Can't Take It with You" (†); and "Boys Town" (1938; Norman Taurog), with Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy.

May 3-4: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

May 5-7: "Rebecca" (†) and "How Green Was My Valley" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 27: "House on Telegraph Hill" (1951; Robert Wise), with Richard Basehart, Valentina Cortese, and William Lundigan; "The Street with No Name" (1948; Wil-



liam Keighley), with Richard Widmark and Mark Stevens; and "The Brasher Doubloon" (1947; John Brahm), with George Montgomery.

April 28: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Jessica Lange, and John Colicos; and "Thief" (1981; Michael Mann), with James Caan, Tuesday Weld, and Willie Nelson.

April 29-30: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle.

May 1: "The French Line" (1954; Lloyd Bacon), with Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, and Arthur Hunnicutt; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

May 2: "Doctor Glas" (1969; Mai Zetterling; in Swedish), with Per Oscarsson; and "Daguerreotypes" (1976; Agnès Varda).

May 3: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Flying Down to Rio" (†).

May 4: "The Dark Mirror" (1946; Robert Siodmak), with Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres; "Uncle Harry" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Ella Raines; and "Beware, My Lovely" (1952; Harry Horner), with Ida Lupino and Robert Ryan.

May 5: "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

May 6-7: "The Sandglass" (1973; Wojciech Has; in Polish); and "The Wedding" (1972; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

April 28: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

April 29: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Dead of Night" (1945) a five-part English film about the supernatural.

April 30-May 1: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

May 2: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

May 3: "Poppy" (1936; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields, Rochelle Hudson, and Richard Cromwell; and "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935; Clyde Bruckman), with W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, and Kathleen Howard.

May 4: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Old Dark House" (†).

May 5: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Dark Passage" (†).

May 6-7: "All About Eve" (†) and "Sunset Boulevard" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II. 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—April 28 at 2:30: "Toni" (1934; directed by Jean Renoir; in French, with no subtitles), with Charles Blavette, Celia Montalvan, Max Dalban, and Jenny Hélia. . . . ¶ April 28 at 6: "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, and Max Ernst. . . . ¶ April 29 at 2:30: "The Lodger: A Story of the London Fog" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello. . . . ¶ April 29 at 6: A program called "British Cinema Advertising: 1897-1950." . . . ¶ April 30 at noon: "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan" (1953; Sidney Gilliat), with Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch, Eileen Herlie, Isabel Dean, and Martyn Green. . . . ¶ April 30 at 2:30: "First a Girl" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, Anna Lee, and Griffith Jones. . . . ¶ April 30 at 5: "Millions Like Us" (1943; Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat), with Patricia Roc, Eric Portman, and Gordon Jackson. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "Laburnum Grove" (1936; Carol Reed), with Edmund Gwenn, Cedric Hardwicke, and Victoria Hopper. . . . ¶ May 1 at 5: "Henry V" (1944; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Robert Newton, Leslie Banks, and Renee Asherson. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: A program called "British Cinema Advertising: 1897-1950." . . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30: "The Lodger: A Story of the London Fog." . . . ¶ May 3 at 6: "Facing the Big Cats" (1982; Marc Christopher Falcone) and "Citizen Carney" (1980; Walter Thomas and David Nugent). . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30: "Millions Like Us." . . . ¶ May 5 at 6: "First a Girl." . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Henry V." . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "Laburnum Grove." . . . ¶ May 7 at noon: "The Funeral of Queen Victoria" (1901; R. W. Paul), "Rescued by Rover" (1905; Charles Urban), "The Airship Destroyer" (1909; Charles Urban), "Tatters: A Tale of the Slums" (1911; A. E. Coleby), "Daydreams" (1928; Ivan Montagu), and "Blue Bottles" (1928; Ivor Montagu), all silent films. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2:30: "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence, and Elsa Lanchester. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5: "They Drive by Night" (1939; Arthur Woods), with Emlyn Williams, Ernest Thesiger, and Anna Konstam. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All About Eve (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), onstage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The ersatz has qualities of its own—glib, overexplicit, self-important, the you're-sneaky-and-corrupt-but-so-am-I-we-belong-to-each-other-darling style of writing. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than any careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders (as the critic Addison De Witt), Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe, who has one of her best early roles. Based on a short story and radio play by Mary Orr. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Director, Best Screenplay, Best Supporting Actor (Sanders), Best Costume Design (Edith Head, Charles Le Maire), Best Sound Recording. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6-7.)

Bad Boys—Sean Penn gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (R.K.O. Century National Twin; through April 28.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. With John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi, and Claude Dauphin. (Cinema Village; May 6-7.)

Body Heat (1981)—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds, as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her, to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna). As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 28.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (5/3/82) (Cinema Village; May 4-5.)

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Lola mourns her losses—youth, beauty, love, and Little Sheba, the dog that ran away. As Lola, Shirley Booth is the essence of all those dreamy, slatternly, gabby, sentimental women who move one to pity by their harmlessness and to disgust by their vacuity. As Lola's husband Doc, Burt Lancaster scores A for effort but just passes on performance. Daniel Mann

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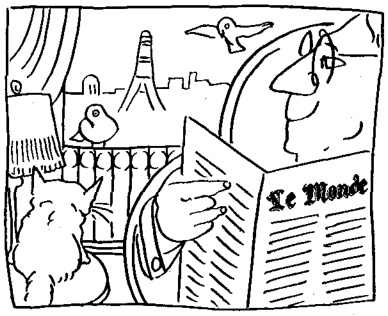

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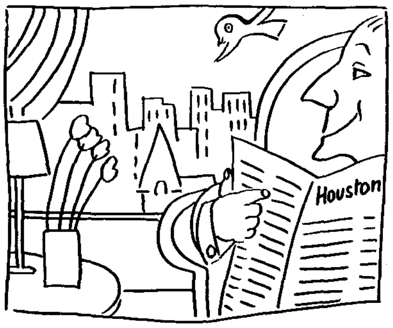

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directed the adaptation (by Ketti Frings) of William Inge's tragicomedy; it's not much of a movie—it's just a setting for Shirley Booth, who won the Academy Award as Best Actress and also the Best Actress award at Cannes. With Terry Moore and Richard Jaeckel. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 3-4.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5.)

Diva (1982)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland. . . . ¶ U.A. 85th St. East; through April 28.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue to the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat freaks with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master entertainer's feelings for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. He uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. We seem to be at a stoned circus, where the performers go on and on whether we care or not, and, for a work that is visual if it is anything, the film leaves disappointingly few visual impressions. The fresco effect becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl (Hylette Adolphe) in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many floors and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. With Max Born as Gitone, Martin Potter as Encolpius, Hiram Keller as Ascyltus, and Mario Romagnoli as Tremalchio; Magali Noel, Alain Cuny, Capucine, and Lusic Bose. Written by Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi. In Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 2-3.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini stars in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. Cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno; script by Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi; art direction by Danilo Donati. With Peter Gonzales as the young Fellini, and Anna Magnani and Gore Vidal as themselves. In English and Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 2-3.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Thalia; May 3.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; through April 28.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. Richard Lester directed, from Alun Owen's script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through April 28.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is moving and impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon are the leads, and the cast includes Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors (though the singers are really Welsh). (Regency; May 5-7.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch.

As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (57th St. Playhouse; May 3-5.)

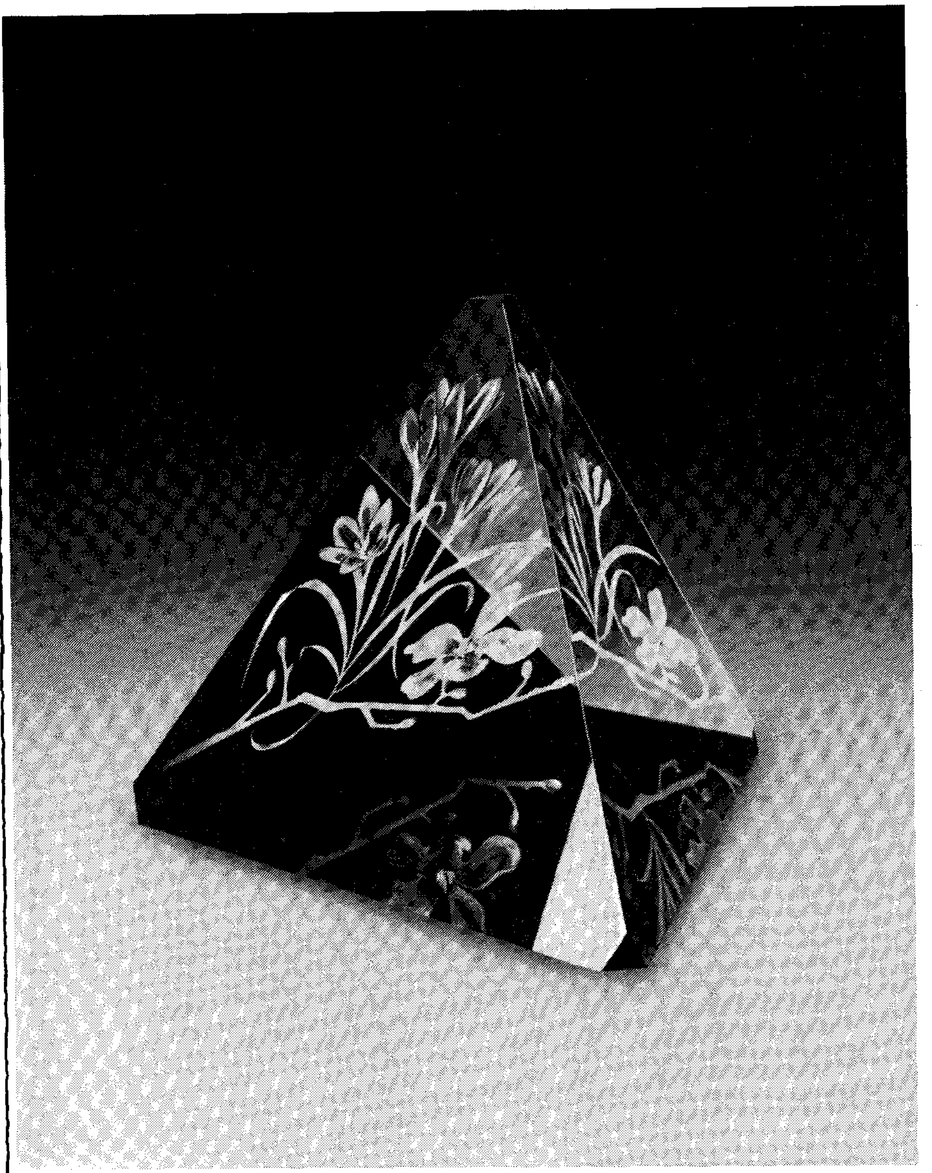
The King of Comedy—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (34th St. East, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 28.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny, Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her, Fulton MacKay as the hermit, Chris Rozycki as the Russian, and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Metro Cinema; May 6.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; April 29-May 2.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "A Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless



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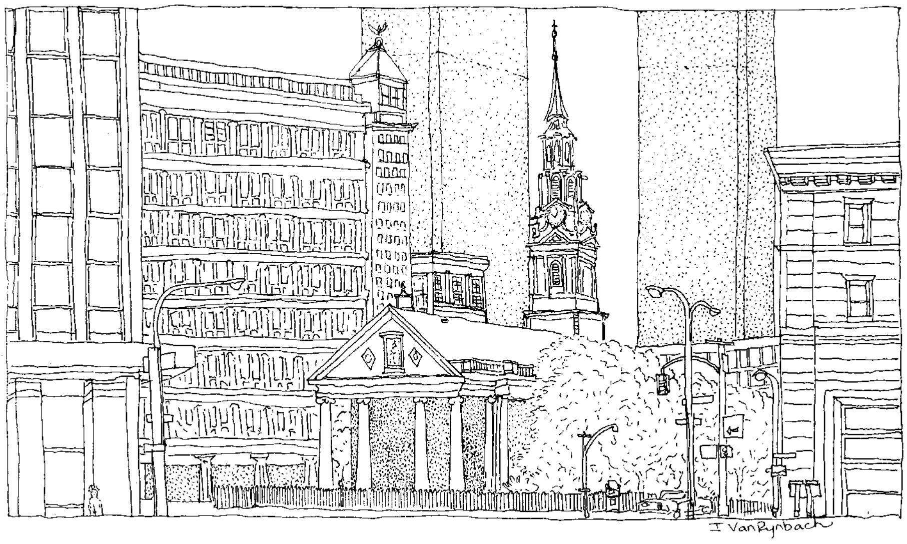
tedium that modern hygenic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But the moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; starting May 6.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)



The Old Dark House (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted," this camp comedy-fantasy was adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast, McMurphy (Jack Nicholson), who is locked in a hospital for the insane. The book was a lyric jag, and it became a nonconformists' Bible. Published in 1962, it contained the prophetic essence of the whole Vietnam period of revolutionary politics going psychedelic. Miloš Forman, who directed the movie version, must have understood how crude the poetic-paranoid vision of the book would look on the screen after the sixties paranoia had lost its nightmarish buoyancy, and he and the scenarists Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman did an intelligent job of loosening Kesey's schematism. The movie is set in 1963 and retains most of Kesey's ideas but doesn't diagram them the way the book does. Louise Fletcher gives a masterly performance as Nurse Ratched—she's the company woman incarnate. And Will Sampson, a towering full-blooded Creek, is very impressive as Chief Broom, the resurrected catatonic. Forman's tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art and there's a callousness running through his work; he gets laughs by pretending that mental disturbance is the same as ineptitude. But the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. Nicholson, looking punchy, tired, and baffled—and not on top of his character (as he often is)—lets you see into him, rather than controlling what he lets you see. With William Redfield, Brad Dourif, Scatman Crothers, Danny De Vito, Vincent Schiavelli, Sydney Lassick, Louisa Moritz, Marya Small, and Christopher Lloyd; cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Produced by Saul Zaentz and Michael Douglas. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 1-2.)

Personal Best (1982)—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story nonverbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 6-7.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews State; through April 28.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances—he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine

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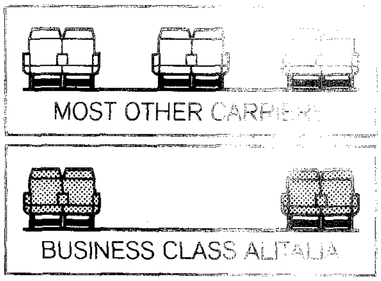

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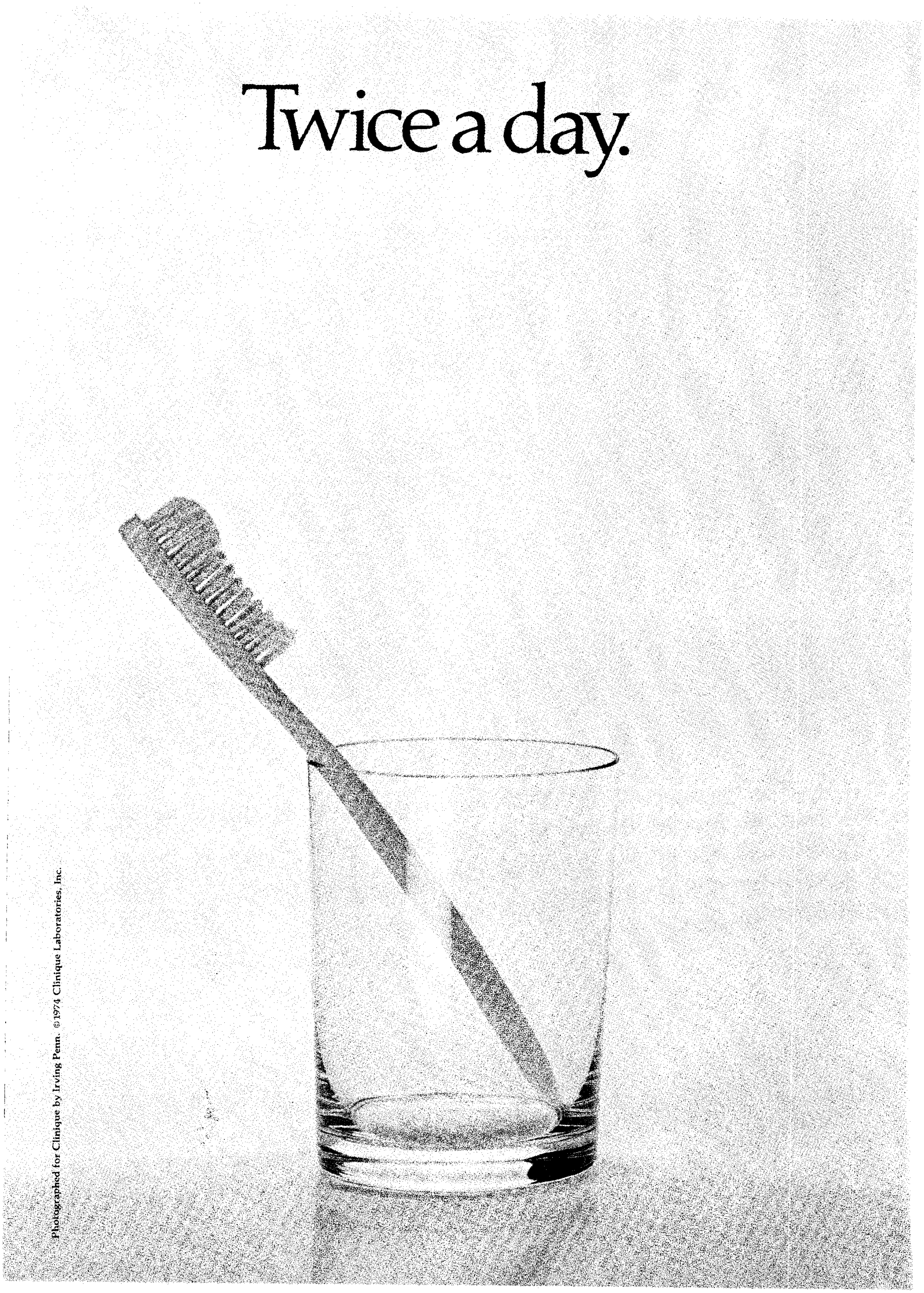

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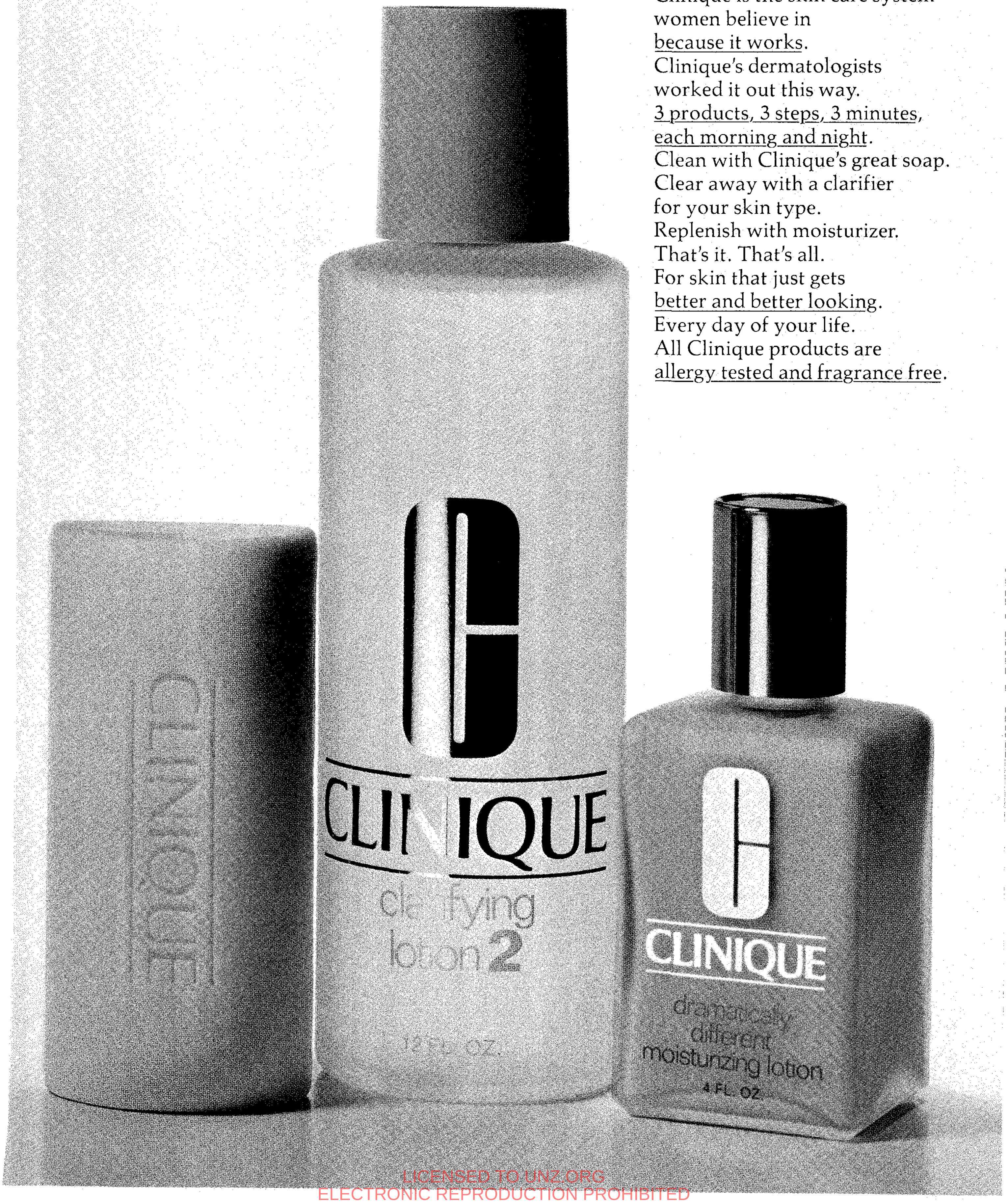
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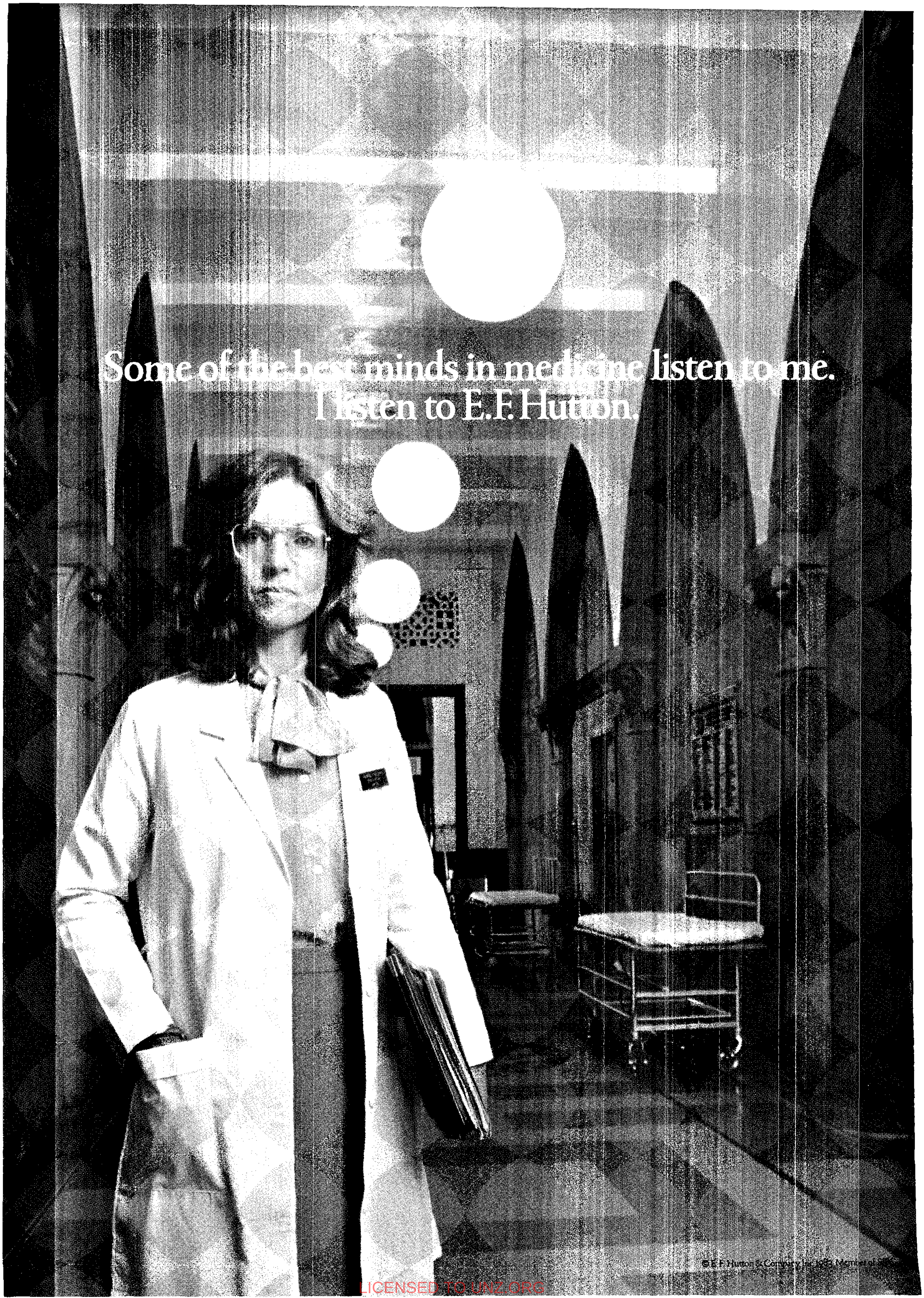
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes the character's shyness deeply charming. With Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. Also with Gladys Cooper, Nigel Bruce, Leo G. Carroll, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, and Melville Cooper. From Daphne du Maurier's novel, adapted by Robert E. Sherwood and Joan Harrison; the cinematography is by George Barnes; music by Franz Waxman. (Regency; May 5-7.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's other film on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (57th St. Playhouse; May 3-5.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin; starting April 29.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through April 28.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car (it is Los Angeles, where a man can get along without his honor, but not without his car), turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once-great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salome, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. This brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past—it's narrated by a corpse—is almost too clever, yet it's at its best in this cleverness and is slightly banal in the sequences dealing with a normal girl (Nancy Olson) and modern Hollywood. Billy Wilder directed; Charles Brackett produced; the script is by Brackett, Wilder, and D. M. Marshman, Jr. With Buster Keaton, H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Cecil B. De Mille, Jack Webb, Fred Clark, and Lloyd Gough. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6-7.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Film Forum; starting May 6.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount; through April 28.)

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres; through April 28.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Loews 83rd Quad; through April 28. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 5.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart in a rather cumbersome adaptation of the light and fanciful Kaufman-Hart play. Directed by Frank Capra. (Regency; May 1-2.)

WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS

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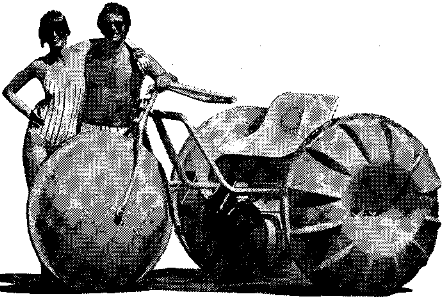

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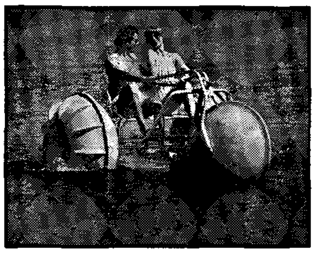
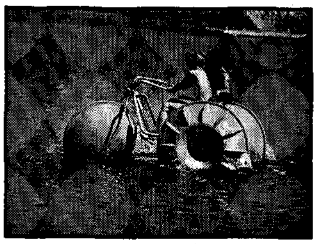
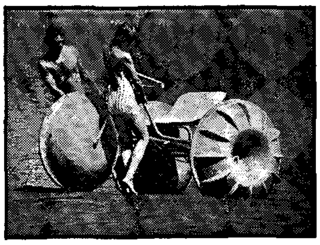
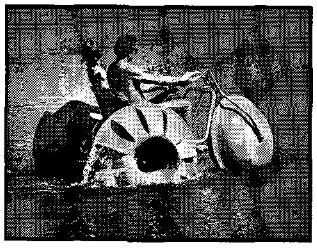


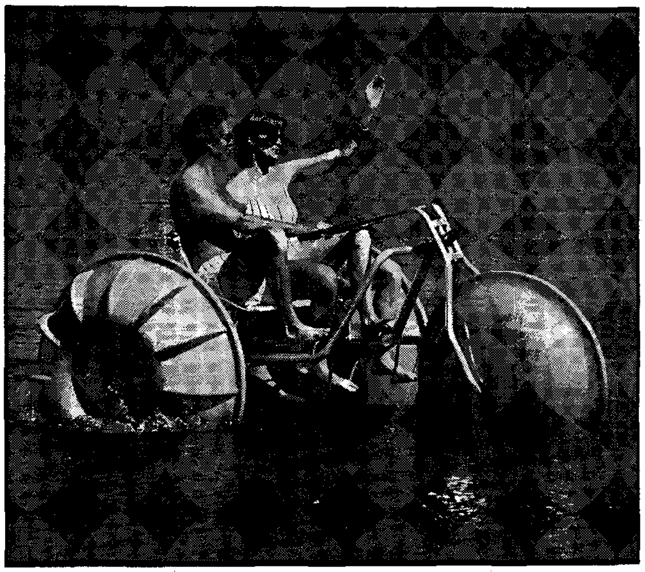
Now we'll admit that some of these things may seem a little out-of-place in a fashionable specialty store — but at N-M we've always found room for a good idea. Our fabulous Fortnight was one. The idea of devoting an entire store exclusively to the merchandise, entertainment and food of another country is now a 27-year tradition. A more recent idea of which we are particularly proud — we're the only store with a theatrical presentation of our own history — the ArchiveShowcase in the Downtown Dallas store.







What do we show? His & Hers gifts, Fortnights past and other good Neiman-Marcus ideas. Our ArchiveShowcase is proof positive that through certain introductions, history is indeed made.



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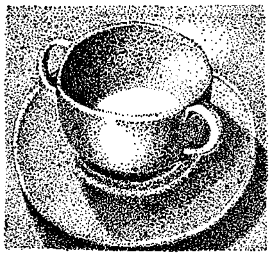
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVER since the United States first sent advisers to El Salvador, people have been debating whether or not El Salvador is "another Vietnam." If one looks at the two countries themselves, few similarities emerge. Whereas Vietnam was largely Buddhist, El Salvador is largely Catholic; whereas Vietnam had a population of about eighteen million, El Salvador has a population of only about four million; whereas Vietnam was a divided country, El Salvador is not; whereas Vietnam was in Asia, twelve thousand miles away from the United States, El Salvador is nearby, in what we are pleased to call our "back yard;" and so on. However, if one looks not at the two countries but, rather, at American policies toward them, similarities of all kinds suddenly emerge. The Administration in power in Washington has applied the domino theory to El Salvador, as it did to Vietnam. According to that theory, the fall of South Vietnam was supposed to be the first step in a takeover of Southeast Asia by the Communist Chinese—a step to be followed, perhaps, by a whole string of losses, leading up to a moment when (it was said at the time) "we would have to fight them at the Golden Gate Bridge." Now Jeane Kirkpatrick, the American Ambassador to the United Nations and a leading spokesman on our Latin-American policy, has stated that there is in existence "a plan to create a Communist Central America." And Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders has stated, even more grandiosely, that "the battle for the Western Hemisphere is now under way in El Salvador." (Apparently, the Eastern Hemisphere will remain unaffected.) Ambassador Kirkpatrick has even resurrected the "psychological" variant of the domino theory which was characteristic of the justifications for Vietnam. According to this line of thinking, the fall of a country not only puts pressure on its geographic neighbors but also destroys confidence in the United States among the leaders of countries all over the world. Thus, in phrases that hark back to Richard Nixon's expression of fear that the United States would become a "pitiful, helpless giant," she has described the Central American crisis as one of "ultimate importance," for "if we can't use American power in this case, which is so clear-cut, there is going to be a general assumption in the world that the United States can't use power anyplace." As in Vietnam, therefore, the credibility of American power in its entirety is seen by her to be at stake. As in Vietnam, the local, political aspects of the struggle, which appear to be the most important ones, are interpreted solely in terms of global, military significance. Finally, as in Vietnam, there is a large disparity between the immense, "ultimate" catastrophe supposedly to be avoided and the modest means that at any given moment are requested to do the job—a disparity that invites the suspicion that when, as seems likely, these means prove inadequate, larger and larger sacrifices will be asked for, as happened in Vietnam. For instance, Ambassador Kirkpatrick, while speaking of "ultimate" stakes, tells us that mere "money" is going to be "the key" to our success, and so urges Congress to pass legislation giving increased financial aid to El Salvador.

It appears that these striking doctrinal similarities—similarities in which the striking differences between the countries in question appear to be overlooked—are being mirrored in the details of our actions on the ground in El Salvador. In a recent issue of the *Village Voice*, the writer Marc Cooper describes what has happened to the city of Berlín, in the Salvadoran countryside. In late January, the guerrillas took the town over. Two days later, government forces took it back, in the process flattening large parts of it with artillery and air strikes. Since then, in an effort to ingratiate the government of El Salvador with the people of Berlín, the United States Agency for International Development has arrived with a million dollars or so in hand and has proposed to build up the center of the city again. In this way, the United States hopes to win the hearts and minds of the people of El Salvador, and so win the battle of the Western Hemisphere. Meanwhile, in the capital, San Salvador, an American public-affairs officer told Mr. Cooper, "We want to encourage political and economic reforms. And we want to build the democratic center." Whatever El Salvador may be, this strange mixture of indiscriminate firepower, philanthropy, and sheer political fantasizing is pure Vietnam. Standing cities, especially ones in different hemispheres of the earth, tend to look different. Flattened ones all look the same. El Salvador is not another Vietnam, but with a little more effort along the lines of our present policy we may make it one before long.



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718? 212!

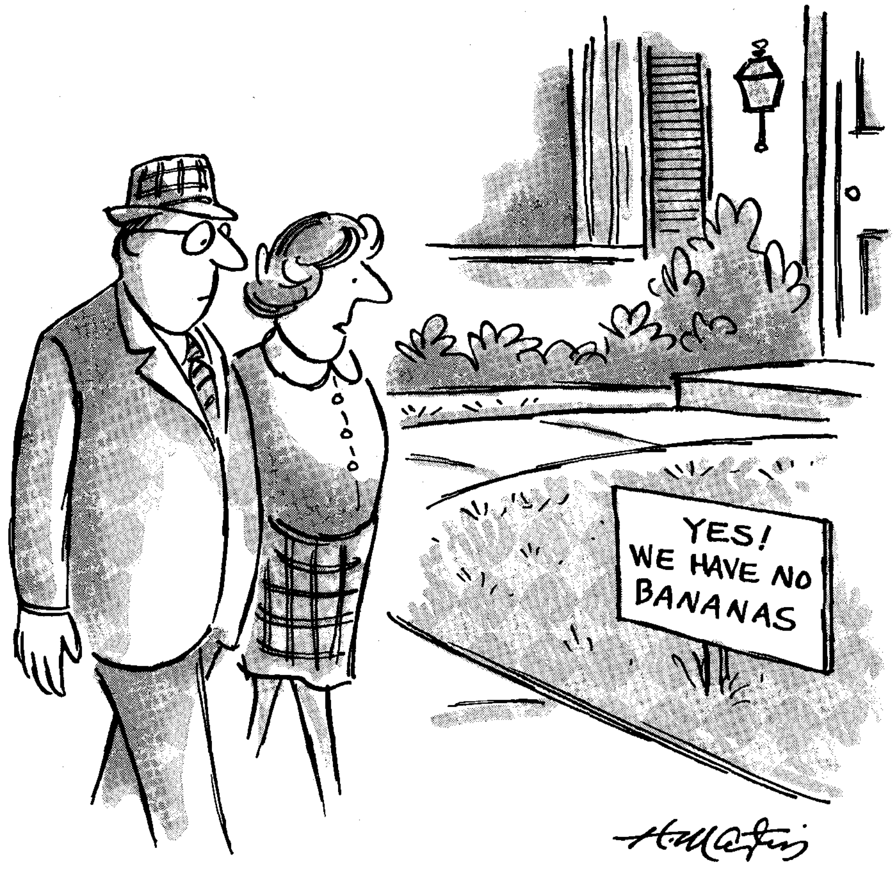
A HUNDRED years ago, the Brooklyn Bridge first linked the city of Brooklyn with the city on the smaller island. Fifteen years later, that wedding was consummated on paper, when Brooklyn officially signed on with New York City after a New Year's Eve ceremony that included the reading of a poem ending:

> This is not death; though a life link
>   be broken,
> Still shall your sweet name forever
>   be spoken.
> This is not death, but a second crea-
>   tion;
> Greater New York is your new in-
>   carnation!

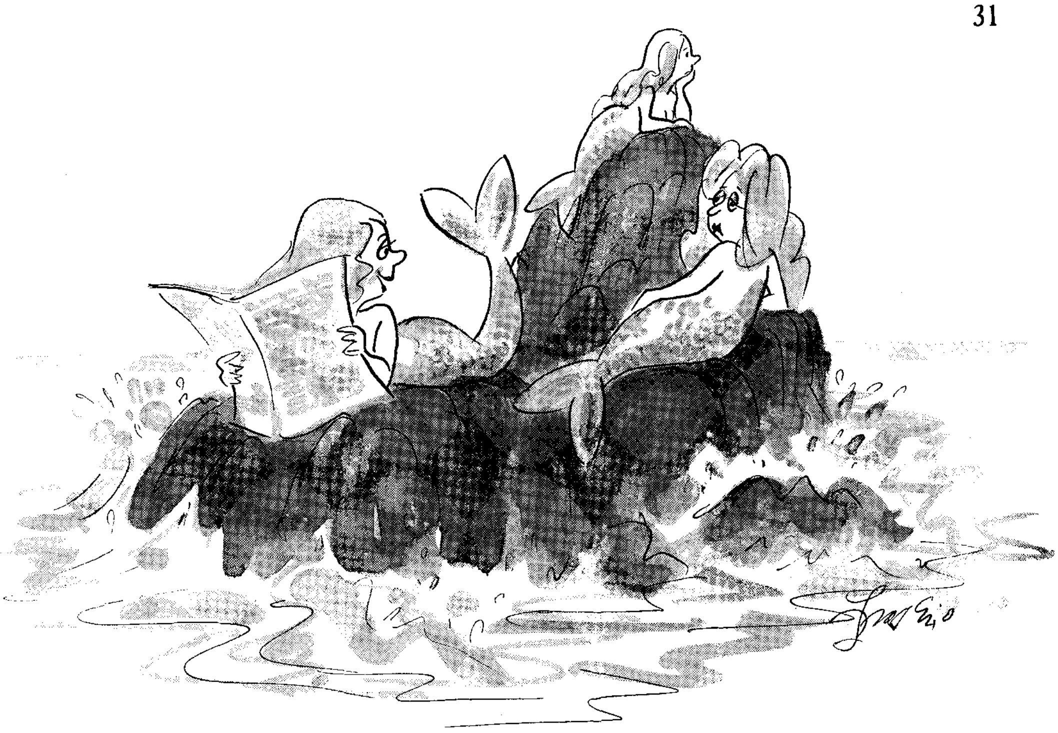
Given the history, it was only natural that in 1947, when Ma Bell totted up her empire, Brooklyn and Manhattan were lumped together—along with Queens, Staten Island, and the Bronx—in Area Code 212 of the national Numbering Plan. And only natural that this winter, when New York Telephone announced that it planned to detach Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island from 212 and send them off to an alien code (718), those boroughs screamed. Never mind that New York Telephone promised that calls across the area codes would cost the same as local calls, though they would demand eleven digits' worth of dialling instead of seven; never mind that the company could point to studies showing that 212 was literally running out of telephone numbers. ("Exchange exhaustion," it's sometimes called.) Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island residents still insisted that 212 meant New York and that New York meant them. The state's Public Service Commission, which oversees customer complaints as well as rate hikes, set up a series of public hearings on what is now known as Case 28482, and we attended the first two sessions not long ago. We're pleased to report that government of, by, and for the people remains healthy in these parts.

Democracy, an overused word, means, among other things, that Miriam Cobert, an older woman, can get up in a public meeting and say, "I'm a resident of Brooklyn . . . and I have arthritis, and using my fingers, even when there's only seven digits, is enough to make me say 'Don't use the phone.' . . . And I have to call Manhattan every day." And democracy means that all the time she is talking New York Telephone's attorney Arnold S. Rosenberg has to sit there and listen politely, and Administrative Law Judge Patricia Downing pays attention, and maybe when all the testimony is in, a few months from now, she'll recommend that 212 remain 212, and 718 remain a glimmer in the phone company's eye. In a democracy, Larry Gould can rise to urge that instead of adding an area code New York Telephone should subtract from its current total of metropolitan-area phones by encouraging customers to revert to using switchboards, by not assigning numbers to pay phones, and by instituting a variety of more esoteric measures, having to do with "bounce lines." "Nobody may listen," Gould told us afterward, "but it was fun to sit around at lunchtime and think it all up." And it wasn't just private citizens who put in their two cents. City Council President Carol Bellamy pointed out, in written remarks, that most of the demand for new phone numbers came from people who wished to hook them up to their computers, and not from people who wanted to chat with their neighbors. She proposed that the telephone company hit all the electronic devices with the 718 code. "*Machines*, after all, don't care what their electronic addresses are. They're *machines*," Bellamy pointed out, sensibly (though later her remarks degenerated into some pretty loose talk about Orwell and 1984). The telephone company is trying to "Balkanize" New York City, Brooklyn's Councilman-at-Large Robert Steingut declared. Assemblyman Joseph Ferris insisted that some large corporations were "hoarding" telephone numbers for "exotic services" (computer sort of stuff). Such numbers, he said (with a little of Clausewitz creeping into his voice), must be "recaptured." A short time later, a telephone-activated pocket beeper broke out in song, and it took nine beeps for the owner to search through her pocketbook and bring it under control.

This drama of democracy had many players: burglar-alarm entrepreneurs who said that a lot of their machines could dial only seven numbers; businessmen who complained that Manhattan residents wouldn't call them up if they had to bother with eleven digits; even a man who gave a long lecture on the relative merits of Touch-Tone and rotary-dial phones. But the star—the star was Louis Powsner. Socrates at his trial? Sure, there were some good bits, but that's all ancient history. William Jennings Bryan, 1896 Democratic National Convention? Yeah, great, but who really cares about silver? Louis Powsner is the man. He probably won't go down in the books as one of the finest orators of this too cool post-McLuhan generation, but for our money he's right up


YES! WE HAVE NO BANANAS
H. Martin

"I guess it's just another one of the signs of spring."



“*Good news. Reagan’s beefing up the Navy.*”

there. Powsner has it all: wit, timing, misdirection, emotion enlisted in the service of reason, and a men’s-furnishings store in Coney Island (we imagine him down on the breakwater after hours, pebbles in his mouth, bellowing to be heard over the clatter of the Astroland roller coaster)—a men’s-furnishings store that will get a 718 prefix if Ma Bell has her way, but a men’s-furnishings store that will stay safely in 212 if oratorical skill finds its reward in this realm. Mr. Powsner opened with an allusion to the written testimony that the politicians and lawyers had been presenting all afternoon. “My speech comes from the heart,” Mr. Powsner said. “If you want, you can take an electrocardiogram when I’m done.” After a few unexceptional remarks along the “very detrimental to people and business” line, Mr. Powsner established his credentials as a phone customer: “Every day almost, someone has to come into my store to make a phone call about some sort of emergency—a pothole, or no lights on Steeplechase Pier, or something like that.” The new area code would increase the hazard of wrong numbers, he warned: “It’ll be like playing digital roulette.” To specifics: He said he could sometimes call his daughter in Aberdeen, New Jersey, more cheaply than his suppliers in midtown Manhattan. And recently he had tried to phone a manufacturer of men’s socks called Sigola. “S-i-g-o-l-a—you can look it up,” he said. “And when I called the number in the book, there was a recording that said it had been changed. I dialled the new number the recording gave me, and someone answered *who knew nothing about socks!* They’d given me *the wrong number!*” (A story that may not have much to do with area codes, but certainly a story worth telling as Mr. Powsner told it.) Mr. Powsner ended his testimony with a cry that, if it doesn’t live forever, will certainly survive until midsummer, when New York Telephone will get the thumbs up or down on 718. “Let the computers dial seventy-seven digits, but let the people save their fingers!” Mr. Powsner shouted. “Let the people save their fingernails!”

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Did You Get to Meet the Dukes?

(*Lilting*) Don’t make fun of the Festival / Don’t make fun of the fair . . . But as they say / The gay display / Means money in the bank. —*Noël Coward.*

THE “Britain Salutes New York” arts festival had its coming out a week or so ago. On the eve of the official début, we went for drinks to the newly renovated penthouse loft of David Lloyd-Jacob, the New York-based British businessman who dreamed up the whole idea.

“It’s the biggest private-sector festival ever held,” he said, eyes glowing behind his spectacles. “Excuse me while I pop out and see about this proclamation from the Governor.” He plunged off across the room through a buzzing, chirping crowd (“How do you do?” . . . “So kind” . . . “Perfectly ghastly” . . . “Terribly sorry” . . . “Absolutely super”) whose faces would become as familiar as family portraits in the course of the next days’ gatherings.

Mrs. Lloyd-Jacob stood, smiling, in a green heirloom dress. “At first, I thought ‘Salute’ was an awful idea, but it seems to be a great success so far,” she said. “David and I haven’t been married very long. We met in the crush bar of Covent Garden, in the interval of ‘Tristan and Isolde.’ Frightfully romantic. Are you musical?”

Sir Paul Wright stood with his wife and daughter. “You really should read the Treaty of 1783,” he said.

Lady Wright, the only American-born woman apart from Nancy Astor ever to serve as a British M.P., stabbed a forceful forefinger in the direction of her daughter. “Edited the official program,” she said.

“I’d love to talk more,” said Jennifer Williams, a London-based American woman with a pudding-basin haircut, who founded the British-American Arts Association. “But I’m late for the Parkinson do at Sotheby’s.”

“Aha!” we said. “Perhaps you’d care to share a cab?”

THE do was a dinner dance in honor of the very English, Tobago-based photographer Norman Parkinson. *Town & Country* gave it. “That magazine pulls out *some* crowd,” said a man watching. “The dresses! The jewels! Did you get a look at Mary Lasker’s pearls?” The owners of the dresses and jewels circled near flattering photographs of themselves and told each other that they looked “divine, as always.” Invitations—adorned with Parkinson’s photograph of the Queen, Princess Margaret, and the Queen Mother (wearing *her* pearls)—had gone out to a selection of the British who were arriving in town to launch "Salute." The tall Mr. Parkinson put his arm round the shoulder of the short Sir Hugh Casson, the president of the Royal Academy, and explained how he'd been able to get the shot of a woman lying on a beach right next to a stallion that was rolling on its back: "I know about horses, you see." Gossip columnists wrote down lists of names; a red-tailcoated toastmaster from London consulted lists on a clipboard and kept things moving along.

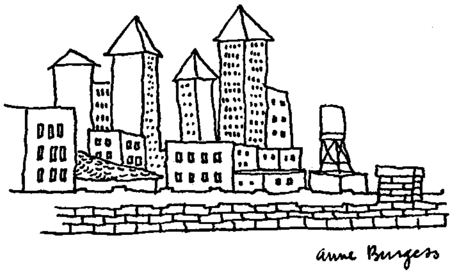
At our table, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu said that his business—opening his ancestral home, entertainment park, and vintage-car museum to the public—was up six per cent over last year and that he'd just broken the three-pound barrier for admission to such places. "After all, London Zoo is three seventy-five," he said. Between the courses, the dance floor filled with twirling balloons of skirts. Zandra Rhodes, in black chiffon, with fuchsia hair and feathery fishbones of pencilled-in eyebrows (all of her own devising), said she thought that when the Queen opened the Barbican complex, in London, she might at least have worn a crown. Across the table, Koo Stark smiled abstractedly and a man knocked over his wineglass.

"Your Excellencies, Your Graces, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, pray silence," intoned the red-tailcoated man. Each of the gentlemen in the room was about to have a Polaroid camera bestowed upon him as a gift. At the round tables that filled the room, all the faces above black-and-white evening dress were then simultaneously scrunched at one eye and half hidden behind awkward-looking black plastic gadgets that kept whirring and emitting milky-green squares. There was a speech with many quotations from the likes of Shaw and Beerbohm, and a joke about duchesses and ladies. Dukes, earls, and Parkinson thumped the tables at this and bellowed "Order! Order!" The man across the table knocked over his wineglass again.

"YOUR Excellencies, Your Graces, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, pray silence," the red-tailcoated man was saying, and it was the following evening, at the Metropolitan Museum. A large crowd of people had stepped briskly along through rooms hung with Constable paintings in which clouds piled as high as powdered wigs stood in stormy pewter skies. Now the people were milling like extras in the courtyard of the American Wing, before the Palladian-style façade. Members of the Household Cavalry, who had been peering out from lurking places among the Duncan Phyfes, stepped boldly forth in their scarlet coats and plumed brass helmets and let out a mighty trumpet blast from the steps. "Oh, darling, do look at that chubby one on the left," said the Duchess of Marlborough. Someone was smoking a cigar. The Honourable John Jeffry Louis, Jr., the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, read from a yellow Western Union slip a message from Nancy Reagan; messages from Prince Charles and Mayor Koch followed. Paul Channon, Britain's Minister for the Arts (a dark-haired man with high color in his cheeks), said that the festival was important for cultural relations. "And it's going to be tremendous fun," he said.

"So kind" . . . "How do you do?" . . . "Terribly sorry" ran the buzz, through a crowd in which not a few gowns had hems bearing honorable-service marks of at least a decade's Glyndebourne seasons. And lists kept rolling off people's tongues, unfurling themselves like invisible proclamations: lists of organizers; lists of sponsors; lists of titles and celebrities; lists of coming events. One woman even listed the past six British Ministers for the Arts. "I've worked for all of them," she said. "Counting Norman St. John-Stevas twice." And then there was the lanky man with a toothbrush mustache who listed himself as one of the three men present in kilts. "I am the Master of Glenschee," he told us. "Did you know that almost all the tartans had to be reinvented by a Polish tailor named Sobieski Stuart?"

"Contemporary Britain also wishes to salute," said Lyon Roussel, of the British Council, the government-funded organization that has supported some of the festival's newer art forms. "It's easy enough to get corporate sponsorship for something like the Constable show." He caught the arm of a man who was passing by. "What do you recommend among the more experimental things, Hugh? Hesitate & Demonstrate?"



"Hesitate & Demonstrate," said the man. "Definitely."

"DEAR old Queen Mary, she did have this tiny tendency to expropriate things that caught her fancy from other people's country-house bedrooms."

"Lovely island, that. Inland, of course, not the coast. Pity they don't believe in drains."

After many more dinners, parties, receptions, over several more days, some of the British visitors were looking a little worse for wear. There were subversive thoughts of hotel-bedroom suppers in front of the TV.

"They're not used to the New York pace," Mr. Lloyd-Jacob said when we saw him at a tea party in Bloomingdale's. "And, of course, for these few weeks in spring there's a six-hour time difference, and that makes it considerably harder to adjust."

Ambassador Louis gave a party at the United States Mission to the United Nations, and there was a red double-decker bus parked outside. "My daughter had to go to Los Angeles," Lady Wright told us. "Her daughter is marrying into a doughnut fortune."

The Master of Glenschee, in a gray flannel suit with watch chain and red carnation, hailed a man from the London Embassy. "What ever happened to old Bob Feathers?" he asked.

"He moved on," said the other. "But the tea lady still thinks I'm him."

Sir Hugh Casson was there, an animated figure in black-framed spectacles, holding court under the branches of an indoor tree. "Such fantastic enterprise and *zip* here," he said. "Patronage as well as talent. And a give-it-a-whirl sort of attitude that's wonderful for artists."

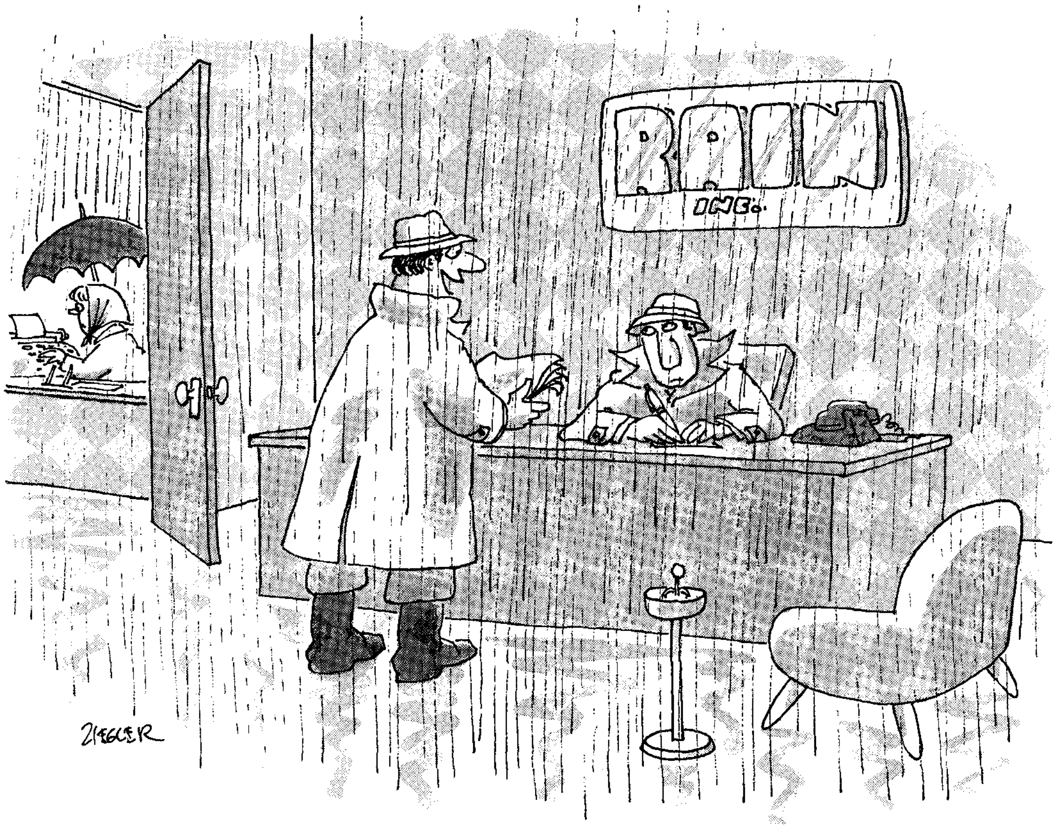
"Goin' on? Care to share a cab?"

AT the Trump Tower, the doormen in their busbies had left for the day, and the grand piano in the rose-pink marble hall was shrouded.

But sounds of chatter bouncingly echoed from the second-floor balcony, where Asprey, the expensive London gift store, was giving its "Salute" party in its new premises, for the benefit of the Royal Oak Foundation. The Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington were there, moving as easily through the little gathering as they would among their tenantry at home. Sir Hugh Casson was already ensconced at the center of a group of ladies who were as ornamental as some of the rare silver pieces that filled the display cases at his back. A man from Asprey waved at the priceless things from churches and Elizabethan manors. "These have never left England before," he said. "They have never even been to *France*." Then he led us up to an enormous modern replica of the American bald eagle which was made of jagged, glistening rock crystal with solid-gold head, beak, and claws. There was a snowy owl made of crystal, too, and it stood fixing us with its piercing amber eye. "It says 'Don't touch,' " the man said. "But you may." We laid a finger on its eerie furry trouser leg. Then the man pointed at a stack of fitted wicker boxes on the floor. "Our picnic baskets," he said. "We're famous for those."

A very young man in black tie was listening to an elderly man talk about a club founded six years before the Revolutionary War and at the same time was making arrangements with a young Englishwoman with punk blond spikes of hair and a black miniskirt. "I can't leave early. I'll be there by midnight, if I can." The youth was Edwina Sandys' son and Winston Churchill's great-grandson; like his kinsman the Duke of Marlborough, he had a small-chinned face with unusual oval eyes. A portly man in a red eighteenth-century coat and knee breeches suddenly leaned his ruddy, perspiring face close enough to ours to tickle it with the ostrich feathers that dangled from his three-cornered hat. "I'm London's Town Crier," he said, blowing the feathers out of the way with a practiced huff. "I was there to do the old Oyez, Oyez for Prince William's birth, but mostly I'm off hard-selling London all over the world. Budapest; the Philippines; Walt Disney World; parachute out of a helicopter; Citywide Treasure Hunt kickoff in Central Park in a 1907 Rolls-Royce. Camel down Kensington High Street. His Holiness the Pope."

Arthur Prager, the executive director of the Royal Oak, came up and took us away. "I can't think how he got in," he said. "And that awful crasher who calls himself a Spanish count is here as well. Did you get to meet the dukes? Have some champagne. Laurent Perrier, trying to break into the Dom Pérignon market. Wellington posed for a photograph with it. He's very good about that sort of thing."



"The early-April figures are in, sir, and they're just fabulous!"

DOWN at Franklin Furnace, an experimental-performance-art space in TriBeCa, we talked to some British artists.

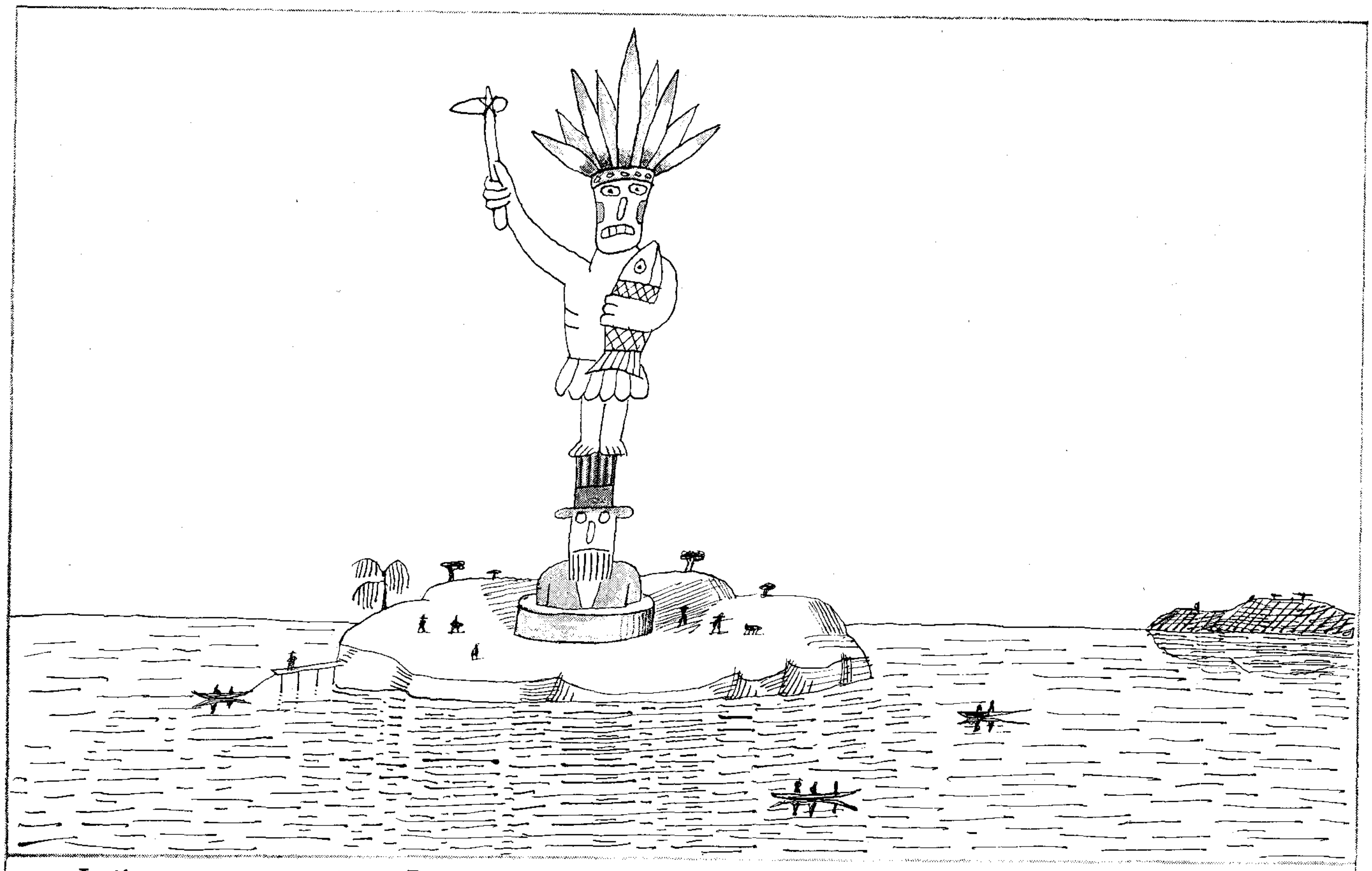
"What does being British mean, anyway?" said one. "Is nationality something that can be imposed on you from the outside? This whole thing started as a dream, a context for art, and it's ended as a corporate promotion—using artists to sell more whiskey."

"I'm more detached," said a second observer. "It's just that Britain is complex and P.R. can't be."

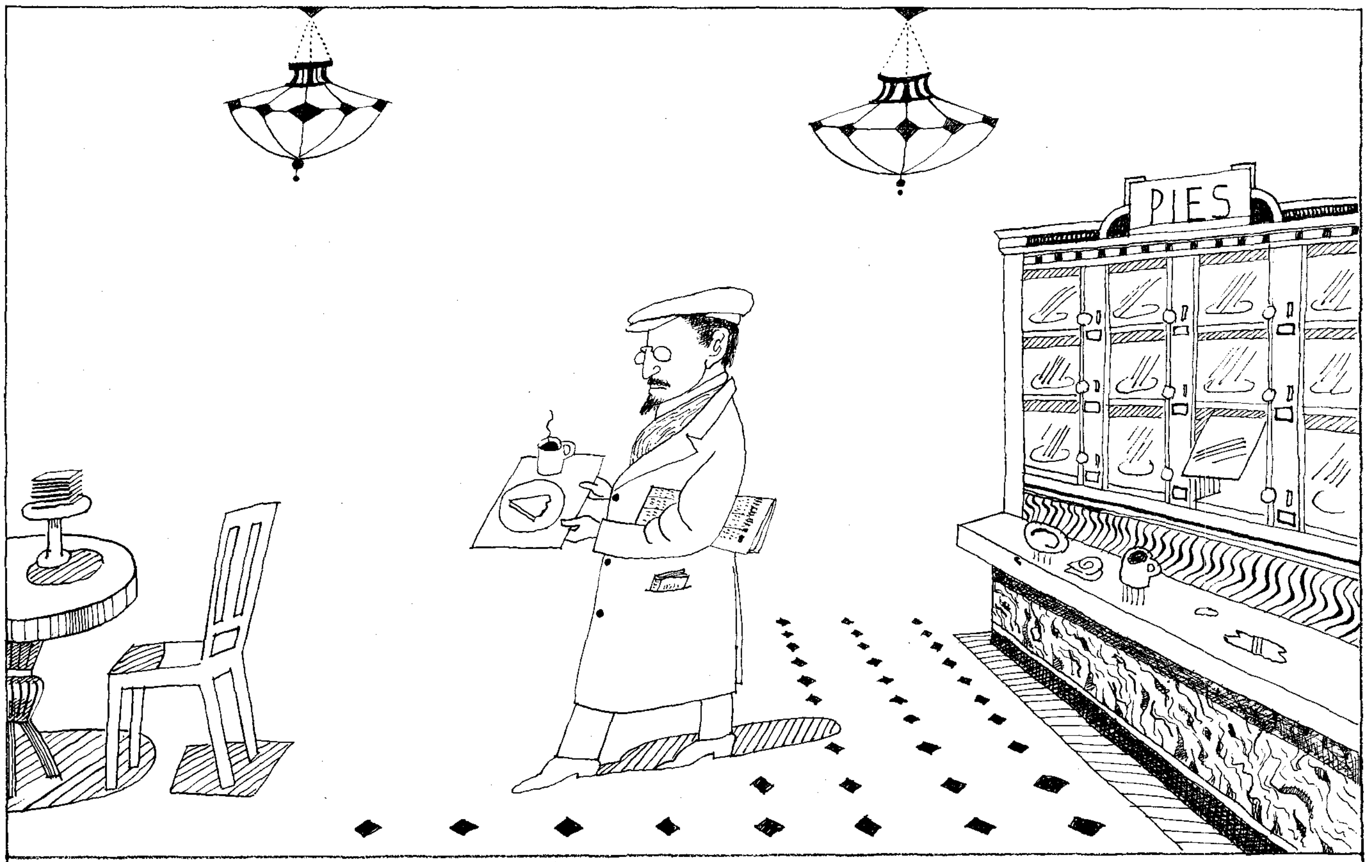
This subdivision of "Britain Salutes New York" was brought to order not by any toastmaster but by a youth in a mesh baseball cap, holding a beer bottle at his thigh. "Yo," he said, and gave a loud whistle to silence the young artists who were standing around talking, leaning against pillars and walls. " 'Soundworks,' by Gerald Newman and Stuart Brisley. Starts downstairs in one minute."

We went down rumbling wood stairs into a basement-smelling space with folding metal chairs. The lights faded, then were turned off completely, and we sat in utter blackness listening to mystic electronic clicks and poetic utterances about the Falklands, the Royal Wedding-street-riots summer, nuclear wastes. Our eyes felt smoothed and soothed, wide open in the dark. A dark silhouette beside us in the room spoke up in a British voice: "Of course, this work is very visual."

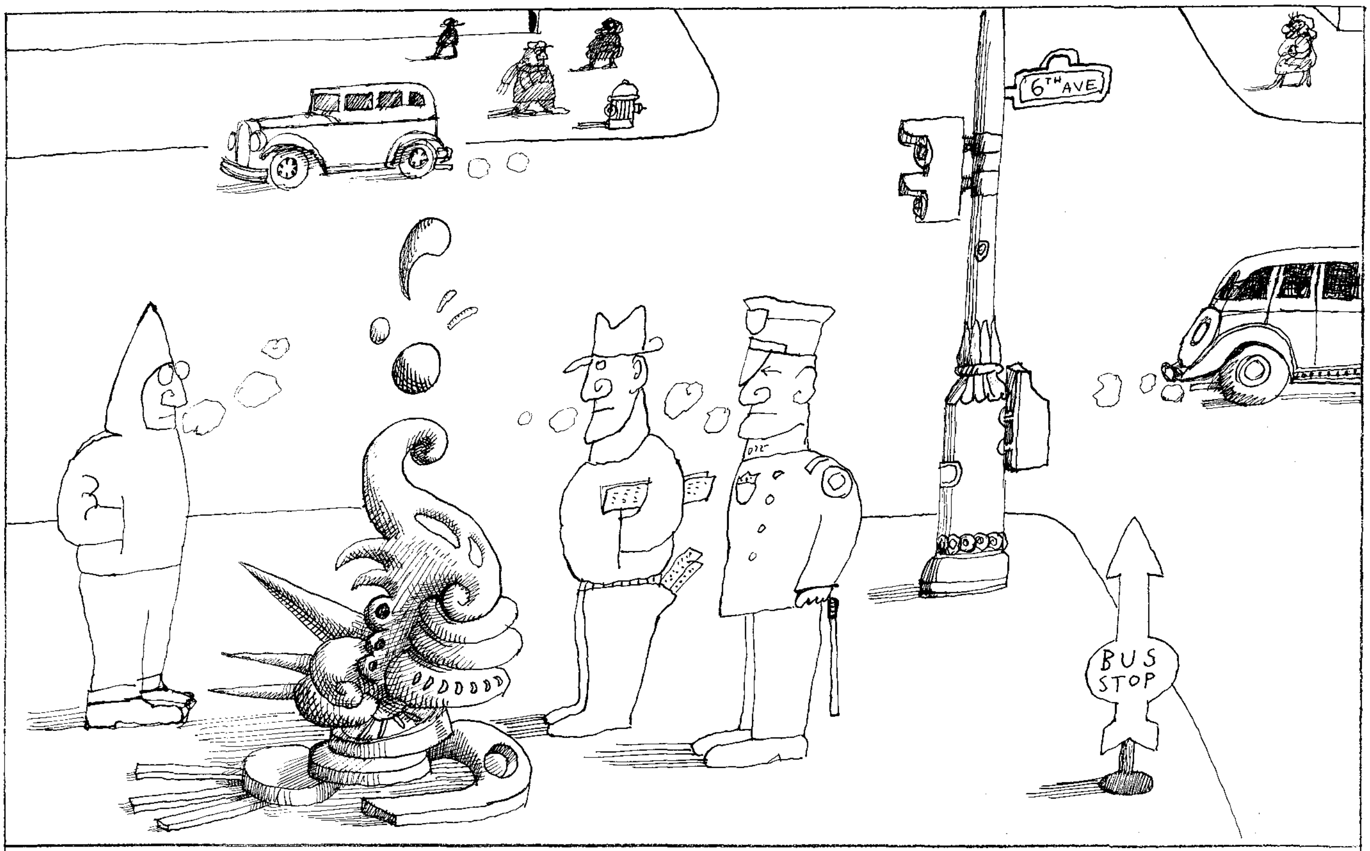
MANHATTAN



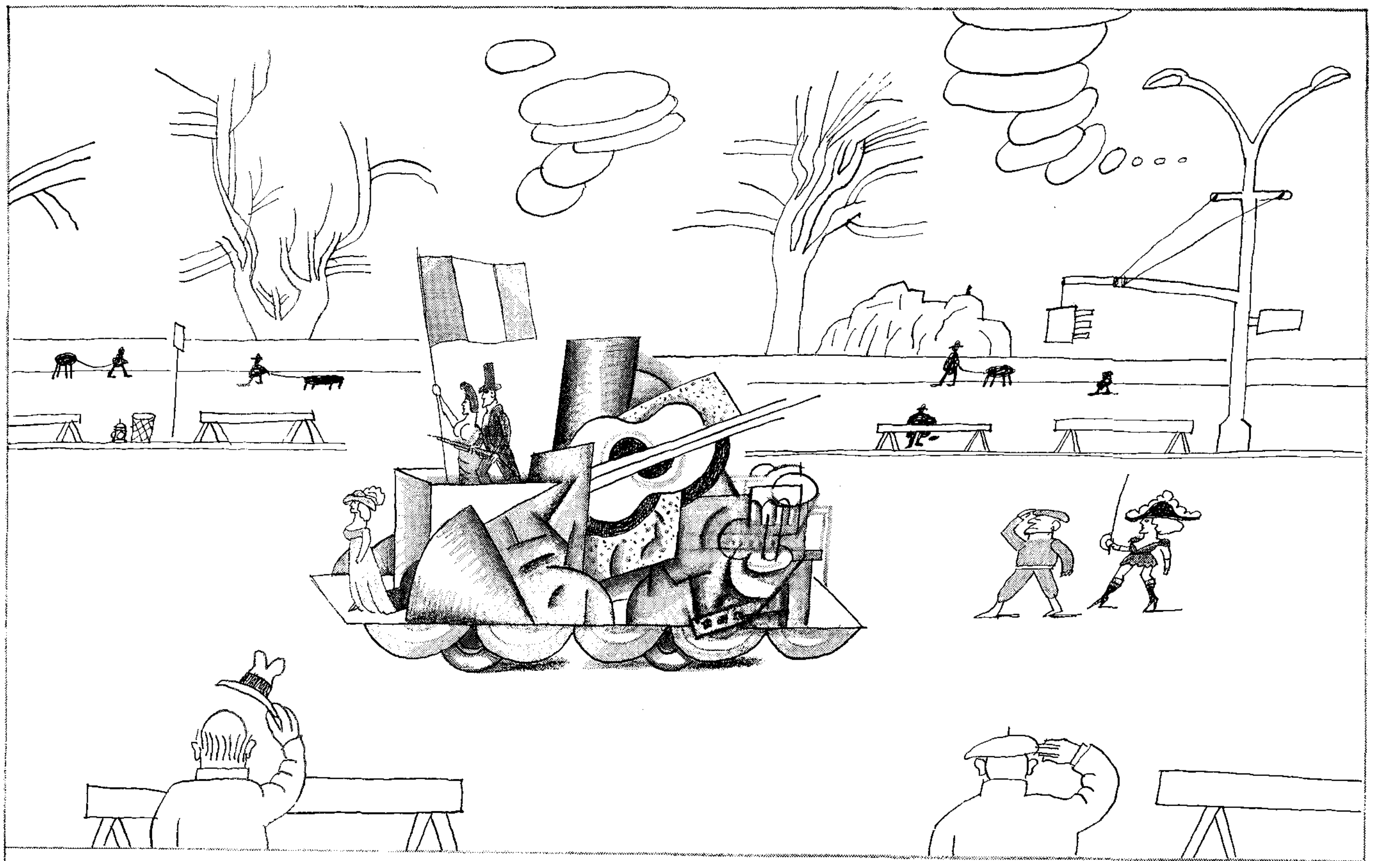
Indian totem erected on Bedloe's Island in 1584, replaced in 1886 by the Statue of Liberty



Leon Trotsky has apple pie and tea at the Automat on Broadway at 47th Street, January 28, 1917


6TH AVE
BUS STOP

Frozen music found near Radio City Music Hall, winter, 1939



The "École de Paris" float at the St. Patrick's Day parade, 1968

STEINBERG

WAITING FOR STELLA

ACTUALLY it is Jimmy, Stella's fourth and final husband (Stella died a month ago), for whom everyone is waiting, all these old people, in this large sunny clearing in a grove of ancient redwoods. It is high noon, on a bright October day, and time for lunch, but Rachel, the hostess, has delayed serving the food, because of Jimmy's lateness. This will be everyone's first sight of him since Stella's death; he took off for Santa Barbara just afterward to visit a sister there, and presumably to recuperate, travelling in Stella's old car. Perhaps the car is making him late this morning? The guests, old friends, sip nervously at tomato juice or club soda, while a few of the hardier ones have white wine; they are all in their seventies or eighties, except for a young dark, vividly pretty girl, Day, a visiting friend of Rachel's, who will help with lunch.

Everyone, including Rachel and her husband, Baxter, and Day, the visiting girl, is seated at a long bandanna-cloth-covered table, on benches. Not far from the table is a small oval concrete swimming pool, its unused murky water now flat and still. Here and there in the grove are clumps of huge thick-fronded ferns, a dusty gray green, quite motionless, in the moted sunlight.

They are all waiting for Jimmy, of course, but it is Stella whose lively absence dominates the mood, so that several people, especially Rachel and Baxter, have to remind themselves that they are waiting for Jimmy, not for Stella.

Rachel and Baxter's house is up on a knoll, invisible from the pool, among tall thick eucalyptus trees, gray thickets of manzanita. It is a big house, though cheaply and somewhat flimsily constructed of clapboard, now nicely weathered to silver. It was a great bargain forty years ago when Rachel and her first husband had it built. Now it is probably worth a lot of money, as she and Baxter wryly say to each other from time to time, and they add, "but only if we sell it." (Baxter is Rachel's third husband, and surely her last, she thinks.) Near the house, a little way down toward the pool, is the guest cabin, slatted, green.

"Arnold always looks down. He enjoys looking down."

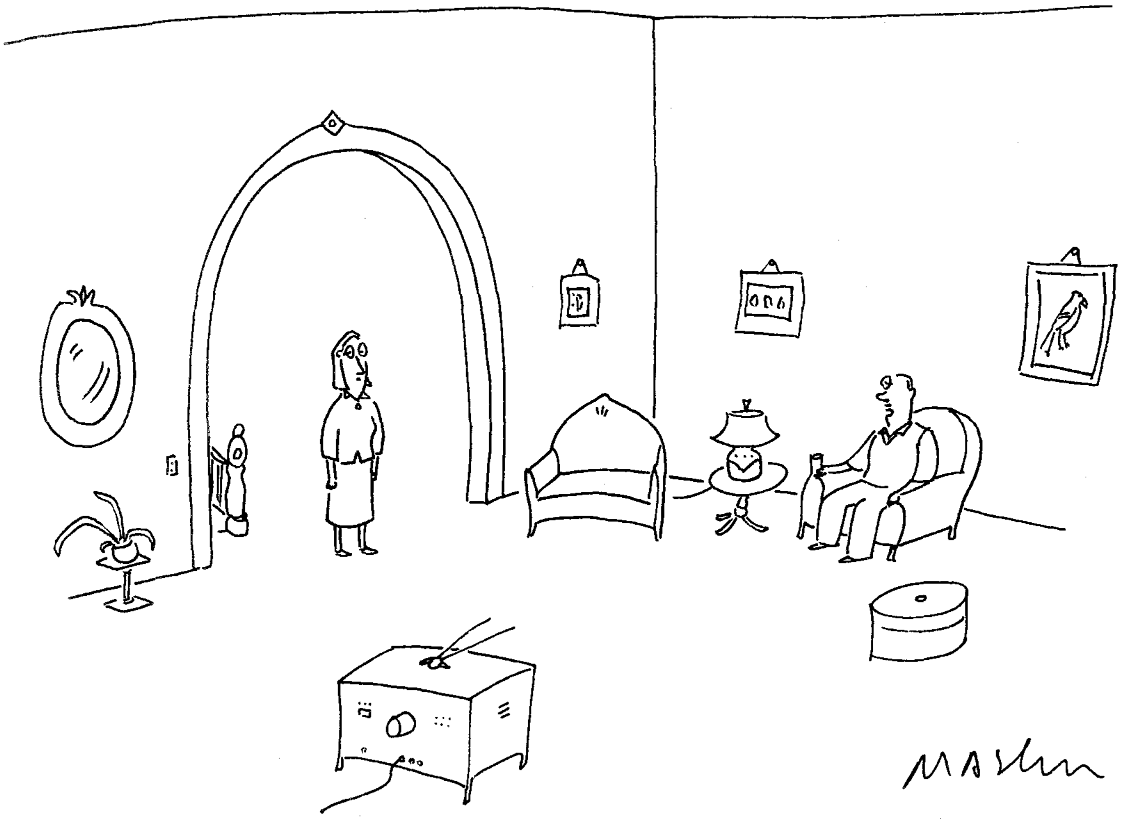
All the houses in this small enclave, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, are somewhat similar, as, not quite accidentally, are their owners; friends, they all were professional people, "liberals," mildly intellectual. Rachel was a doctor, a professor of medicine, rather distinguished; Baxter, although he inherited money, was an art critic. Stella was a painter.

What once were vacation homes now house their retirements.

In those younger, summer days, feelings sometimes ran high: dissensions occurred over love affairs, real or imagined; opposing political views split their ranks. But now old feuds are quieted, if not forgotten—especially today, as in an almost unified way they think about Stella, the first of them to die, and they think about Jimmy, who is *very* late.

NOW, conferring with Day, Rachel decides to go ahead and serve the first course, a gazpacho, which has already been brought down and is sitting there on the table, in its huge green-glazed tureen. And so Rachel ladles out the soup, and Day takes the bowls around to everyone.

ACTUALLY, Stella has always been a sort of unifying principle for this group, in that they have generally been united in opposition to whatever she was doing. Not actual opposition to her views, but Stella always, somehow, went too far. Wonderful of her to march in Selma at already sixty-odd, but did she have to get arrested, so purposefully, and spend a week in that jail? Or, more recently, was it necessary, really, that she scale the fence at Diablo Canyon, protesting nuclear power? Not to mention the fact that she often drank too much, and almost always talked too much, with her proud white tooth-flashing grin; she had too many husbands and lovers (though fortunately, it was sometimes remarked, no children).



"It's the very beginning of the first part of a sixty-five-part, two-hundred-and-sixty-hour mini-series spread out over twenty-nine months. Want to watch?"

• •

Her final marriage to Jimmy Scott, a former alcoholic, former film director (not important), was hard to understand, the other husbands having been, in their ways, almost predictable: Jack, a Communist, and Jewish (this was daring, in 1922, for a New England girl of "good"—Republican, Unitarian—family); Horace, a black longshoreman; and Yosh, a Japanese painter, whom she married just after Pearl Harbor (of course). But—Jimmy?

During the illness preceding Stella's death, however, the mercifully short three months, Jimmy's behavior toward her was observed to be exemplary. It was hardly a time when anyone would have behaved badly, but still his patience was remarkable. He searched for out-of-print books that Stella mentioned wanting to reread, for out-of-season flowers for her bedroom (they were not rich people, not at all), for special delicate foods, rare fruits to tempt her waning appetite.

In the last awful month of her life, although she stayed at home, in the house up the road from Rachel and Baxter's, Stella refused (through Jimmy, of course) to let anyone visit her; not even Rachel, a doctor, was allowed to see her then, which no one quite understood, except, just possibly, Rachel.

OF the dozen people there—thirteen, counting Day—only Day is not thinking in a concentrated way about Stella. Day is thinking painfully, obsessively of Allen, the lover whom she came to California to see, but with whom things did not work out; they just broke up in San Francisco, where Allen lives. Scenes and quarrels, all terrible to recall. Passing breadsticks, Day considers the phrase "to break up." It is odd, she thinks, that people always say "break up *with*," since the whole point of breaking up is that you are no longer *with* but alone.

In order not to think about Allen, and then, too, because it seems appropriate, Day makes a conscious effort to think about Stella, whom she met fairly often, over the years, at Rachel's. (Day's mother, also a doctor, a friend of Rachel's, named Day for her heroine, Dorothy Day, who was also much admired by Rachel.) Stella was perfectly all right, Day thinks, but she talked so much. And that hair. Bright red hair, for a woman in her seventies or (probably) eighties? More generously, Day then admits to herself that you can't tell what you'll do that far ahead. She herself at eighty might dye her hair purple, or green, a one-person revival of punk, in the year two thousand and whatever, out of sheer boredom with living that long.

Stella never seemed bored with her old age—you had to give her that. And even if Jimmy bored her she never let it be known. ("Jimmy was actually more interesting as an alcoholic," Baxter has remarked. "Poor Stella! No luck at all with men.")

Day, who in her grief is not even aware of how pretty she is, now sits down with her own cold bowl of soup, next to Baxter, who must have been extremely handsome, a long time ago, Day imagines.

BAXTER, who dislikes gazpacho (the peppers seem to disagree with him, or perhaps the cucumbers), looks for diversion at Day's long thin brown legs, now exposed beneath her long loose flowered skirt, in high rope clogs. Day's legs, which Baxter much admires, lead him back to a sensual dream of Stella. He sees a room in the Sherry Netherland, in New York (he has just married Rachel; she is waiting for him, up in Connecticut—she is giving a seminar at Yale). Gold coverlets drawn back on sumptuous beds, in the half-light of an August afternoon. Champagne in a silver bucket, two chilled glasses. And Stella: all that pink-gold flesh (she was fairly plump in those days), all that flesh, half revealed, half concealed. Silk, rows of lace. That flesh, breasts, and that brilliant hair, spread on her pillow, his pillow.

But even in his dream he, Baxter, is actually sitting there alone, and fully dressed. And he never saw any flesh of Stella's beyond that revealed in a modest bathing suit. For Stella, if the truth were known, and he trusts that it is not—Stella had stood him up. There he was, expecting her, in that room, with champagne, and the next day she had the consummate gall to say, "But Baxter, darling, I can't believe you were serious." And that awful laugh. What a bitch, when you came right down to it—really surprising that more people didn't see through her. He wonders if Rachel did; he has never been sure just how Rachel felt about Stella. Well, there's no possibility of understanding women, as he has always said.

More crossly than he meant to, Baxter whispers to Day, "Why do you think Rachel serves this damned soup so often?"

Startled, Day answers him literally. "She thinks it's good in hot weather, I guess." And then she says the next thing that enters her grief-dulled mind: "And it seems a more leftist sort of soup than vichyssoise."

Baxter emits a loud cackling laugh. "Oh, very good," he tells Day, who had not meant to be funny, especially. "A leftist soup. That's *very good*."

Baxter's laugh and some words of this small exchange have caught everyone's attention, so that it all has to be repeated several times, and explained, many of those old ears not being quite what they once were. No one seems to think "leftist soup" is quite as funny as Baxter did. (Rachel especially, in the way of wives, did not find it awfully funny. Why did she marry Baxter, she wonders. But even if she knew, it is much too late to reconsider.) However, at least a diversion was created, from so many sad thoughts of Stella, and such anxiety as how to deal with Jimmy: how will he be?

TO A POCKET CALCULATOR

Quiz kid,
Behavior's midget
Mime or mirror,
Push-button cogitation sets
You racing, brow clear, up to the ninth digit,
A dawn-tipped pyramid—
At which point enter E for ERROR:
The tabula "forgets"
(But we know, don't we, what *that* means?)
In cool gray fog its orgiastic genes
And all the naughty things they did.

Joking
(Your patron's abysses
Bore you? Embarrass?)
Aside, aren't you that periodic peon
Translated from his peaks by Mrs.
X or Count Y to the choking
Lianas of a Paris—
Cocteau, cocaine, the Natansons, the neon—
Mad, till he foundered in the West,
For "l'impassivité sauvage, funeste"
With which he wore his smoking?

Proud in-
nocent, beware.
I, too, possess
A magic memory. Can in a decade's
Flash extract the square
Root of whatever rapture or chagrin.
Atop a pyramid no less
Dense than yours with figures light pervades,
Can by this downward thumb
Undo our frail continuum
And lift its heart out, live but paper-thin.

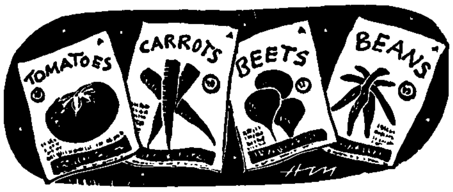
—JAMES MERRILL

• •

THIS October day is unseasonably hot; everyone has agreed on that, and commented at length. Even in this shaded glen, where usually it is cool, often cold, almost always too cold for swimming in the dark greenish pool, today it is very warm, so that swimming is at least discussed. Warm shafts of light fall dustily between the redwoods, on the thick still tessellated fronds of ferns.

Stella, of course, would have been in hours ago, flopping around like a porpoise and exhorting everyone else to come in, too. No one has remarked on this probability, but what Stella would have been doing has occurred to everyone there. They will continue to think, in other contexts, of what Stella would have done.

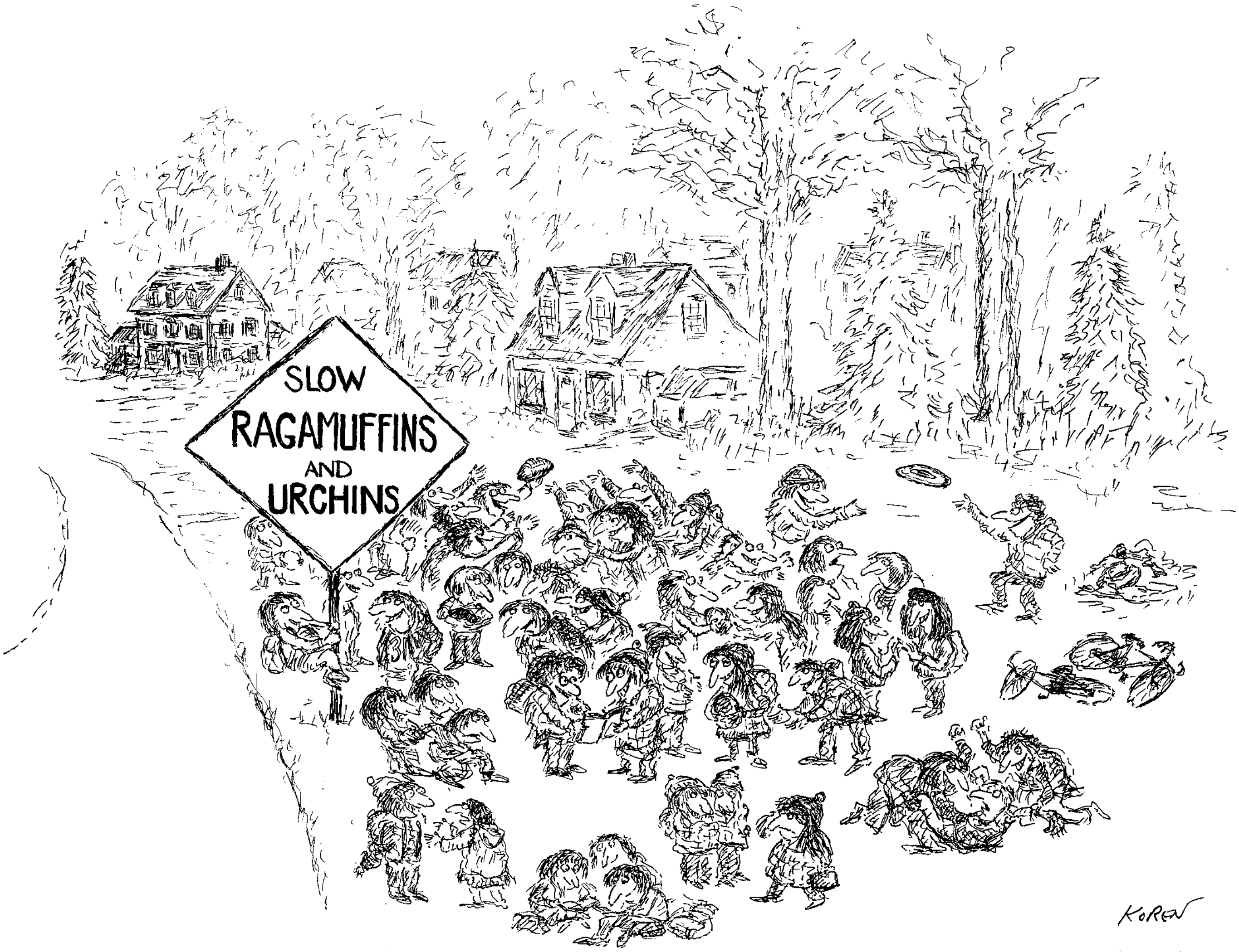
However, the heat is actually a relief to so many old bones; they bask and relax in it. And the warm weather seems a reprieve of sorts, to these old people. The fact is that their location, in these mountains south of San Francisco, is not an ideal spot for the retired, for the very old. They are vulnerable to such extremes of cold, and to floods, from mountain streams, as well as to spectres of isolation, loneliness, helplessness. Danger. They have all thought and talked from time to time of moving somewhere else, but where? And for them to move would seem a sort of giving up, giving in, a yielding to old age and infirmity.



This day, though, is reassuring; they are still all right, exactly where they are.

And, as no one says, and perhaps no one is really aware, it is rather a relief not to have Stella around, loudly splashing in the pool, and always urging them all to exceed themselves, somehow.

ALTHOUGH they were very close friends, as far as anyone knew, and were almost exactly the same age, Rachel's and Stella's personal styles were very different. Rachel's low-key, toned-down quiet mode could almost have been developed in opposition to Stella's flamboyance. All three of Rachel's husbands, including Baxter, have affectionately compared her to a wren, a coincidence that tactful Rachel has mentioned to no one, surely



not to Baxter, who despite his money and good looks is quite insecure.

Rachel is small, with neat gray-brown hair and finely lined lightly tanned skin. When Baxter came home to her that time in Connecticut, just mentioning that he had "caught a glimpse" of Stella in New York, Rachel quite accurately surmised what had happened: Baxter had made a pass, of some sort, and Stella in some way had turned him down. Curiously, at first she was a little annoyed at Stella: poor Baxter, aging is hard on such a handsome man. But it soon came to her, causing a wry, inward smile, that after all if Stella had said yes, she, Rachel, would have been considerably more annoyed.

STANDING just off from the group, near the end of the table, Day and Rachel now consult with each other, Rachel saying, "Well, I just don't know. Jimmy's usually so punctual," and she frowns.

"He might feel worse if we waited," Day offers. "Worse about everything, I mean."

Rachel gives Day an attentive, interested look. (Rachel listens to what other people say.) "Well, of course you're absolutely right," she says. "Besides, it's making everyone nervous. We'll just go ahead with the salmon."

"He might always call and say that he isn't coming after all," Day further contributes. She is thinking: Allen might call.

"Oh, right," says Rachel.

IT is true that the prolonged absence of Jimmy is nervously felt, all around. People speculate about what could have happened. Flat tires are mentioned, as well as being out of gas, or lost. What no one voices is the fear, felt by almost all of them, that he could have started drinking again. Stella was believed to have helped get him off the bottle.

Someone, more mean-spirited than the rest, has just said, "I hope our dear Jimmy hasn't stopped off at some bar," when fortunately Rachel and Day arrive with their platters of cold salmon, the glistening silvery pink surrounded by various shades of green—parsley and several sauces—so that everyone can exclaim over the beauty of the food.

ONE moment after everyone is served, there comes the sound and then a quick flashed glimpse in the driveway above of a hastily braked and parked red sports car.

What an odd car for a man whose wife has just died is what everyone instantly, simultaneously thinks—everyone but Day, who has recognized the car. It is not Jimmy's car but Allen's, and she begins to run back up the path that she has just come down with her platter, now going several times as fast as before: she is almost flying.

Behind her, a guest who has not yet understood that it is not Jimmy's car after all, and who has apparently not forgotten some ancient political feud, is heard to mutter, "Perfect car for a red-haired Communist!"

HALF an hour later (still no sign of Jimmy), a few people are on their second helpings of salmon. Rachel keeps an experienced-hostess eye on all the plates; she is hoping for not much leftover, Baxter not being overly fond of salmon (hard to think what he does like, really), and she cannot bear waste. It is sad, she thinks, the loss of appetite suffered by the old, and she remembers her own gnawing hungers as a scrawny Brooklyn girl. It is far worse than the diminution of sexual appetite, one's lessening interest in food. After all, most people eat three times a day, most not truly poor Americans.

She is allowing her mind to wander foolishly. Rachel looks across the table at Day and Allen, who appear to be absolutely, heedlessly absorbed in each other. She looks at her watch, unobtrusively, she hopes, and frowns.

IT is so strange, Day is thinking, her feelings on being with Allen. Now. He is so near that she can smell him, his known scents of clean skin and recent soap, clean cotton work shirt just slightly perspired on. He is so near, so known and loved (she supposes) and still so strange, unreal to her. Their quarrels, too, are unreal, all suddenly dissolved. "What ever was that all about?" Allen asked her, after their long greeting kiss, as hand in hand they walked down to the shaded dell together, and Day said, "Oh, I don't *know*."

Now, though, it is as if she had known all along that Allen would come to her here; she has been waiting for Allen, as everyone else waited for Jimmy, and thought about Stella.

But, most curiously, she is aware in some depth of herself of the faintest disappointment that he has come, after all. She feels the lack of her recent misery; weirdly, she misses its bite; the very sharpness of that anguish seems a loss.

THEN quite suddenly everything that is happening is interrupted, all the eating and serving and clearing, all the intense thoughts of everyone there, all rudely broken into by the sharp repeated blast of a horn, the country sound of a very old Ford. Stella's car: it is Jimmy at last, of course.

Straining to look up through the immense, thick trees, enormous trunks of the venerable redwoods, the smaller eucalyptus, manzanitas, they can just see the old rattletrap that Stella always drove, as shabby and dusty as though she drove it still. The door slams three, then four times (it is remembered that Stella never could get that door shut), and from way up there comes the jaunty sound of Jimmy calling, "Hallooo, hallooo!"

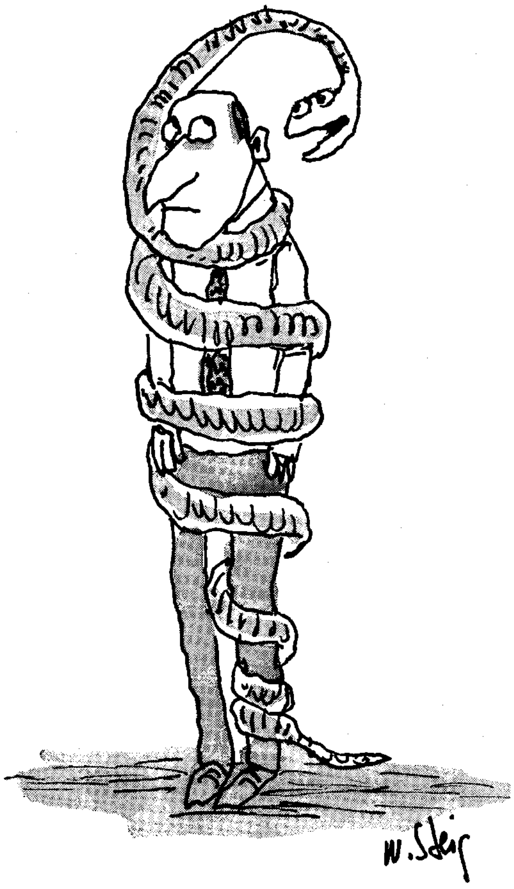
"Oh dear, he must be drunk," someone says.

"Oh, I hope not," says Baxter eagerly, clearly hoping that he is.

"He is not drunk," Rachel fiercely tells them both.

What Day first sees of Jimmy, and maybe the others, too, is the bright stripes of the sweater he is wearing, a brilliant orangy red, on a darker background. What Day thinks is: How amazing, his sweater is striped with the color of Stella's hair.

In a curious way, Jimmy looks both smaller and livelier than usual. He fairly runs down the path toward them all.



Recipient of an Unsolicited Confidence

Watching him, as everyone is, several people seem to decide that perhaps so much attention paid to his arrival will be awkward, and small attempts are made at conversation, here and there. However, none succeed, and by the time Jimmy, quite out of breath, arrives at the end of the table, Rachel's end, they are all staring, and smiling welcomes in his direction.

"Well," Jimmy at last gets out, "you all look like you'd been waiting for somebody more important. Or bigger, anyway," and with an odd quirky smile he actually turns to look behind him, as though the larger, more important person had followed him down the path.

"Jimmy dear, don't be silly," Rachel chides him. "But what ever happened? You're so late."

"Well, it's that damned old car of Stell's, of course. Damned old thing wouldn't start, and then I had to wait for the tow truck."

"Well, fortunately everything's cold, and there's lots left. Here's a plate, just sit right here by me." A small catch can be heard in Rachel's voice, as she speaks to Jimmy, and tears are seen in her eyes. But since all these people are so old, and given to emotional moments, no one wonders why at this particular moment of first seeing Jimmy Rachel should be so moved.

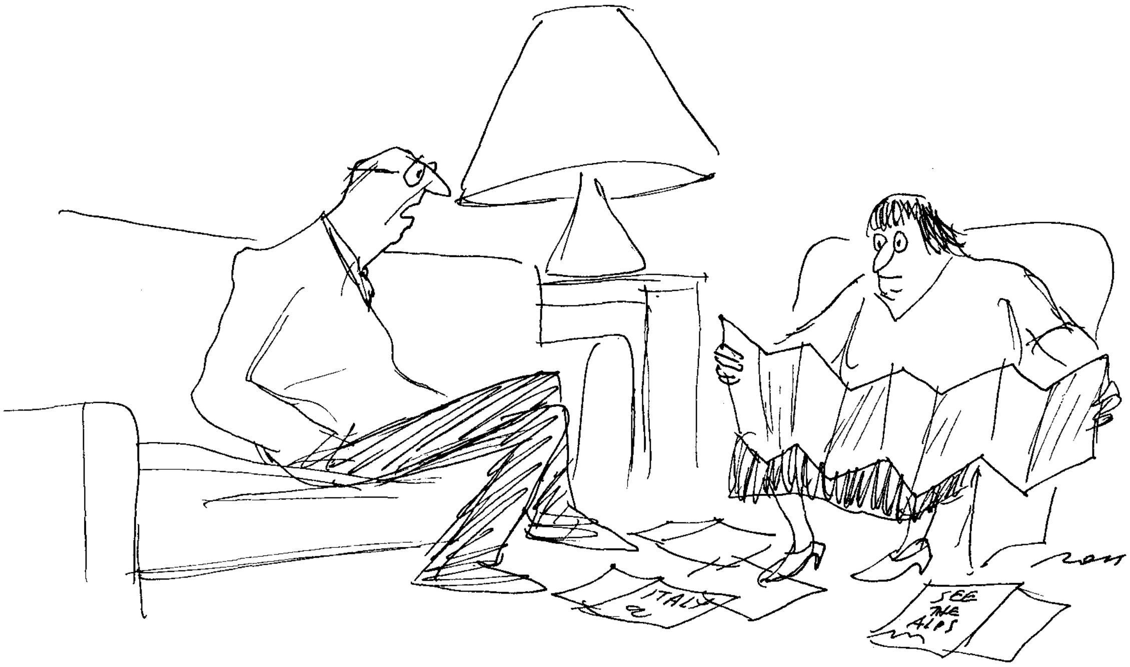
ACROSS the table from Rachel and Jimmy, Baxter has been struck by a new thought, one that makes him very happy. Alcoholics are almost always impotent, he thinks; that fellow Jimmy very likely never had her, either, the poor dumb sod.

Vastly cheered (and quite wrong: Stella and Jimmy enjoyed a spirited sexual rapport), Baxter thinks again of Stella, her often imagined, forever inaccessible flesh—ah, no one now! And he smiles in a warm, comradely way in Jimmy's direction.

JIMMY is talking about his labors with Stella's papers. "So much!" he tells everyone, with a pixieish widening of his old bright blue eyes. "So many papers! She wrote to everyone, you know, and they always wrote her back, and she kept everything. Even foolish letters from me. I was proud to come upon them." With a look of surprise he beams at his audience, then stops for a bite of salmon.

They are all regarding Jimmy as though he were a brand-new person, some visitor of charm and distinction. (It is Baxter who makes this observation to himself, and quite without pleasure.)

"It's going to take me a good ten years to get through it all," announces Jimmy (as though he could count on living ten more years). Everyone smiles at him with happy approval (as though they, too, could live that long).



"And for God's sake, no more meadows full of sheep!"

ALMOST from one moment to the next, the day that seemed so unseasonably warm has turned cool—a sudden chill in the air, and a breeze, reminding everyone that the season is actually autumn, that summery warmth at noon was delusional. And they are none of them as young as they once were.

"I could go up and get some sweaters," Rachel offers. "Day and I—"

But they all decline. They have all been there long enough, they almost say.

It is somehow assumed that when everyone leaves Rachel will have some time alone with Jimmy, which they no doubt need—they will want to talk about Stella—and that Day will go off with that fellow, that young Allen (well, off to bed). And that Baxter will take a nap, by himself.

ALL these things do take place, but not quite as anyone would have expected.

IN bed, after a brief interval of love, Day and Allen take up their argument again.

Allen believes that they should marry. In a fast-disintegrating world, a personal commitment is almost all that is left, he thinks. Let us love one another or die, he says. Ah, love, let us be true. Besides, he is making a lot of money in San Francisco, in real estate.

Well, Day does not see marriage as an ultimate commitment. She does love Allen, and she is true. But still. And she has hopes of being accepted at law school, in New Haven.

Well, if she must, then why not Stanford, or Berkeley, or Davis?

In the waning late-afternoon light, the cool fall end of that golden October day, their words rise in the air, in circles and patterns that then, like smoke, dissolve, and Day and Allen fall asleep, in the high narrow guest bed, in the flimsily slatted green-stained cabin.

IN the kitchen, clearing up, Rachel and Jimmy do not fall into a conversation having to do with Stella; they do not even mention Stella. Instead, they discuss Santa Barbara, and Jimmy's plans to go there, to live with his sister.

"It's a most charming place," he tells Rachel, as he polishes glasses (remembering that Stella thought they came out brighter with paper than with linen. "Such an affectation, linen towels," she used to say). "And the flowers," Jimmy now tells Rachel, quickly. Well, the flowers. And it's interesting, he continues, how some people seem to mellow with age: his sister, who for years was such a terror, now is very nice, a kind and pleasant person.

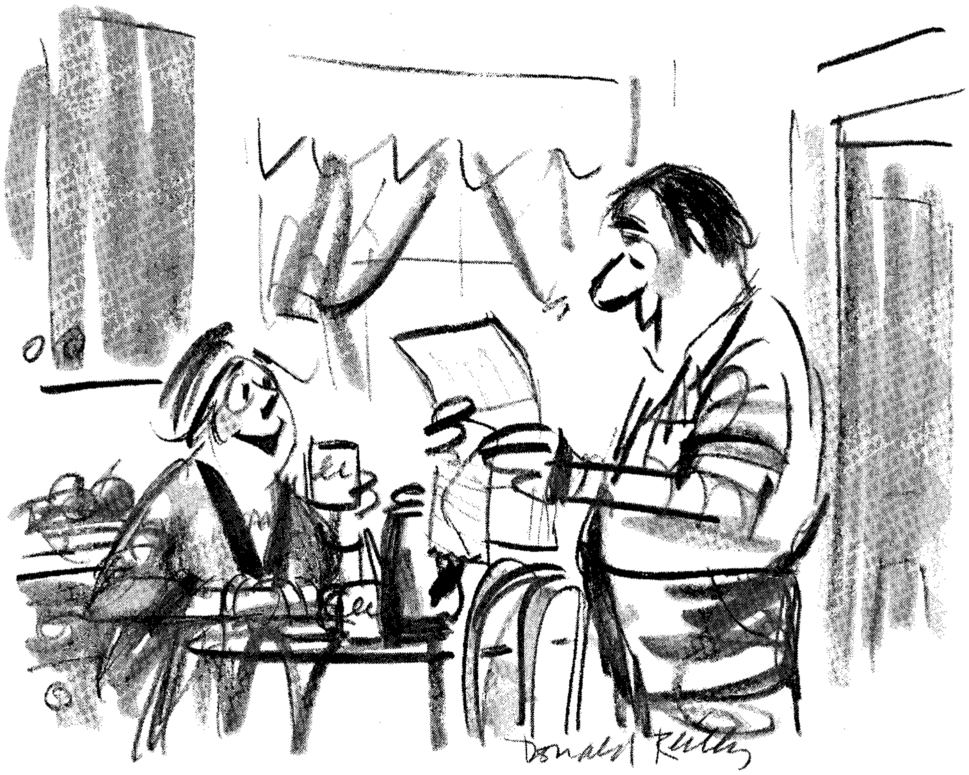
"I suppose that must be true," murmurs Rachel, who is wondering if either of those adjectives, kind and pleasant, would ever apply to Baxter, and if so, when.

"When I'm settled there, you've got to come and visit," Jimmy says.

BAXTER goes off to bed, alone, of course, but despite the huge new down quilt and the lowered blinds and all the soothing books (his favorites, Ruskin and Swinburne, odd tastes, perhaps somewhat misleading, having to do with his mother), despite all the available comforts of the bedroom, poor Baxter is quite unable to sleep, even to doze for a minute or two.

He is thinking of Day and Allen, rancorously, uncontrollably. His are not exactly personal thoughts; he is simply thinking of youth, of obviously taken-for-granted health and sensuality. The condition of youth now seems to Baxter a club from which he has abruptly and most unfairly been excluded.

A COUPLE of hours later Jimmy has gone. Outside, the night has turned black and cold, and a wind has come up, rattling leaves, shaking windowpanes, but Rachel remains in the



"I've been awarded a five-year, no-strings, no-big-deal grant for plain ordinary Joes who just want to get on with their run-of-the-mill lives and be left alone."

• •

small bright kitchen. Everything is clean and put away, and she is tired. She has made herself a small pot of tea, and she sits sipping, at the kitchen table. She thinks, How wonderful not to be talking to anyone, not even thinking of people.

However, this is not to last, as she might have known that it would not: light footsteps in the passageway hurry toward her, someone else with something to say, or ask.

And of course it is Day.

"Well," Day begins, with a smile of pure pleasure at the sight of Rachel which almost dissolves Rachel's wish that she not be there. "Oh, I hoped I'd find you," says Day. "I slept for a while, and I had such an odd dream, about Stella. So vivid." She smiles again, disarmingly. "In the dream, I asked her point-blank how come she married Jimmy, and she told me, but what's terrible is that I can't remember what she said!"

"Would you like some tea? The cups are right there behind you."

Day sits down with her tea. In her old loose blue cotton robe, with her just-washed face, she looks even younger than she is. She says, "Well, it was really a nice lunch party?"

What was intended as a statement has come out as a question, at which Rachel smiles. "I guess," she says. "I wanted Jimmy to have a good time, and to feel that everyone liked him, after all. I wish that damned old car hadn't made him so late. On the other hand . . ."

She has left her thought dangling, but Day takes it up. "On the other hand, maybe just as well? Time enough?" she asks, in her clear young voice.

"Could be. Enough of all of us. We don't really make up for Stella." She adds, after the smallest pause, "And I thought Baxter was especially cross. Men are so much less forgiving than women are, don't you think?" She sighs, at this quite unintended afterthought.

"Oh really, how do you mean?"

Day is so eager that Rachel regrets her observation. "Well, maybe it's not even true."

But Day is relentless. "What does Baxter have against Jimmy, do you think?" she pursues.

"Well, basically just his marrying Stella. It was Stella that Baxter had it in for, so to speak."

Day asks, "Because of her politics, you mean?"

"Well, that among other things. Actually, a lot of men didn't like her, not at all. It was odd, I always thought. Men are supposed to like beautiful women." Rachel's voice is reedy, low and rather tired, an old thrush.

"You mean, men fell in love with her but really didn't like her much?" Day's tone is that of someone zeroing in—perhaps a lawyer's tone.

Rachel smiles. With exhausted emphasis she says, "Exactly. That's just what Stella said, in fact. I think it made her lonely, a lot of the time."

"Especially since no one would see what was going on. Oh, I can see that," Day improvises.

"And Jimmy liked her very much, it's that simple," Rachel concludes. "She said she could hardly believe it." And she adds, as though it were irrelevant, "I think everyone is a little mad at Stella now for having died."

Ignoring that last (could she not have heard it? did Rachel not actually say it, only think it?), Day smiles; she is in love with this conversation. She now asks, "Did you notice Jimmy's sweater? Those stripes?"

"Exactly the color of Stella's hair. I saw that too."

"Do you think he thought of it?" Day is very serious.

"When he bought the sweater?" Rachel pauses before she answers. "No, I'm sure the choice was quite unconscious. But still."

"Yes, still. He did buy it." And Day smiles again, as though they had, together, understood and settled everything.

And Rachel, who feels that almost nothing has been understood, or settled, who herself does not see how she can get through the coming winter, much less the rest of her life—Rachel smiles back at her.

—ALICE ADAMS

•

Lt. John Rooney and Officer Larry J. Bachre reported that the two victims named a 30-year-old Eaton Street man as their attacker but said they did not want to press charges against him.

The attacker allegedly dumped boiling water on the two victims and stabbed Mr. Lewis in the arms after discovering them together, police said.

The attacker was slugged over the head with a liquor bottle in the melee that followed, police said.

"It appeared that the combatants were unable to cope with the complexities of urban life," said Officer Bachre.—*Buffalo News.*

Well put, Officer Bachre.

THE SPORTING SCENE

EASY LESSONS

THERE'S nothing like an all-expenses-paid late-winter vacation under the palms and within sight and sound of batted baseballs to give a sensitive man a deeper appreciation of the nature of guilt. Each year in March, I journey to Arizona and then to Florida to watch a sampling of the current and future major-league ballplayers do their morning stretching exercises on dew-dappled outfield lawns (lately these workouts are being done to bouncy aerobic-rock sounds and are led by a young woman in shorts and leg-warmers who is clearly in better shape than anyone else on the field) and then test and disport themselves in batting cages and on practice mounds—engaging in B.P. and Infield and Shagging and Flip—and eventually play a few innings of morning B-Squad ball or an afternoon exhibition game, and each year this excursion brings me such freshets of pleasure that I must find new excuses within myself to justify such dulcet bystanding. Duty, for instance. I am there at the camps as a reporter, to be sure, having been dispatched sunward to search out the news and the special sense of the coming season, and there is no sterner or more assiduous newshawk to be found on the demanding Scottsdale-to-Sarasota beat than yours truly. Even the most casual morning invitation to take a dip in my motel pool or to make a fourth at middle-aged doubles finds me puritanically glum. "Not a chance!" I cry. "I'm *working* today." And work I do, carefully noting in my notebook the uniform number and the unremarkable batting mannerisms of some hulking young stranger now taking his hacks in the cage, and checking his thin line of stats (.266 and 8 H.R. in Danville in 1981) in my team press guide, and then eliciting clubhouse quotes from a grizzled bullpen millionaire about the current state of his damaged wing ("Hurts like a bastard . . . "), and, later in the day, raising my midgame gaze from the diamond to observe the gauzy look of departing rain clouds lifting from the jagged rim of some distant desert peak, and then entering *that* in my notebook (with the pen slipping a little in my fingers, because of the dab of Sea & Ski I have just rubbed on my nose, now that the sun is out again and cooking us gently in the steep little grandstand behind third base). I watch and listen and write, filling up almost as much space in my copybooks as I do in October at the World Series, and entering on my scorecard the names of third-string non-roster substitutes who filter into the game so late in the day that even the geezer fans and their geezerettes have begun to gather up their backrests and seat cushions and head off home for beer and naps. Guilt, as I have said, is the spur, for it is my secret Calvinist fear that baseball will run out on me someday and I will find nothing fresh at the morning camps, despite my notes and numberings, or go newsless on some sun-filled afternoon, and so at last lose this sweet franchise. Baseball saves me every time—not the news of it, perhaps, so much as its elegant and arduous complexity, its layered substrata of nuance and lesson and accumulated experience, which are the true substance of these sleepy, overfamiliar practice rituals, and which, if we know how and where to look for them, can later be seen to tip the scales of the closest, most wanted games of the summer. Almost everything in baseball looks easy and evident, but really learning the game, it turns out, can take a lifetime, even if you keep notes.

One morning in Sun City, Arizona, I audited the Milwaukee Brewers' spring course in remedial and advanced baserunning—a forty-minute base-by-base seminar attended by fifteen or twenty members of the Milwaukee varsity (not including the pitchers, who do not get to bat in the American League, of course)—and I was struck by the intensity of attention that this assemblage of famous, highly paid veteran stars gave to the matter at hand. The Brewers won the American League championship last year and succumbed to the Cardinals only in the seventh game of the World Series, and crash, rather than speed, is their style; their heavy-hitting team—Gorman Thomas, Cecil Cooper, Robin Yount, Ted Simmons, Ben Oglivie, and the rest—led both leagues last year in runs scored, runs batted in, home runs, and total bases, but stole only eighty-four bases. (By contrast, Rickey Henderson, the fleet Oakland outfielder, stole a hundred and thirty.) Yet none of the Brewers on hand in Sun City looked entirely bored or attempted any jokes or murmured asides while the class went on. They had heard most of this, or all of this, many times before, I knew, but one extra base taken in the course of a summer can lead to one extra run, and one run along the line somewhere can win one extra game—the margin by which the Brewers beat out the Orioles on the last day of the 1982 season. Every big-leaguer understands this, but not all big-league teams are as serious about their work as the Brewers are—or as good at it.

The Milwaukee faculty—first-base coach Ron Hansen, third-base coach Dave Garcia (who was the manager of the Indians for the past three years), and special instructors Sal Bando and Sam Suplizio—addressed the students in turn. "Take a look in at that catcher even when you're leading off first," Bando said. "A lot of catchers are careless and give away their signs then. Dempsey, of Baltimore, is wide open down there. Even if you're not much of a base runner, we want you to take a good lead, so you can be aggressive going down to second and take that man out on the double play. Robin and Pich"—shortstop Yount and backup man Rob Picciolo—"will tell you what a difference it makes if there's somebody really comin' at you out there when you're trying to get off that throw."

"Keep looking over at me when you're on base," Garcia said, a little later. "Watch for my signs." He touched his right eye with his right forefinger. "That means 'Stay with me—I got more news for you.' When I clap my hands, that releases you, but wait for it."

"On fly balls, don't take anything for granted," Ron Hansen said. "Know your own hitters and base runners. Know who's likely to hit a line drive that might double you up. Don't get lazy. Know if there's going to be a play at the plate, so you can grab that extra base. Don't assume you know where the outfielders are playing—look in advance, so you don't have to hunt around and pick them up when you're running."

Bando resumed: "As we know, pitchers are non-athletes"—a joke; an *appreciated* joke—"and most left-handed pitchers will have made up their minds if they're going to throw over at you even before they go into their stretch. If you're relaxed, you can often go on their very first movement and steal the base nine times out of ten."

"If a right-handed pitcher isn't really squared away on the mound, then watch his left shoulder for the first little movement," Sam Suplizio said. "If he *is* squared, then watch his feet. If he moves that left heel toward the plate, you're gone, because if he throws over after that it's a balk. Some pitchers bend both knees just before they throw over—you'll learn which ones. Some pitchers get into a set routine: one look at you and they pitch, one look and they pitch. Once you learn it, you're way ahead. If a pitcher's in trouble in the game—if he's been walking batters, and all—he'll probably be in a hurry to pitch, so be ready. Take advantage."

The class moved on down to second base, and my notes dwindled, since writers and other eavesdroppers, by ancient custom, are not quite tolerated within the foul lines, but I overheard Suplizio, or perhaps it was Hansen, conveying the news that a base runner who wants to sneak an extra step or two away from second should move closer to the infield grass, because that way the pitcher can't quite judge the length of his lead. In time, I rejoined the group at third, where Bando said that a base runner tagging up to score after a catch should turn his body to face the outfield and then whirl and go, and that a runner leading away from third should stay right on top of the baseline, which makes it harder for the *catcher* to judge his lead. And so on.

"I'll introduce myself whenever you get to third," Coach Garcia said with a twinkle. "I'll be giving you a lot of information that you already know, because you're all such heads-up ballplayers, and I apologize for that in advance. I'll ask if you know how many outs there are, and I'll expect the right answer—not just a nod. Be friendly. Let me hear from you. I hope to meet a lot of you down here, all summer."

OVER in St. Petersburg, on another morning, I found George Bamberger standing about north-

CAVAFY IN REDONDO

Our ruins run back to memory.
Stucco palaces, pleasure bungalows, honeycomb
of the beachcombers' cluster of rentals—
I remember them, filings in sand
pricking up at the magnet of nostalgia,
a sigh of dusty filaments. Our ruins
wear the as-yet-unruined like coral crowns.
Night life blows through the boardwalk's
conch-shell coils of neon, skirting the water.
This was never—ask my parents—a great city.
It had its charm, like a clear tidal shallows,
silted in now, poldered, substantial, solid,
set for the jellying quake everyone expects.

I walked the streets one night with a new lover,
an as-yet-to-be lover—it took a whole night
of persuasion. I had been gone a year,
and walked as sea mist compounded the dew.
My legs ached by the time bed was agreed to.
How sentimental it was, to flatter, listen,
cajole, make little whining endearments,
plodding ritualistically among landmarks,
sandy shrines in alleys, the black meccas
of plate-glass windows fronting the beach
where white froth reflected in the night.
I kept that ache, not love's, after we parted.

We did not part to history with its glosses;
we were not even footnotes. Our ruins
will bear out no epics or histories here,
footprints compounded of dew and fog
and, under them, maybe a rusty antique
that, boiled in acids, will tell a tale.

• •

After all, ships passed, broke up on the point.
Mainly, the beach eroded in great ridges
until ground cover belted it back. A pleasure dome
was dismantled, certain fashions
of dress and of love. History builds to last,
crumbles to last, shakes off its dust
under the delicate excavating brush—to last.

Built above the beach was a colossus,
humped and strutted and roaring with many voices.
Winds chased through it screeching and then
it stood silent. People flocked to it, entered it,
and, though not lost, screamed as if tortured.
I am joking. There was a roller coaster
of some note and no small size. Where did it go?
Ah, yes, lost in the coral makeup
of that teetering lover who walked beside me,
tired of my harangue, the persuasive underlove
that wanted to rise to the lips, those lips
colored by fuming street lamps.

Young, my parents drove out from a distant city,
through tawny hills medallioned with oak.
I have seen their patined postcards of the town,
a tide pool of neighborhoods mantled around
by semi-wilderness and orange groves.
Missiles came to squat above our house
on a benchmarked hill, turned obsolete,
and floated away on flatbeds, ruptured patios in their places.
We, too, left that house that heard,
in every lath and windowpane, the industry of phosphorus
grinding out the waves in the late darkness.
My parents—all of us—have come and gone and left
no ghosts here, and that is our good fortune,
to give it all to the ocean, the troubled sleeper.

—Mark Jarman

* * *

northwest astern of a lanky blond twenty-five-year-old right-handed pitcher named Rick Ownbey, who was throwing to a catcher on the right-field sidelines at Huggins-Stengel Field, where the Mets train. Bamberger is the new Mets pitching coach as well as the second-year manager, having taken up the additional portfolio after the club's disastrous 1982 season, when the Mets pitchers gave up more runs and walks than any other staff in the league, thus contributing heavily to the team's last-place finish, twenty-seven games behind the Cardinals. Five of last year's hurlers were dropped or traded after the season ended, making room for the veteran Mike Torrez, who came from the Red Sox in a trade, and for the Mets' belaurelled Old Boy Tom Seaver, who rejoined the club at the age of thirty-eight, after a five-year exile in Cincinnati. Ownbey, for his part, was one of a passel of dazzling young upscale minor-league pitchers—also including Tom Gorman, Doug Sisk, Walt Terrell, Tim Leary, Brent Gaff, Ron Darling, Jeff Bittiger, and Scott Holman—who would help fill out the mound corps this year, and are expected to dominate it, in some combination, for many seasons to come. Ownbey, I knew, had not yet quite clinched his expected spot as one of the starters on the 1983 club. Bamberger, who was in charge of the celebrated Orioles pitching staff for ten seasons, was conducting his tutorial from just behind Ownbey's right shoulder while at the same time trying to keep an eye on an intra-squad game, on an adjoining diamond, in which Darling and Leary were pitching double-shutout ball.

"Keep your arm relaxed and try to be extra quick at the end," Bambi murmured to Ownbey. "Don't try to muscle it but come straight down and then pop it. . . . That's it! . . . Don't baby your slider, either. If you're going to walk somebody, do it with your best stuff. Now it's two-and-two. Give him the slider. . . . Well, you missed. Now, before you threw that last pitch you should have told yourself that if I miss I'm going to come right back with the same pitch. You have to think ahead, you know. So here's another slider. . . . *There!* You got it. Perfect."

Everything Ownbey was throwing to the imaginary batter looked to be down and near a corner of the strike zone, and Bamberger nodded in a satisfied sort of way whenever a slider arrived with a minimal late veer or nudge that seemed to carry it into the black. Ownbey paused to wipe his face on his sleeve, and Bamberger came up onto the dusty white rubber slab of the mound and said, "On your change-up, sometimes you can come back with exactly the same pitch, but"—he held his hands out, a foot and a half apart—"this much slower. He won't expect it." He stepped forward and scratched a little mark in the dirt an inch or so to the right of the hollow into which Ownbey's right foot had been descending at the end of his delivery. "And if you can put that foot down over here on the change, it'll get your hip out of the way and help that pitch real good."

Ownbey threw a pitch that faltered and drooped at the last instant, and Bamberger said, "Oh, yeah—now I remember. You throw the forkball, don't you? So forget what I said about the change. That's a good-lookin' pitch."

"Yes, it's sort of nasty when it's going good," Ownbey said.

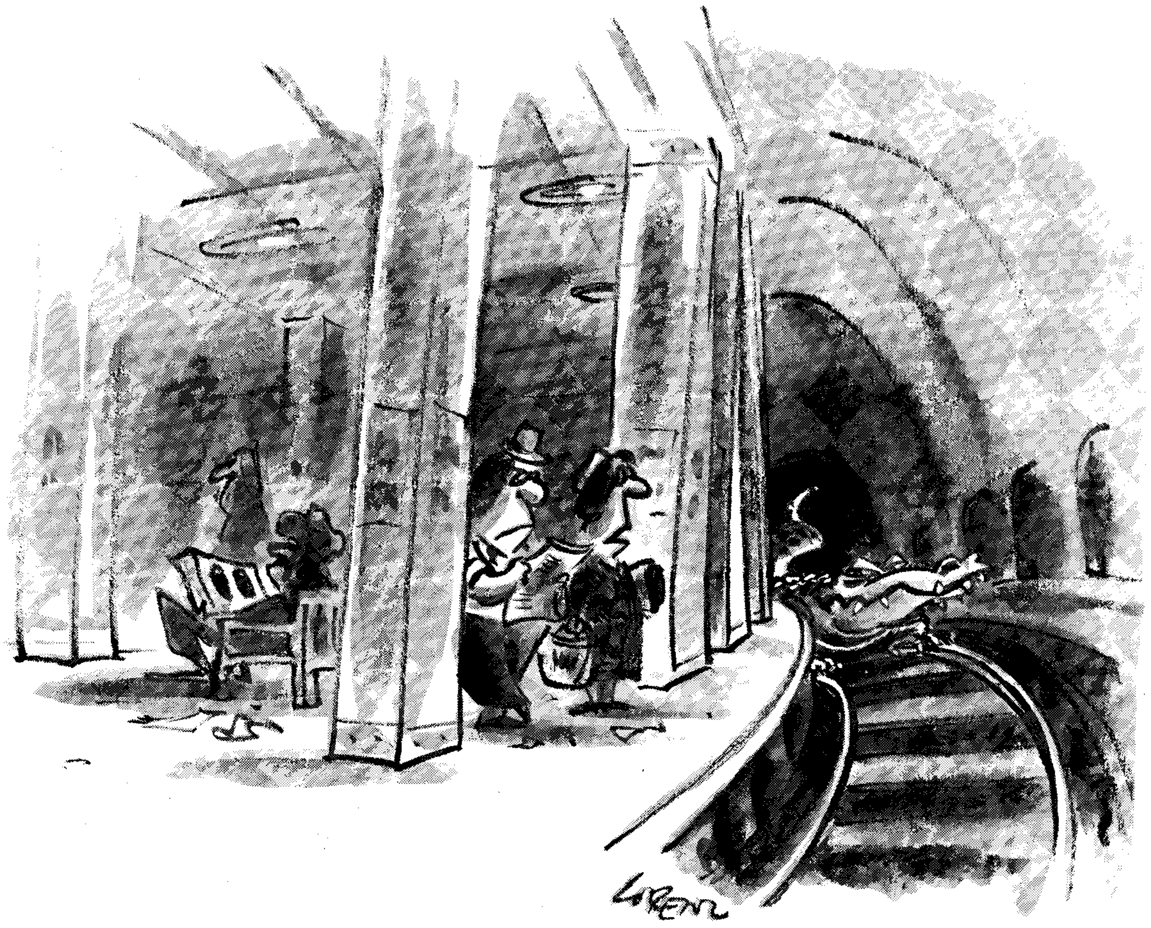
Bamberger kept him at it. "It's three and one, and this batter can beat you the ballgame," he said a few moments later. "He's a great fastball hitter, and you're going to throw the slider again. . . . There! Now do it again. If you can throw the slider on the three-and-one, you sure can do it on the three-and-two. You know you can get it over."

Ownbey threw—ball four, I thought—and Bamberger murmured to me, "You want to give them the idea that they can throw the slider in any situation. That's what makes a big-league pitcher."

There were some yells from the diamond off to our right, where Ron Darling had just picked a base runner off first base in the practice game.

"That's a pretty good move," Bamberger said, looking over at Darling. "He's an athlete out there, and that never hurts. And he's intelligent. He had some control problems down in Tidewater late last year, and it got to be sort of a habit for him. But he'll work it out. He's going to be a good one."

Earlier, I had renewed my acquain-



"I think something's coming now."

• •

tance with Darling, whom I had seen in a college game at New Haven two years ago, when, as a Yale junior, he pitched no-hit ball for eleven innings against St. John's University, only to lose by 1–0 in the twelfth, in a thriller that professional scouts still talk about. His mound rival that day—St. John's Frank Viola—is now a starting pitcher with the Minnesota Twins, but Darling's progress has been a bit slower. Here in St. Petersburg, he had told me that he expected to be returned to Tidewater, the Mets' farm club in the Class AAA International League, at the end of spring training. "It's depressing and frustrating," he said, "but, realistically, there just isn't a spot for me. I'll just have to wait my turn."

I asked Darling if he had talked pitching with Tom Seaver this spring, and he told me that Seaver had recently suggested to him that his front leg sometimes looked a bit stiff as he came down on it in mid-pitch, which might be preventing his arm from following through at full strength in his delivery. "Sure, I've consulted him," Darling said. "The man is a master of mechanics, so you go to the source."

Darling looked a good deal more cheerful when he came out of the practice game, where he had given up only one hit and one run in six innings' work. We sat down together on a little green bench in deep right field, and he wiped his streaming face with a towel. I said that I had watched his last couple of innings from behind the plate, where a man running the Mets' speed-gun told me that Darling's fastballs were consistently clocking in the area of eighty-six to eighty-eight miles per hour.

"Not bad, for now," Darling said. "We both had good heaters out there today. And I threw strikes, for a change."

He gave me a buoyant grin. He is a self-possessed, dark-skinned young man with jet-black hair. His mother is of Chinese and Hawaiian descent (he was born in Hawaii), and his senior honors thesis at Yale is a study of the federal government's internment of Japanese-Americans on the West Coast during the Second World War. I said now that I had heard he had other academic interests as well, and he told me that he hoped to accept an invitation from the Sorbonne to study classical literature there next fall. "Unless the Mets want me to play winter ball," he added. I asked him which ancient authors he admired, and he said that he had read "The Odyssey" about ten times, so far.

"In *Greek*, you mean?" I said.

"In Greek."

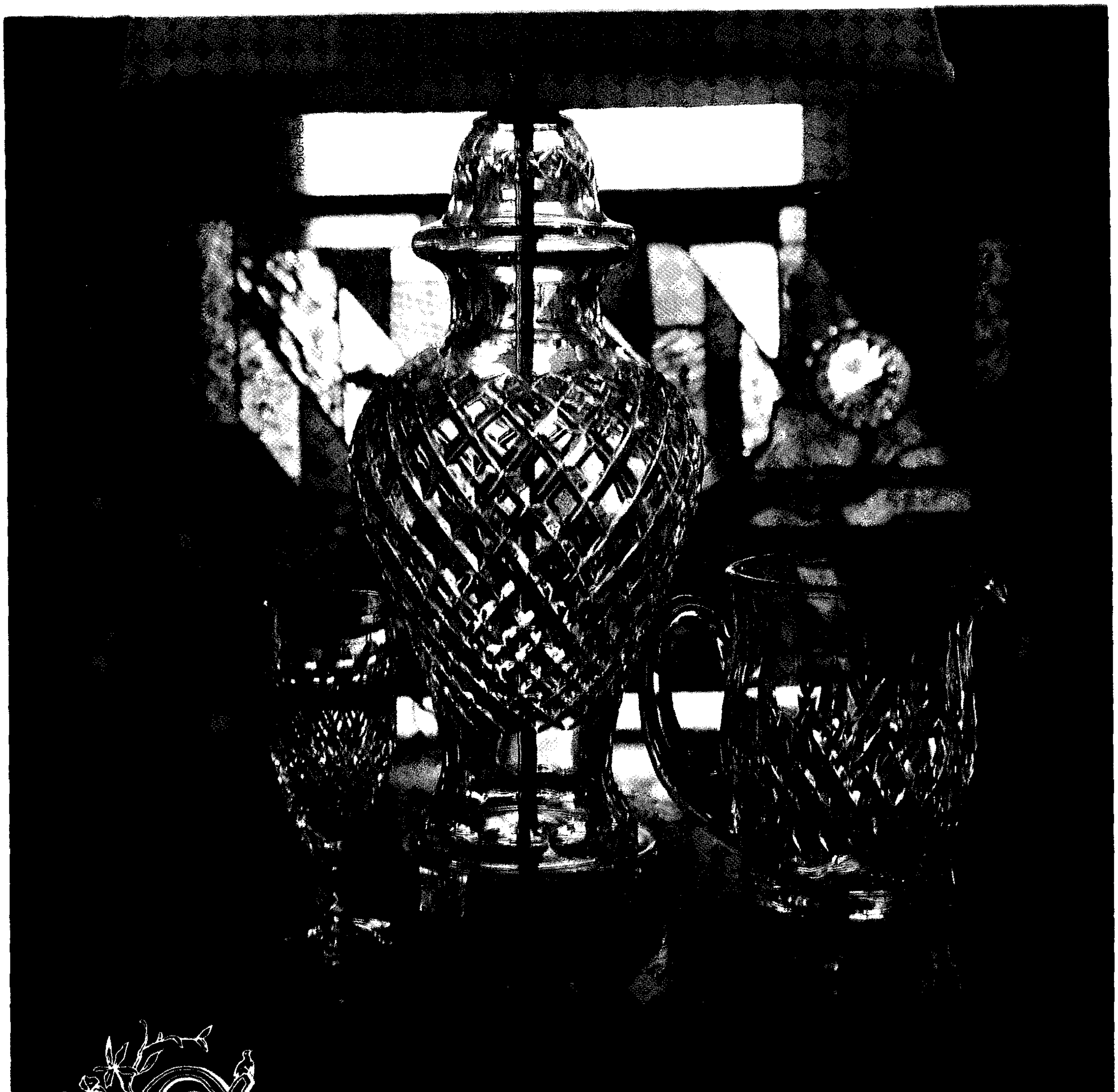
Further questions brought the news that he had also read "Ulysses" several times.

"In English?" I asked.

"In English," he said, smiling again. "That one."

Homer, Joyce, and Seaver. Go to the source.

LIFE in baseball is not quite as gentle and Socratic as I have been suggesting here. Before the Brewers' baserunning clinic at Sun City, I had talked briefly with Pete Vuckovich, the big thirty-year-old right-hander who won eighteen games for the Brewers last year and was later voted the Cy Young Award as the most valuable pitcher in his league. Our talk was short, because I could think of nothing useful to ask him. The day before, team doctors had confirmed an earlier tentative diagnosis of the sore arm that had been plaguing him for months; it was as bad as could be—a tear in the rotator-cuff muscle of his pitching shoulder. A decision about possible surgery for the injury would be made later on (at present, he is waiting to see whether rest and light rehabilitation exercises can restore him to the point where the operation can be avoided altogether), but the long-range prognosis was dark indeed. The rotator-cuff trauma is the most publicized and probably the most severely damaging of a whole range of arm ailments that can afflict big-league (or even Little League) pitchers if they throw hard enough and long enough. An eminent New York orthopedist who recently described that particular injury to me explained that the four main muscles of the shoulder are constructed and



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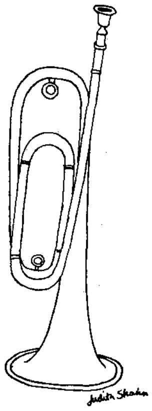
connected more or less in the same way as the material that makes up the top of the sleeve of a jacket. The rotator cuff forms the circular seam to which these various fabrics are attached, and repeated violent tugs on the material will eventually cause the cuff to fray and, if continued, to part. "It's a simple wear-and-tear lesion," he said. "It's like a rope failing."

Sore arms have been part of baseball since its inception (I well recall hearing old Smokey Joe Wood describe the aching wing that cut short his great career in 1916), but recently there seems to have been something close to an epidemic of arm injuries, which has led to the sudden diminution or premature retirement of some of the best and hardest throwers of our time, including Mel Stottlemyre, Steve Busby, Mark Fidrych, Wayne Garland, Bill Campbell, Don Gullett, Doug Rau, and Frank Tanana. Steve Stone, who won the American League Cy Young Award in 1980 while with the Orioles, doggedly worked his way back to pitching health after sustaining a mild rotator tear in 1976, but the strain of his great 1980 season—he finished with twenty-five victories and seven defeats, far and away his best record in a decade of major-league mound work—brought on severe tendinitis in his pitching elbow and forced his retirement after the 1981 campaign. The Cy Young winner in the American League in 1981 was Rollie Fingers, the celebrated relief pitcher who toils for the Brewers—*toiled*, I should say, because Fingers was sidelined by a torn muscle in his forearm late last summer, an injury from which he still has not quite recovered. When the three most recent Cy Young winners in one league are among them unable to throw a single pitch in combat, the award suddenly begins to take on the meaning of a Purple Heart. Some of the pitchers I have mentioned, to be sure, altered their mound style subsequent to their injuries and have stayed in baseball, albeit at much more modest levels of achievement. Mark Fidrych, who electrified the baseball world with his 19–9 record for the 1976 Tigers in his freshman year, was laid low by a different sort of shoulder problem the next summer, and is now pitching for the Pawtucket Red Sox, hoping against hope that he can win his way back to the big time despite the utter loss of his fastball; he is still only twenty-eight years old. Tanana, a left-hander for the Angels who led the American League with two hundred and sixty-nine strikeouts in 1975 and with an earned-run average of 2.54 in 1977, suddenly wore down in 1979, which was only his seventh year in the majors; he now pitches for the Texas Rangers, for whom he won seven games last year while losing eighteen, with an E.R.A. of 4.21. Wayne Garland rang up a 20–7 record with the Orioles in 1976 and was then signed by the Indians to a long-term contract worth more than two and a third million dollars; he tore his rotator cuff early in 1978 but hung on grimly until 1981, when he retired after a 3–7 and 5.79 year—by then typical for him. Steve Busby, who won fifty-six games for the Kansas City Royals from 1973 through 1975, tried to struggle back after a rotator-cuff injury in 1976 but won a bare eleven more games over four painful summers before stepping down. He and Garland both underwent shoulder surgery; less severely afflicted pitchers, who have managed to avoid that operation, have done slightly better. One such apparent recovery is that of Craig Swan, of the Mets, and another is that of Vuckovich's teammate Jim Slaton, who achieved a most respectable 10–6 record last year, with a 3.29 earned-run average, after two full seasons of rehabilitation exercises and gingerly mound work following his injury early in 1980. One wonders if Vuckovich will escape so fortunately.

A cloud of reporters and cameramen followed Vuckovich around the Brewer camp that morning (he was in uniform but took no part in the workouts), and the interviews were brief and mournful. Vuckovich has fierce Genghis Khan mustaches and a brooding, dark-eyed gaze, and he was clearly stricken. "I can't compare it to anything else," he said. "I don't want to stay away from the game. The frustration is going to be . . ." He shrugged. The Brewers will find it extremely difficult to repeat their pennant without Vuckovich, who was far and away their most effective starter, but on this day the Milwaukee brass seemed much more concerned about his feelings than about anything else. Bud Selig, the young owner of the Brewers, said, "This could kill him, he's such a competitor. You know what he said to me yesterday? He said, 'This has been my whole life.' "

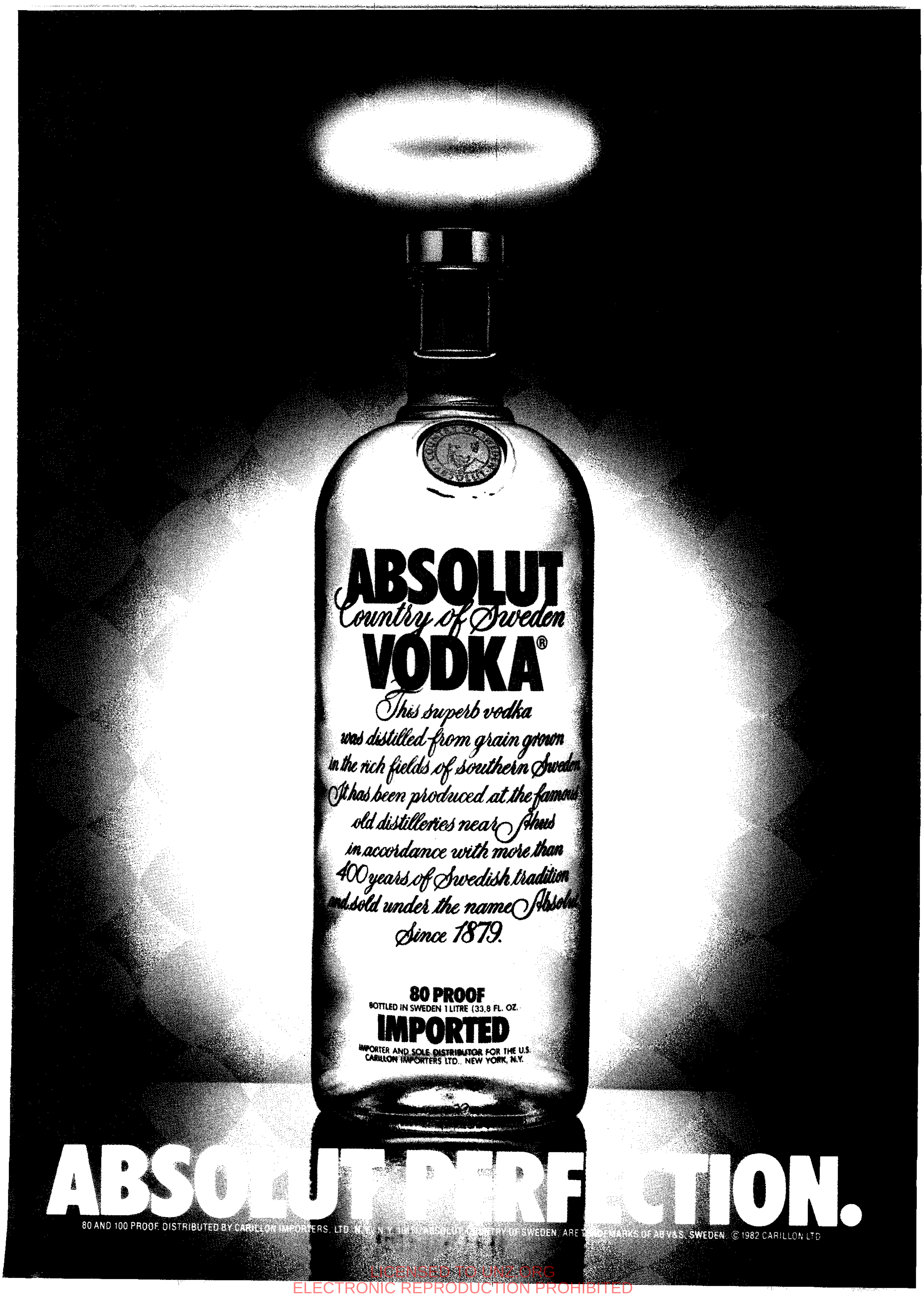


Pitching at the major-league level is probably beyond the natural capacities of the human arm. Almost every major-league pitcher experiences shoulder pain or elbow pain at some time or other in the course of the long summer, and those who can force themselves to disregard these signals and still pitch winning ball are highly regarded in the profession. "He's a horse," one hears of such men, while harsher judgments are muttered about pitchers who seem to miss too many turns late in the summer because of some tenderness—which no one else, of course, can see or feel. This is perhaps inescapable, given the pressures and prizes of the game, but there is considerable evidence that pitchers in the American League suffer a special occupational hazard. The designated-hitter artifice, which was adopted by that league in 1973 (it has not been accepted in the National League), means that pitchers never come up to bat—an alteration that allows an American League manager to stay with his starting pitcher for as long as he seems to be pitching effectively, even though his team may be behind in the score in late innings. In that circumstance, a National League manager will often reluctantly decide to remove even his best starter for a pinch-hitter, in order to catch up. For this reason, American League pitchers now average more innings pitched and, most significantly, more consecutive innings of work per game—the long outings that put the heaviest strain on a pitcher's arm. In a couple of seasons since 1973, the American League has topped the National League in complete games pitched by more than two hundred, with the average annual difference (after due allowance is made for the two extra teams that came into the A.L. in 1977) being a hundred and seventy-two. National League pitchers also suffer pain and occasional disabling injury, to be sure (Sandy Koufax had his career cut short at thirty-one by an arthritic elbow), but so many more American Leaguers have been felled in the past decade that a new phrase has surfaced: "d.h. burnout." Tony Kubek, the NBC baseball commentator, points out that American League pitchers also have to make a larger number of high-level, high-strain pitches per game, because they are facing an additional dangerous bat in the lineup in the person of the designated hitter. Kubek remembers asking Catfish Hunter about the d.h. rule when it was first enacted (Hunter pitched in the A.L. exclusively), and the Cat said, "Well, it's going to make me a lot more money, and it's going to shorten my career by about two years"—a dazzling prognostication, it turned out, for Hunter's number of games won, complete games, and innings pitched suddenly rose after 1973 (he led the league in all three categories in 1975) and then almost as quickly dwindled, when arm miseries overtook him. By 1979, he was down to 2 and 9 with the Yankees, and by the next year he was gone, at the age of thirty-three.

Pete Vuckovich is a horse, as his record attests, but even horses can be worked beyond the brink. On Monday, September 20th, last year, the Brewers played the Boston Red Sox at their home park, County Stadium, in the opener of a three-game series that they badly wanted to win or sweep, because of the onrushing Baltimore Orioles, who at that moment trailed them by a bare two games and were arriving later that week to play them head-to-head in another crucial three-game series. Vuckovich, whose record stood at seventeen wins and only two losses, was the obvious choice to open the Boston series, for he would then be available against the Orioles over the weekend. He had recently suffered considerable pain in the shoulder of his pitching arm, for which he received a cortisone shot on September 18th, but two days later he took the mound, as expected, against Boston. It was his twenty-eighth start of the year. The game was a thriller, it turned out. The Red Sox, behind Dennis Eckersley, were leading by 3–2, with two out in the bottom of the ninth, when Ben Oglivie tied things up with a home run. The Brewers won it at last, in the bottom of the eleventh, with a pair of singles and a sacrifice fly by Gorman Thomas. The Milwaukee manager, Harvey Kuenn, could not call on the disabled Fingers for relief, and his next-best reliever, Peter Ladd, had been shelled in his last appearance, so he stayed with Vuckovich through the full eleven innings. Vuckovich threw a hundred and seventy-three pitches that night—an astounding total—and his victory, his eighteenth, was the last one of the year for him, as it happened. He started two more games in the regular season and lost them both, and then appeared twice in the American League playoffs and twice in the World Series, losing one game in each and going without a decision in the other. No one can tell what pain he experienced and put aside in any of those games, just as no one can tell when he will ever pitch again, let alone win.

SPRING is for lighter thoughts and shorter takes.

At a morning B-game between the Padres and the A's in Phoenix, I suddenly noticed that the home-plate umpire was not . . . *constructed* quite like any other ump I had ever seen. After a couple of pitches, the batter—a Padre—took a called third strike. "Streeeaughh!" the ump yelled, shooting up a fist, and then I was sure: it was a woman back there. She had good moves and made quick, firm calls, and when there was a high pop foul over by the visitors' dugout she hustled over and was right on top of things when the catcher made the play. She was a little sidearm when she pegged a fresh ball out to the mound, perhaps, but who says umps have to throw well? Later on, I saw her work a couple of games on the bases, and I liked the look of her even more. She was Pam Postema, who will be a rookie in the Pacific Coast League this summer. Dick Butler, the American League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chief of umpires, has said that he already has his eye on her. Go, Pam!

•

In the afternoon game that day, I watched Steve Garvey play first base, wearing the yellow-and-chocolate road habiliments of his new club, the Padres. Steve reportedly accepted $6,600,000 to come over to San Diego as a free agent for the next five years, thus ending his eleven-hundred-and-seven-consecutive-game stint with the Dodgers, but I think he should also be drawing special-duty pay for that uniform. Each time he stretched out his glove to take a throw, I looked in it for a Big Mac.

•

In St. Pete, I watched Tom Seaver swinging against a pitching machine inside the nettings. Jesse Orosco, a Mets relief pitcher, was feeding the balls into the rotating white wheels of the machine, and the two men had an imaginary game going. "Two out, man at first, man at third," Orosco announced at one point. "You better mash this, baby, 'cause you're down by a run. If you can hit it off the wall in left, the fielder's going to fall down out there and the winning run comes in, I happen to know." The machine coughed up the pitch and Seaver whacked it toward left—a swish of the netting.

"That won't do it," Orosco said.

"Man, I *crushed* that pitch!" Seaver cried indignantly, in his high, boyish voice. He sounded about eighteen years old.

Later on, I asked Tom if this wasn't the part of baseball he might miss most, once it came time to leave it all—the fun of it, the game of the game.

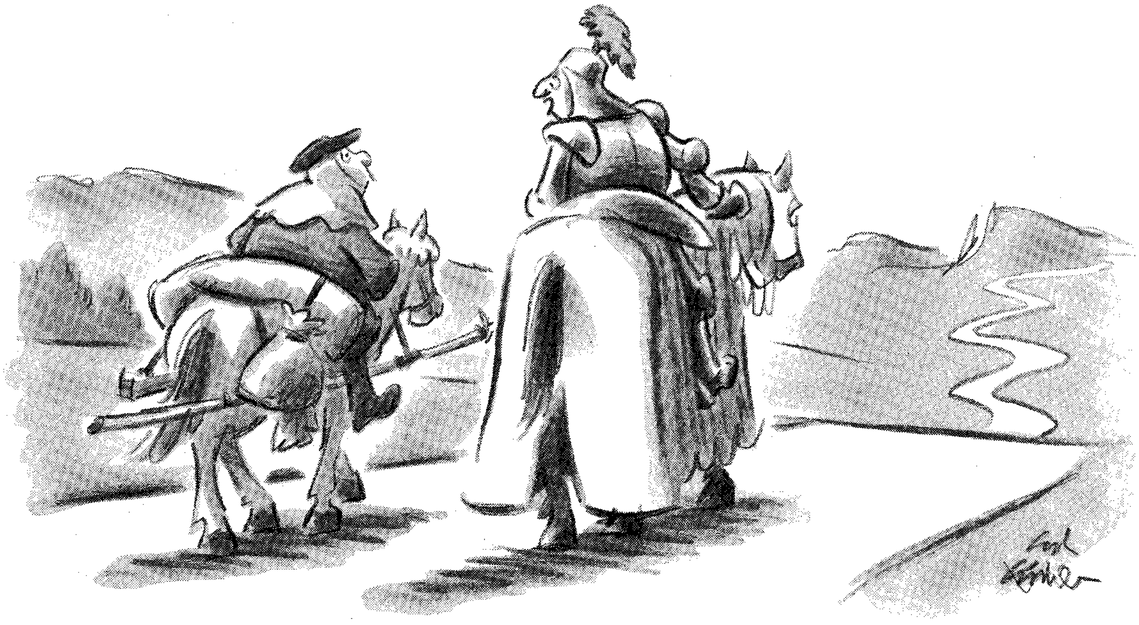
He thought about it and then shook his head. "No, I don't think so," he said. "I'll take that with me. If you've got routine work to do, you've got to get some fun out of it somehow. Make it play. I've always been like that." A little later, he said, "I'll tell you what I *won't* miss—talking about myself. You have no idea how tired of it I get, after all these years. Media guys come up and want five minutes about how I felt when I was a kid starting out and how I feel now. My feelings about the Mets, my feelings about everything. I go along with it, of course, but that has nothing in the world to do with what I'm doing down here, getting ready for another season."

Seaver had an excellent outing against the Red Sox in a game at Al Lang Stadium, in St. Petersburg, the next afternoon, shutting them out over seven innings with five scattered hits—a wonderful omen for the Mets, who are going to need every fair wind and good bounce that the gods of baseball can send their way this summer. Tom suffered through a miserable 5–13 season with the Reds last year, when he was plagued with thigh and shoulder troubles. Tim McCarver, who is now a television announcer with the Mets, talked to me a little about the kind of adjustments that Seaver is making, now that he is thirty-eight and beginning his seventeenth year in the majors. "He used to throw that great up fastball, but it always had that unbelievable hop on it, so you'd just foul it off at best," McCarver said. "Now he has to get it down a little lower and with more action, so that it moves away from a left-handed batter or into a right-handed batter's hands. He's developed a pretty useful change-up, too. He never had a real good curve, you know, because his body is down so low at the moment of delivery that he can't snap off the pitch. One way or another, he'll be a first-class seven-inning pitcher for this club. He's resourceful, and honest with himself, and of course he's competitive as hell, but frankly I didn't know he was this serious until I saw him this spring."

Mark Fidrych worked a couple of innings for the Red Sox in that same game, and after watching only a few pitches I had a sad, strong wish to be elsewhere. He was steering the ball, and his fastball had no authority. (Someone said the speed-gun had him at seventy-three miles per hour.) In one stretch, he walked a couple of Mets batters, then gave up a triple, then a line-drive out, then a double, and then another base on balls. Seaver, the next batter, swung gently and rapped a little bouncer to the shortstop to end the inning, and it seemed clear to me and to my near neighbors in the press box that Tom had *tried* to make out there, just that once.

•

I had my first spring glimpse of Darryl Strawberry when he stood in to bat against the Red Sox in that game at Al Lang Stadium, and I wondered for a moment if he had not suddenly grown too tall to be of much use as a ballplayer. He had just turned twenty-one, and was listed on the roster at six feet six and a hundred and ninety



"The next time someone tells you that a place is hard by, I wish you'd ask them how hard by!"

pounds, but I'd have bet on another inch and another fifteen or twenty pounds. He looked just like a forward in the National Basketball Association. Then Strawberry swung. He was half fooled by the pitch, I think, for he didn't hit it squarely, but when I picked up the ball again it was just nudging the fence in deep right-center field: a stand-up double. Sorry, N.B.A. Strawberry, a Mets Treasury bill, hit thirty-four home runs in the Texas League last year. When this March came to an end, he was sent down to the Mets' farm in Tidewater, as planned, for a few more months' interest accumulation before his long-awaited maturity date in right field at Shea Stadium, later this summer.

•

Baseball quote of the spring, by Jim Wohlford, an outfielder who was traded by the Giants to the Expos during the winter: "Ninety per cent of the game is half mental."

Inside-baseball phrase of the spring, said of a pitcher who suddenly can't get anybody out in a game: "He got lit up." One afternoon in Cocoa, Joe Niekro, of the Astros, got lit up by the Dodgers for eleven runs in four innings.

•

I kept my annual appointment with the Angels and Brewers at Sun City and was not disappointed. I mean, *Kaboom!* The first three Milwaukee hitters to come up in the game—Molitor, Yount, and Cooper—went triple, double, double, and the visitors eventually got into the spirit of things: two triples for rookie left fielder Mike Brown, a single and two doubles for Bobby Grich, and a home run by Freddie Lynn that landed halfway up the embankment in right-center field, many yards beyond the four-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot marker. And so on. When I finally headed home, after seven innings and twenty-nine hits, it was 7–6 for the Brewers, or some such, and you could almost smell the clouds of burnt cordite drifting across the parking lot, like the Fourth of July.

•

In Mesa, I ran into Gene Autry, the owner of the California Angels, who was chatting with some of his players in the visiting-team dugout. He was wearing pointy, expensive-looking cowboy boots and a narrow string tie. He looked gentle and old and agreeable, the way he always does. When the Angels lost the American League playoff last fall by dropping three games in a row to the Brewers (after winning the first two games), everybody in baseball felt bad, I think, because they so wanted a Gene Autry team in a World Series. We chatted a little, and he told me about his baseball beginnings. "I was always a Cardinals fan then," he said, "because I came from Oklahoma, and they had the Dean brothers and Pepper Martin and all those other Okies playing for them. Then I followed the Cubs, because I'd started in singing over Station WLS, in Chicago. The Gabby Hartnett—Charlie Grimm Cubs, I mean. Oh, I had a lot of baseball friends. I have a photo at home of me and Casey Stengel and Mantle and Whitey Ford. I wouldn't take anything in the world for that photo. You know, I was thinking just the other day about the old days down home, when we'd listen to Bob Kelley, who did those game recreations from the Coast over the radio, from a telegraph ticker. You don't remember that, I imagine. There'd be nothing, and then you'd hear the ticker begin to go and you'd know something was happening in the game, and then he'd describe it. He could bring it all alive for you."

But I did remember. I still do—me, at ten or eleven, with my ear next to the illuminated, innerly-warmed gold celluloid dial of the chunky, polished-wood family radio, from which there emerges, after an anxious silence, the clickety, train-depot sounds of a telegraph instrument suddenly bursting with news. Then a quick, closer *tock!* —the announcer or some studio hand rapping on the mike with a pencil, I suppose—and the re-creator, perched in his imaginary press box, says, "*Uh-oh.* . . . Hafey really got hold of that delivery from Fat Freddie. The ball is rolling all the way to the wall in left, and here come two more Cardinal runs across the plate . . ." The front door slams—my father home from work, with the New York *Sun* under his arm (and the early-inning zeros of that same Giants road game on the front page, with the little white boxes for the rest of the line score still blank), and I get up to meet him with the bad news.

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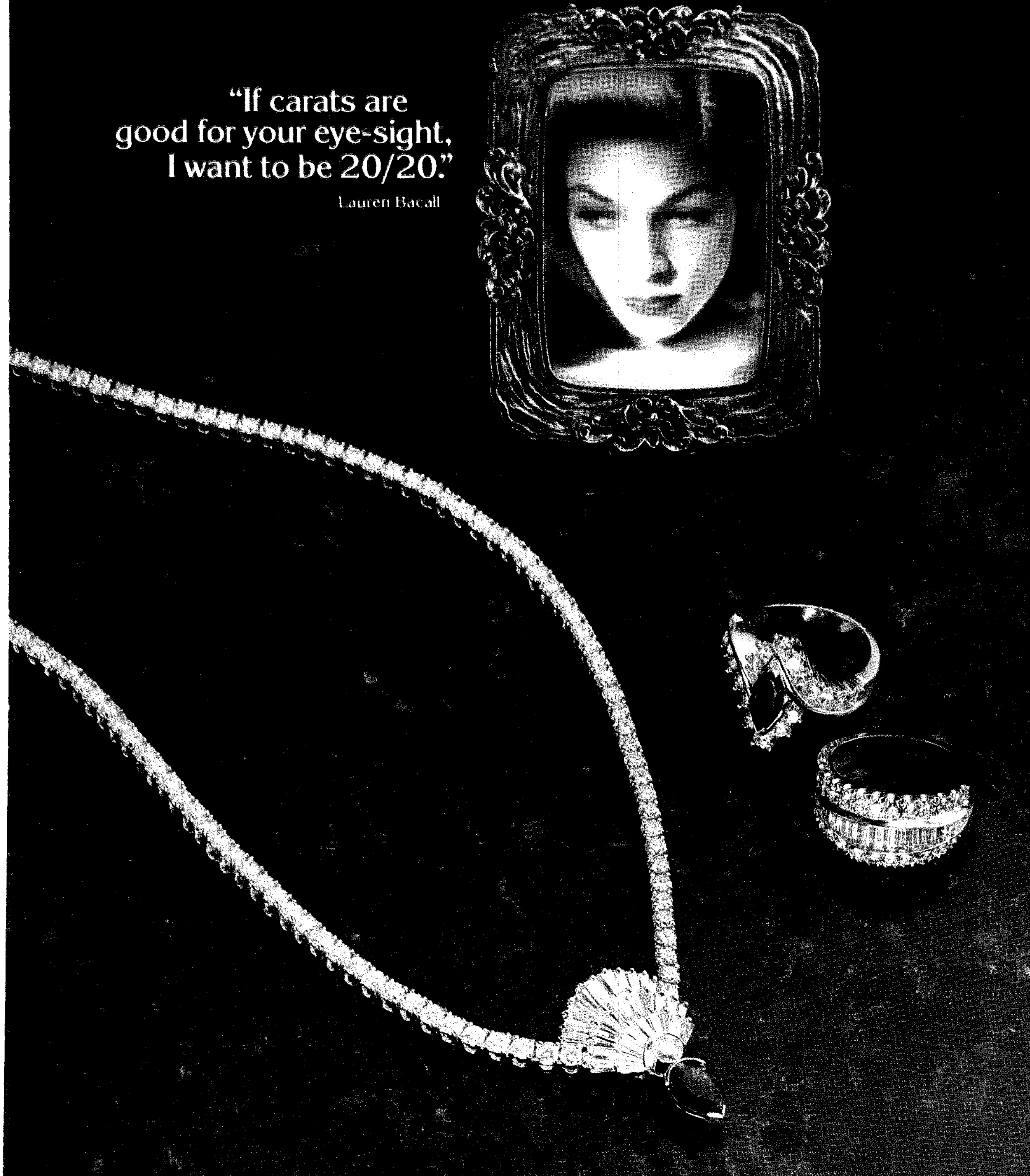
There's a young woman vender at Phoenix Stadium whom I have come to recognize, after several springs, by her call. She slowly makes her way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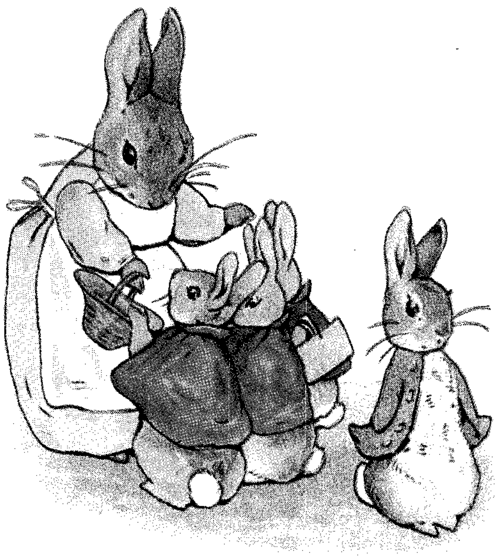

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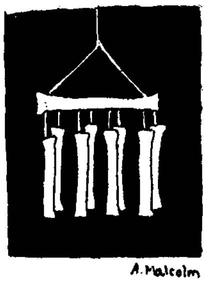
down an aisle carrying her basket and then sings out a gentle, musical "*Hot* dog! . . . *Hot* dog!"—a half note and then down four steps to a whole note. She goes away, and later you hear the same pausing, repeated song at a different distance, like the cry of a single bird working the edge of a meadow on a hot summer afternoon. "*Hot* dog!"

•

I missed a lot of the famous, most expectant teams this spring, but I almost plan it that way now, because I know I'm sure to catch up with them down the line, once the season starts. I passed over the new Yankees, with Billy Martin inevitably (or inexorably) back at the helm, just as we all somehow knew he would be, and with the expensive and formidable hitters Steve Kemp and Don Baylor now aboard to take up that empty Reggieplace in the middle of the lineup; the Dodgers, with their homegrown 1983 batch of pre-certified rookie stars like Greg Brock, Dave Sax, and Candy Maldonado, the new line of Cadillacs off the Los Angeles production line; and the Big Gray Machine, or the Phillies, who over the winter signed on the thirty-nine-year-old Joe Morgan and the forty-year-old Tony Perez to join their erstwhile Cincinnati teammate Pete Rose, who is now forty-two. Everyone in the camps this year was talking about the amazing crowd of stubbornly vigorous patriarch stars still at their work in the game just now—a whole flowering of tough, bright zinnias in the spring hyacinth borders. They include Jim Kaat, Gaylord Perry, and Phil Niekro, who are all forty-four; forty-three-year-old Carl Yastrzemski and Woody Fryman; and Fergie Jenkins, Tommy John, Lou Piniella, Jerry Koosman, and Rusty Staub, all of whom are just under forty. Kaat, a reliever with the Cards, is pitching in his twenty-fifth season this year—a record for all pitchers, anywhere—and Yastrzemski, now in his twenty-third season at Fenway Park, has appeared in three thousand one hundred and eighty-nine games (as of the start of this year's play), already more than anyone else in the history of the American league. He has announced that this will be his last go-round, and the Red Sox ticket office has just about sold out the park for Sunday, October 2nd, his farewell day.

There is no great mystery about this gerontic explosion, to be sure. Ballplayers, like the rest of us, are much better conditioned than they used to be, and now stay in shape, most of them, all through the year. Unlike the rest of us, they are much, *much* better paid: the average salary for all the big-leaguers this year will not be much under three hundred thousand dollars, and the Methuselahs do even better than that, of course. Age and money suit each other, it seems, and there is a wonderful temptation each winter not to hang up those spikes quite yet. I picked up an early inkling of this phenomenon—an advance glimpse of baseball as a millionaires' health ranch—at spring training six or seven years ago, when Pete Rose, then still with the Reds, was telling some reporters that he had given up smoking over the winter. One scribe asked if it hadn't been hard for him to kick the habit after all these years, and Pete said, "Naw, it was easy. Wouldn't you give up smoking for three hundred thousand dollars?" The writer said sure, and Rose said, "Well, I'm gettin' a hundred and fifty thousand a year, and I figure if I stop, it means I'll get in an extra two years in the game. So it was easy." He was right in one way (Pete Rose is *always* right), but wrong in another: the reward for two extra years' play for Pete Rose now comes out at two million dollars or thereabouts, in salary alone. Eat your heart out, tobacco lobby.

LESS celebrated players get a lot of my attention in the spring, but I notice that I am not as easily captivated by brilliant rookies as I once was, perhaps because so many of them who have caught my eye over the years have failed to make the grade. Now I hedge my bets. I watch the youngsters more carefully and over a longer span of games, if possible, and what I see, almost all the time, are wonderful athletes with tiny but irremediable flaws, whose great expectations are already doomed to some sad alteration. That eager, rabbit-quick new shortstop makes an airborne lunge to snaffle a low line drive way over behind second base, and all of us in the stands give a sudden gasp of appreciation, but an inning or two later I notice that he isn't getting much steam on his pegs to first when the ball is off to his right in the hole. ("Anybody can make a great play at shortstop," I once heard Clete Boyer say, "but what you're looking for out there is somebody who just can pick up the ball and get it over to first, and do it every day.") And this broad-shouldered, pink-faced right-handed pitcher up from Amarillo goes unharmed through two or three innings against a lineup of major-league regulars, but then—given an unplanned extra inning out there—he is touched up for a first-pitch single here, a walk there, another little hit up the middle, and I can see that the young man is beginning to strain and overthrow, now that he's facing the same hitters for the second time around. It's also plain by now that he will be permanently overmatched in his line of business, because he's a foot or so short of having a major-league fastball—a problem without remedy. I have become tougher in my judgments out of self-defense, I suppose, and the mid-March players I most enjoy watching now are the second- or third-year major-leaguers who have safely matriculated—have made the grade and then some. They are the new, clear-burning stars just coming up over the horizon, who may now be admired and studied at our leisure before we begin to fit them into the larger constellations of baseball memory. Leon Durham batted .312 and knocked in ninety runs for the Cubs last year, so there was nothing startling about it when I saw him pump out a pair of booming doubles in a damp morning game against the A's, but the sight was—well, *warming*. I was a bit less certain about Chili Davis, the Giants' sophomore center fielder, who had gone hitless all spring, but when I caught up with him at last, in a game against the Mariners in Scottsdale, he poked a double with his first swing of the bat. Three innings later, he came up again and hit a double that ricocheted off the wire fence in right field. "Yep," I murmured, making the entry in my scorecard and putting my Chili-worries away for the moment. Two innings later, he hit a home run that disappeared over the top of the scoreboard in right-center field. An inning later, he hit a single. All *right*, Chili, I thought, almost testily. Gotcha. See you later. Or Lee Smith, for instance. Smith, a teammate of Durham's with the Cubbies, is a towering (six-six) right-handed pitcher. He stalked on in the latter stages of a game in Mesa and did not exactly distinguish himself—giving up a couple of walks and a couple of runs in a single inning of work (he was nursing a sore leg, it turned out)—but one look at his first fiery, over-the-top fastball was enough to bring him clearly to mind again. Yes, *that* one! I thought, and then I looked him up in the Cubs' press guide and finally recalled, or understood at last, how firmly and splendidly Smith had established himself at Wrigley Field last year, once he took up residence in the Cubs' bullpen as their main man, their stopper. From that day—July 8th—to October 3rd, the closing day of the season, he appeared in thirty-five games, during which he struck out forty-nine batters in forty-two innings of work, winning one game and saving fifteen, and surrendering four earned runs, for an earned-run average of 0.86. Smith is the name: Lee Smith.



Another player of this satisfactory ilk is Tony Peña, the slick, quick Pirate catcher, who receives pitches up on his tiptoes while folded down almost to the dimensions of a flight bag behind the batter. I can't think of any catcher who comes out of the chute any faster than Peña on a ball bunted or chopped into the dirt in front of him—or couldn't, rather, until I saw the Mariners' Orlando Mercado in action again this spring, and decided to call it a tie for now, pending further observation. Mercado is just starting—he is twenty-one and has yet to play a full season in the majors—but somehow he already belongs. So does Wade Boggs, the Red Sox' left-swinging third baseman, who bats from the uppermost corner of the box and raps hits to all the cozy corners of Fenway Park, as his terrific first-full-year average of .349 suggests. The great green left-field wall there sometimes makes us Bosox fans think that the only useful sort of player to add to our club would be still another thick-armed right-side power hitter, but Boggs is the other model—the Pete Runnels Straight Six. And then, to add an exhilarating dash of self-contradiction here, I must throw in one genuine rookie phenom—Ron Kittle, the White Sox' tall, long-muscled new left fielder, who hit ninety home runs in the minors over the past two seasons, including one poke in Albuquerque last summer (Kittle played for the Edmonton Trappers) that was said to be still rising as it went past the center-field flagpole there. "Yessir, I *saw* it," one Pale Hose scout swore to me, but even as he said it you could tell that he had begun to wonder if he

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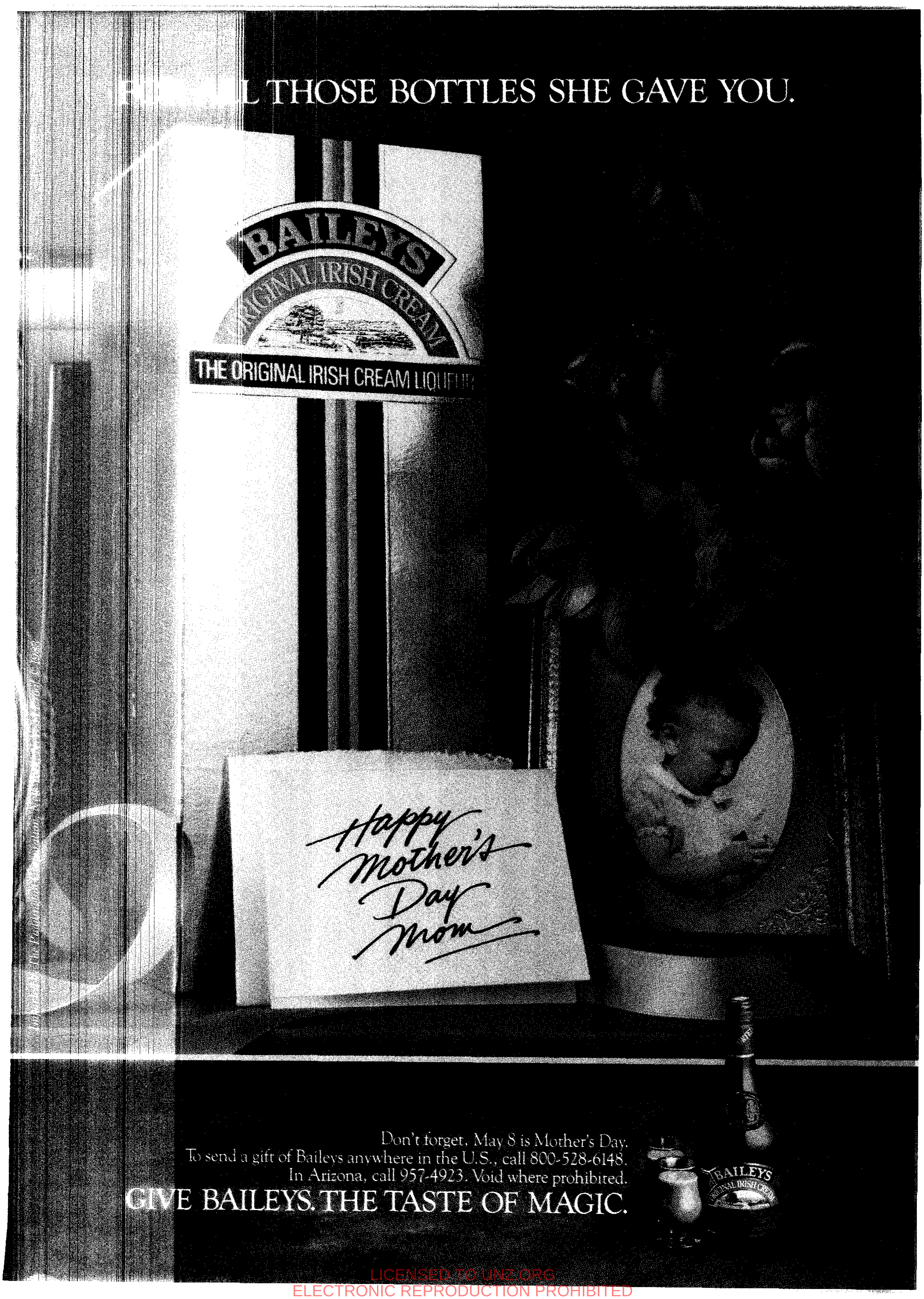
hadn't stretched the story a little—just the way I feel whenever I talk about things I saw Joe DiMaggio do. We all want legends, and when I first watched Kittle up at bat, in a game against the Expos at Sarasota—he wears glasses, and bats out of a classic straightaway stance, with his bat held up and behind his head—I caught myself thinking, *Maybe . . . maybe.* He took a good cut at the ball and flied out to left. (Yes, maybe. In the first ten games of the White Sox' season, Kittle has rapped four homers and driven in fourteen runs.)

WHAT is missing in these celebrity snapshots is a sense of continuity and context, and that comes only when you stay with one club over a span of days. I spent a lot of time with the Oakland A's this spring, for one reason and another, and near the later stages of this better acquaintance I began to pick up a better appreciation of the slow accumulation of daily anxieties and lessons and disappointments and alterations and secret doubts and eliminations and (near the end) reasonable hopes that go into the construction of a full twenty-five-man squad at the beginning of still another season. I should add at once that the A's, who suffered a disastrously disappointing season last year, culminating in the dismissal of their famous and contentious manager, Billy Martin, were more in the market for hope this spring than any other club in baseball. The team, which is still a young one, had startled everyone by winning its divisional title in the strike-shortened 1981 campaign, but it fell to fifth place in 1982—twenty-five games behind the Angels—and also finished last in the league in batting and fielding, and next to last in slugging and pitching. Injuries to regulars like Dwayne Murphy and Tony Armas were partly responsible, but every losing club can, and does, speak of injuries. The pitching collapse was notorious, to say the least—not just a sagging of the pitchers' earned-run average from 3.30 to 4.54 but a near epidemic of sore arms on a staff of experienced and much admired starters (Mike Norris, Steve McCatty, Rick Langford), who in the two years just previous had led the league in various individual categories. A good many scouts and baseball writers and front-office people had been awaiting just such a collapse, ever since they had noticed—how could they miss it?—that Billy Martin, lacking a reliable bullpen, had simply told his starting pitchers to hang in there and finish their games, with an astounding resultant upsurge in innings pitched per man. In 1980, the Oakland staff posted ninety-four complete games, and sixty in the shortened 1981 season; the averages for all the rest of the clubs in the league in the same span were thirty-five and twenty-one. The current state of the Oakland pitching (at this writing, McCatty is pitching exhibition games in the minors, waiting to see if his aching shoulder will come around; Langford is on the twenty-one-day disabled list with a tender elbow; and only Norris has shown some signs of the dominant stuff that produced a 22–9 season in 1980) may turn out to be the bottom line on Billy Ball. The middle of the Oakland infield was another depressed neighborhood last summer, where the second baseman (mostly the creaky Davey Lopes) and the shortstop (six incumbents, none stalwart) between them turned fewer double plays than practically any other combination in the league.

In spite of these dolorous prospects, the Oaklands were a cheerful, almost blithe ball club in spring training this year. The club ownership—the forty-four-year-old president, Roy Eisenhardt, and the thirty-three-year-old executive vice-president, Walter J. Haas, and the thirty-five-year-old general counsel, Sandy Alderson—is implacably youthful and optimistic in appearance and attitude, and has somehow imbued all hands in the organization with the conviction that they are engaged in a spirited and challenging long-haul enterprise—a vivid white-water exploration of some kind—and that winning this year, or even next year, is much less important than building a sound, well-coached ball club that will please the customers (the A's drew a record home crowd of 1,735,489 last year, in spite of their dismal finish) and eventually capture its share of pennants. There is rising talent at many levels and positions in the Oakland system, and the morning and afternoon games at Phoenix Stadium (where the A's train) were terrifically entertaining, mostly because of the performances turned in day after day by so many tall, mean-looking, anonymous young pitchers (Baker,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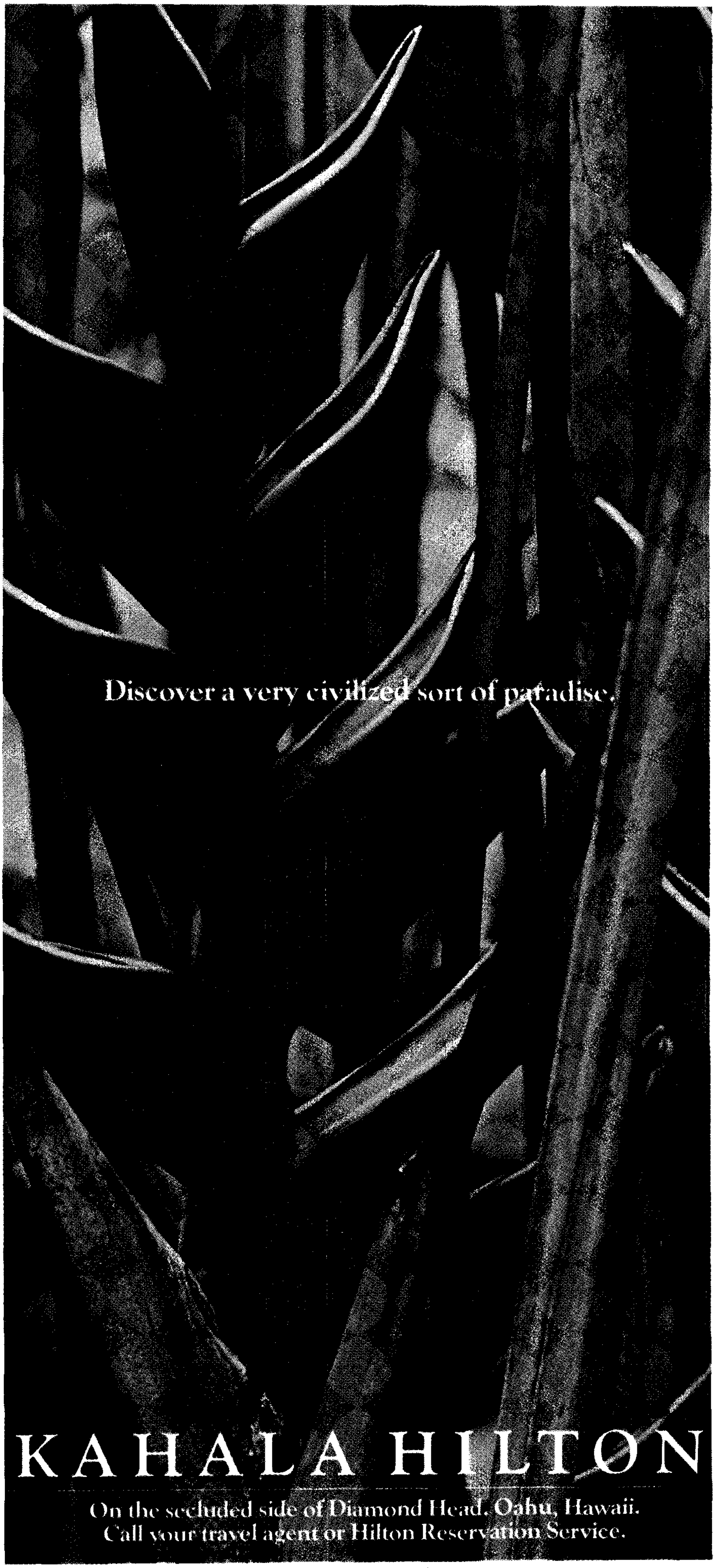
Conroy, Krueger, Warren), who may show up in the A.L. box scores in increasing numbers as this summer goes on. A similar early acceptance may befall a pair of exuberant and aggressive watch-charm infielders—Don Hill and Luis Quinones, twenty-two and twenty years old, respectively—who between them hit so many first-pitch singles and scurried so often for the extra base and began so many hilariously unlikely double plays that I began to think of them as the Bay Whippets and to look forward to their mid-game arrival in the Oakland lineup.

That same happy-to-be-here, freshman feeling about the A's came also from their brand-new manager, forty-six-year-old Steve Boros, who was named to the post last fall, after a long talent search by the Oakland management. Boros, who put in seven unremarkable years as a major-league infielder, mostly with the Tigers, managed six years in the minors and most recently served as a coach with the Expos; the Oakland job is his first crack at managing in the bigs. He is calm and informal—an everyday sort of gent, with graying temples, a broad jaw, and a pleasantly earnest way about him. Not Billy, in short—an antipode that assumes almost cosmic proportions when one gets to know him a little. He is, for one thing, a graduate in English from the University of Michigan (where he starred for the Wolverine ball team as well), who converses as easily, and almost as often, about Gatsby and Ahab and Garp as about Clemente and Aaron and Rose. He is, for another, a *writer*, which is a managerial qualification apparently unique in the annals of the game. He has two books in progress—a loose autobiographical work, already of some four hundred typed pages, about his coming of age as a young athlete and scholar (he grew up in Flint, Michigan, and is the son of a Hungarian-born automobile worker), and a carefully plotted and blocked-out novel, so far only in notes. "One has form and no content, and the other is all content with no form," Boros told me. "Now they'll sit on a shelf in my closet for the next few years, until I get done managing."

He went on to say, without rancor, that he believed that his bookish ways had probably slowed his advancement in his profession. "I'm a funny duck to a lot of people," he said. "I don't hunt and fish or play cards, and I don't hang out in the hotel bars on the road, and that made some baseball people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wonder about me. I'd begun to think that this wouldn't happen—getting here, I mean." He could have added that his baseball education is considered exceptionally sound; his particular mentors have been Whitey Herzog and Dick Williams (he has coached for them both), who are cerebral and successful exemplars of the Weaver's trade.

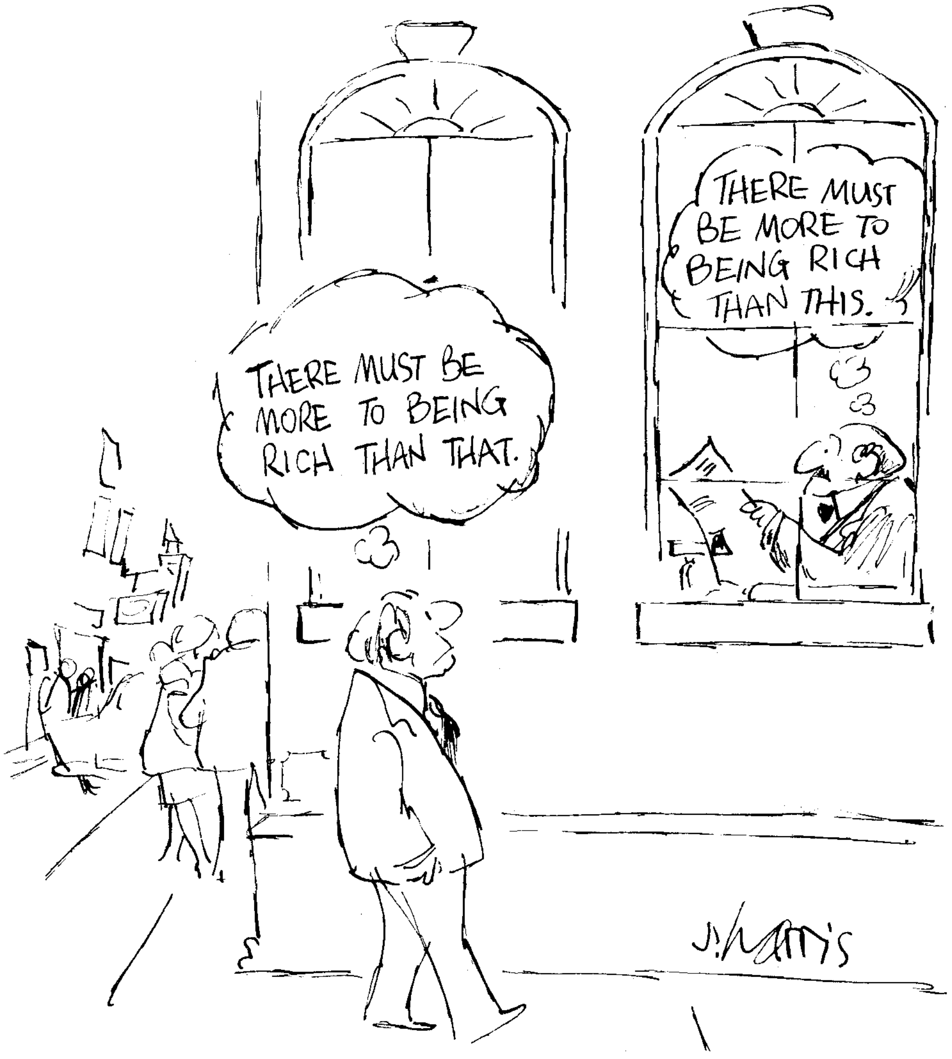
Boros told me most of this between the innings of an A's-Brewers game over at Sun City, on the last day of my stay in Arizona. He had invited me to sit beside him during the game—we were on little metal chairs just beside the A's dugout—in order to get the sense of things down at field level, and I accepted the chance with alacrity. Then I was lucky in another way, because the game, it turned out, was a pippin. In the early going, Manager Boros seemed to direct most of his attention toward his pitcher, Chris Codiroli, who gave up a walk and a couple of singles and a run to the formidable Brewer hitters in the second inning, and then, in the third, delivered a pitch to Robin Yount that last year's M.V.P. sailed up onto the embankment in right for a homer. "That's nothing," Boros assured me at once. "That was a good outside fastball, but Robin is so strong that he knocks that fly ball out of the park a lot of the time. It can happen to any pitcher in this league against him."

Codiroli is a slim, slight right-hander ("He's built just like a 1-iron," an Oakland executive had said to me), who had a 10–3 record, with a 1.90 earned-run average, with Tacoma last year, and he seemed unflustered by these misadventures. Between innings, Boros conferred with him and with his pitching coach, Ron Schueler, and when he sat down again he said, "I want Chris to try some change-ups here, even if he gives up some runs. He needs an off-speed pitch to go with that good hard stuff, and once the season starts you can't tinker around with all that."

Sure enough, Codiroli worked the count to two-and-two on Gorman Thomas in the next inning and then got him, swinging, on a much slower breaking delivery. The crowd groaned, but Boros said "Yes!" and made a note on a folded bright-yellow score sheet where he was keeping track of things. He leaned toward me and said, "Actually, that's a bad pitch to throw on strike two—except to a big swinger like Gorman." He nodded toward the yellow sheet. "I just want to be sure Chris knows that part of it."

A few minutes later in the game, we watched the Oakland first baseman, Kelvin Moore, popped out weakly to second base on a slider thrown by the Milwaukee pitcher, Bob McClure. Moore has a chance to take over first base for the A's this year—if he hits. One of the rare players in the game who throw left-handed but bat right-handed, he has shown considerable power in the minors but has yet to bat with any consistency against major-league pitching. Boros told me he had begun to think that Moore might be afraid of looking bad up at the plate, and was thus being too selective in his swings. "Yesterday, I showed him last year's strikeout leaders in the *American League Red Book*," he said. "You know, people like Gorman and Reggie Jackson—and I told him I hoped his name would be right there beside them next year, because that would mean he'd have played about a hundred and thirty games for us and hit about twenty-five homers."

These managerial asides were interesting, if not arrestingly unique, for it seemed to me that Billy Martin or Whitey Herzog or almost any skipper might have come up with just about the same advice for their pitchers and batters so far in the game. A couple of innings earlier, however, there had been a close play at the plate, when umpire Nick Bremigan had called Ben Oglivie safe as he slid into a tag made by the Oakland catcher, Bob Kearney. I thought it was a bum call, and so did the A's players, who put up some outraged squawks from the dugout. Boros got off his chair and took a few steps in the direction of the plate and then came back and sat down again, while I tried to repress my image of his predecessor under the same circs. When the inning ended, Boros exchanged a word or two with Kearney and then told me that the catcher said that he had tagged Oglivie high and that the ump's call was correct. "It's just not my way to go out there hollering and carrying on," he went on mildly. "If I'm going to be fair with my players, I've got to try to be fair with the umpires, too. If I think they've made a mistake, I'll go ask if they're sure of the call, but that's all. I think they'll


THERE MUST BE MORE TO BEING RICH THAN THAT.
THERE MUST BE MORE TO BEING RICH THAN THIS.

find out that I want to win just as much as anybody else.”

Boros confessed that he had been thrown out of only two games in his entire baseball career—one of them because of an insult called out to an umpire by a teammate of his in a game at Buffalo. “The ump had no idea who’d yelled at him, but I was sitting down at the end of the bench, so I became the ritual sacrifice,” he said. The other ejection came after Boros, then managing the Waterloo, Iowa, team in the Midwest League, objected strenuously to a third strike called against one of his players on a delivery that was close to being a wild pitch. Boros had been having trouble with the same umpire all season, and when the heave-ho was administered he was ready. A little later in the game, a workman carrying a plank and a hammer and a ladder (it was Boros, out of uniform) trudged slowly out to the center-field scoreboard between innings, made some adjustments, and trudged back, leaving a scoreboard that now read:

UMPIRES	9
WATERLOO	2

“The kid who was keeping the scoreboard ran away when he saw what I was doing,” Boros said, “and my outfielders fell down laughing. Of course, the ump came running out and made a terrific stink, but I’d nailed the sign in with these great big spikes, so he had to leave it up there, the way I’d planned. I got fined, but later on in the season that umpire was laid off, so I’d won.” He paused, smiling at the thought of it. “I’ll tell you one thing,” he said. “It was not like me at *all*. It was very uncharacteristic.”

Boros remained cheerful as the afternoon wore on and things began to go in Oakland’s direction, but I was pretty sure he would have looked about the same if the luck of the game had been reversed. Codiroli took his leave after the fourth without encountering further difficulties, and was replaced by the veteran long reliever Bob Owchinko. Boros told me he was pleased that Codiroli (who has become a starter in the Oakland rotation now that the season is under way) had surrendered only that one walk during his stint. He said, “We gave up six hundred and forty-eight bases on balls last year, which was the worst in the league, and I’m out to cut that to four hundred, not counting intentionals. I guess if your arm’s hurting, the way ours were last year, you know you’ve got to be fine out there. This year, we’re going to have a computer with us all year long, even on our road trips, to try to find out exactly at what point in the game each of our pitchers begins to lose his effectiveness. We’ll combine that with the speed-gun figures, and I think we’ll discover a few things.”

Oakland got back in the game on its running, which is the weapon it will most rely on this year. In the fourth, Dwayne Murphy got all the way to second on a little error by Gorman Thomas; then he stole third and motored home on catcher Ted Simmons’ wild throw. The A’s tied things up in the sixth on a double by right fielder Mike Davis and a single by Murphy, and each player stole a base along the way. Boros is a freethinker about baserunning, and one of the minor-league clubs he managed—San Jose, in the California League—established a modern all-league record, with three hundred and seventy-two stolen bases in one season. Henderson and several of the other Oakland flyers will be on their own this summer.

Davis’s double was his second of the afternoon (he went four-for-five, it turned out), and Boros asked if I’d noticed that the two blows were hit to opposite corners of the field. “That’s exactly the kind of bat we need in our lineup for the kind of game we’ll be playing,” he said. Davis is only twenty-three, but his speed and consistency at the plate were so highly regarded by the Oakland front office that they were willing to trade away their established power-hitting right fielder, Tony Armas, to Boston over the winter in order to get Boston’s splendid third baseman, Carney Lansford. “Just look at the way Mike’s built,” Boros observed at one point. “That’s the kind of ballplayer’s body you’d order out of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue.”

A little rain spattered us in the middle innings, but not many of the folks in the stands got up to leave. To tell the truth, I scarcely noticed them, for sitting out there on the field itself made me feel as if I were cut off from everything but the action before me, and I could suddenly understand why players are said to be almost wholly unaware of the crowds they play for. I didn’t feel exactly at one with the A’s players, in their outsize shiny-green warmup jackets, who were splayed out on the dugout bench beside me, or with the towering young batters and pitchers and fielders who passed me as they came on and off the field, but I did sense a little quickening of my winter-dulled baseball perceptions as the innings flowed along—a better feel for the multiple rhythms and difficulties and tensions and releases that crowd in upon us at any good game. I was getting into it again.

By the middle innings, the famous Milwaukee regulars had begun to leave the lineup (Manager Kuenn already had a pretty good idea about how *they* could play), but Boros stayed with his starters. Mark Brouhard led off the Milwaukee seventh with a long blow to the left-field corner, but Rickey Henderson snatched up the ball so quickly that Brouhard jammed on the brakes and came scuttling back to first base. “*Now* I see what they mean about Rickey not allowing any doubles out there!” Boros exclaimed. “It’s amazing how many games you can win just by being ninety feet better than the next man.” Then Bob Kearney, the catcher, picked Brouhard off first base.

I began to laugh at all this good fortune and good baseball being sent our way—it was almost like a demonstration film of how the game should be played—and Boros caught my glance and rolled his eyes in wordless response. But the show was not quite over. Henderson doubled to start off the Oakland eighth, and sailed home on Davis’s single. Carney Lansford, who bats right-handed, now stepped in to face Brewer pitcher Dwight Bernard, a right-hander. “Watch this man handle the bat,” Boros said, almost in a whisper. “Keep your eye on what he does at the plate.”

Bernard wound and threw—an inside fastball—and Lansford slapped the ball into right field for a single, sending Davis flying around to third base: a lesson from the Advanced Baseball movie.

“There!” Boros cried, rising from his chair and raising both fists in delight. “I’d have bet my house mortgage on that! Isn’t that *beautiful!*”

Davis came home on a sacrifice fly by Murphy, making it 4–2, Oakland—the final score, it turned out. In the bottom of the eighth, the A’s shortstop, Tony Phillips, made two brilliant, high-risk plays in succession—the second time short-hopping a bullet hit right in front of him, which is almost the hardest play that has to be made at that position.

“I don’t care if he . . .” Boros said,

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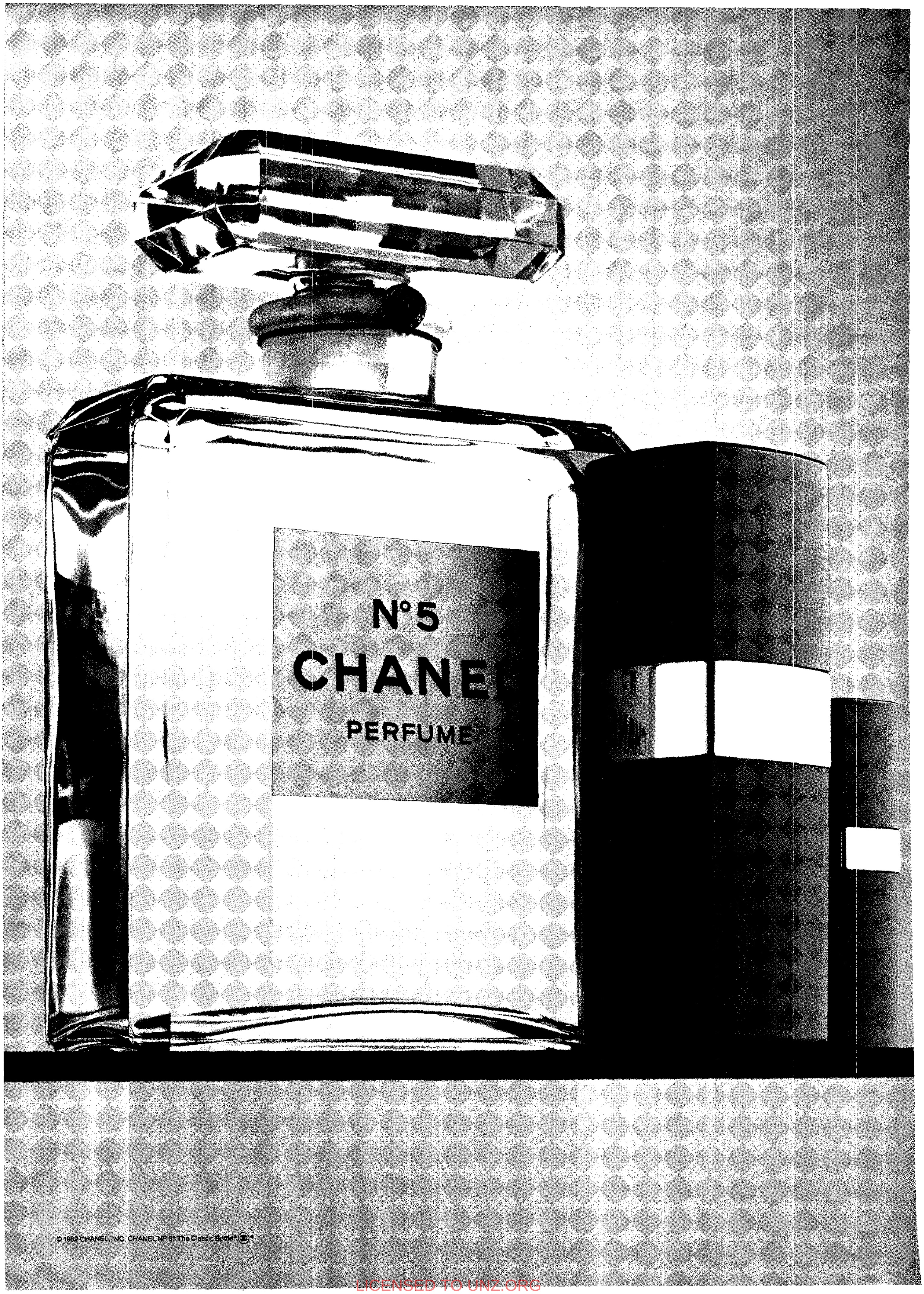
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shaking his head and entering the out in his yellow scorecard, and by this time he didn't have to finish explaining things to me. Phillips, who is only twenty-four, was one of the many players tried at short last summer, but he did not quite have the poise to make the most of his chance. He will never hit for much of an average, it is felt, but he is given a fair chance to hold down the position this summer on the strength of his glovework alone. (The *other* Oakland shortstop this year is Bill Almon, who, by contrast, can hit—he batted .301 two years ago, with the White Sox—but cannot field much.) All this was in Boros's half sentence, but there was more there, too. Earlier in the game, he had reminded me that Tony Phillips and young Luis Quinones (one of the Whippets) had both grown up as infielders in the San Diego system, which meant that they had been deeply influenced by the play of the dazzling Ozzie Smith, then the incumbent Padre shortstop, who is the most artistic and acrobatic infielder in the game today. Smith, who was later traded to the Cardinals, habitually fields grounders on the dead run or with a casual flick of his glove, which makes managers blanch, especially when lesser athletes attempt the same plays. "I love Ozzie Smith, but I happen to think he's set back shortstop play by about twenty years," Boros told me. "I won't say a word to Tony as long as he can do it, too. I'm just not sure how my nerves will hold up, is all."

There was much more in that little Brewers-A's game than I have set down here—including Bob Owchinko's inability to get the last out in the ninth, when Boros and Schueler kept him in there just to see if he could do that hard thing: close out. Two weeks later, at the end of spring training, Owchinko was given his unconditional release. There are enough events and discoveries and sadnesses in any one ballgame for somebody to write a book about it, of course—it's been done, and maybe Steve Boros will do it again someday. For me, this mild spring day's lesson was a reminder of how often good luck and good baseball can seem to swing all one way in a game, no matter which teams are playing, and so reward and lift up the players and coaches and fans on one side of the field, who will just as surely be beaten and discouraged and laid low by the same team and the same sport in the weeks and months that lie ahead.

—Roger Angell

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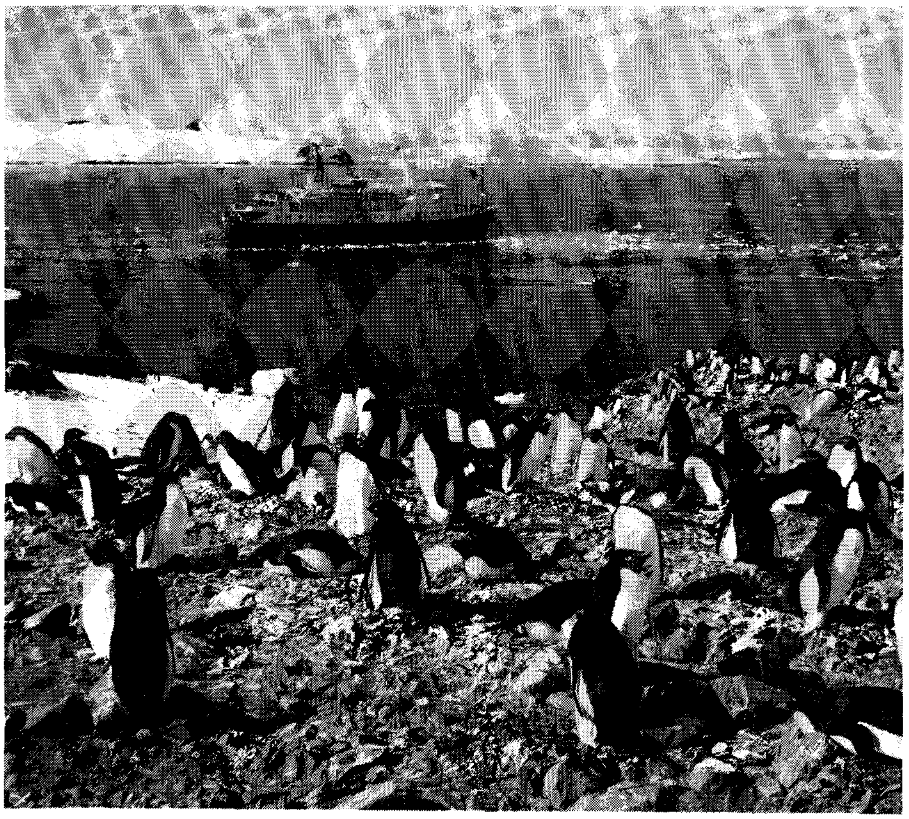

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THE major fuels of the United States have come under intense scrutiny as a result of the energy crisis, and fault has been found with most of them. Oil is imported; coal is a threat to the environment; uranium is radioactive, and the plutonium it produces in power reactors can be made into bombs. Now that we know more than we used to about what can be wrong with a fuel, it is easier to define an ideal one: it should be domestic, plentiful (preferably renewable), efficiently and cheaply acquired and transported, environmentally benign, unsuitable for bombs, and readily convertible into other forms of energy, such as electricity. The fuel that most closely approaches the ideal is methane, the principal constituent of natural gas.

Methane is a simple molecule, a hydrocarbon made of four hydrogen atoms arranged symmetrically around a carbon atom. Under ordinary conditions, it is a gas—colorless, odorless, and lighter than air. Methane's sources are numerous. It can be easily and cheaply transported in pipelines. The chemical products of burned methane—carbon dioxide and water vapor—are not pollutants (although, when burned, methane shares with other fuels two environmental effects: it adds to the rising carbon-dioxide level of the atmosphere, which may cause a warming of the earth, and to the levels of atmospheric nitrogen oxides—pollutants formed when the oxygen and nitrogen of the air interact at high temperatures). While a mixture of methane and air is explosive, a methane bomb would be far too bulky to be practical. Methane is also a very versatile fuel. Suitably mixed with air, it burns with the blue flame familiar from the kitchen stove or with the bright yellow flame of the gaslight that once illuminated streets, homes, and shops. It burns in a jeweller's torch with a flame no more than an eighth of an inch long, and in room-size industrial burners. Electric power plants can be fuelled by methane, and cars and trucks can run on it. Natural gas is used in more than twenty-five thousand industrial processes—ranging from the boiling of water to the precise heating of the huge masses of glass needed to make telescope mirrors. Unfortunately, the effective use of this nearly perfect fuel has been severely hindered by erratic variations in its supply and price. Between 1935 and 1950, natural gas was so plentiful, and its price was so low, that producers were content to waste nearly a third of their output by venting or burning it at the wellhead; but in the winter of 1976-77 the supply was so short that many schools and factories in the North were forced to shut down for weeks. Now, in 1983, there is again an oversupply, and many gas wells have been capped. Between 1950 and 1970, the price of domestic natural gas at the wellhead—that is, its cost to the pipeline companies that ship the fuel to local distributors—increased by about a hundred and sixty per cent, keeping pace with the general rate of inflation; but between 1970 and 1980 the price increased more than eight hundred per cent, a rate many times higher than the rate of inflation. Such difficulties arise because the system that delivers natural gas to the consumer—a network of producers, pipelines, and local distribution systems—is made up of companies whose economic interests often conflict, with diverse effects on national energy policy. The problem is to determine how to operate the over-all system in a way that takes advantage of methane's useful qualities and realizes its potential as the key element in the rational energy policy that has thus far eluded us.

"Yuck."

THE development of methane as an energy source reversed the usual process of technological substitution, in which materials occurring in nature are used first and are then replaced by man-made substitutes that are supposedly superior (or simply more profitable). Thus, silk has been replaced by nylon, leather by plastic, and sugar by saccharin. In the case of methane, however, the man-made product was

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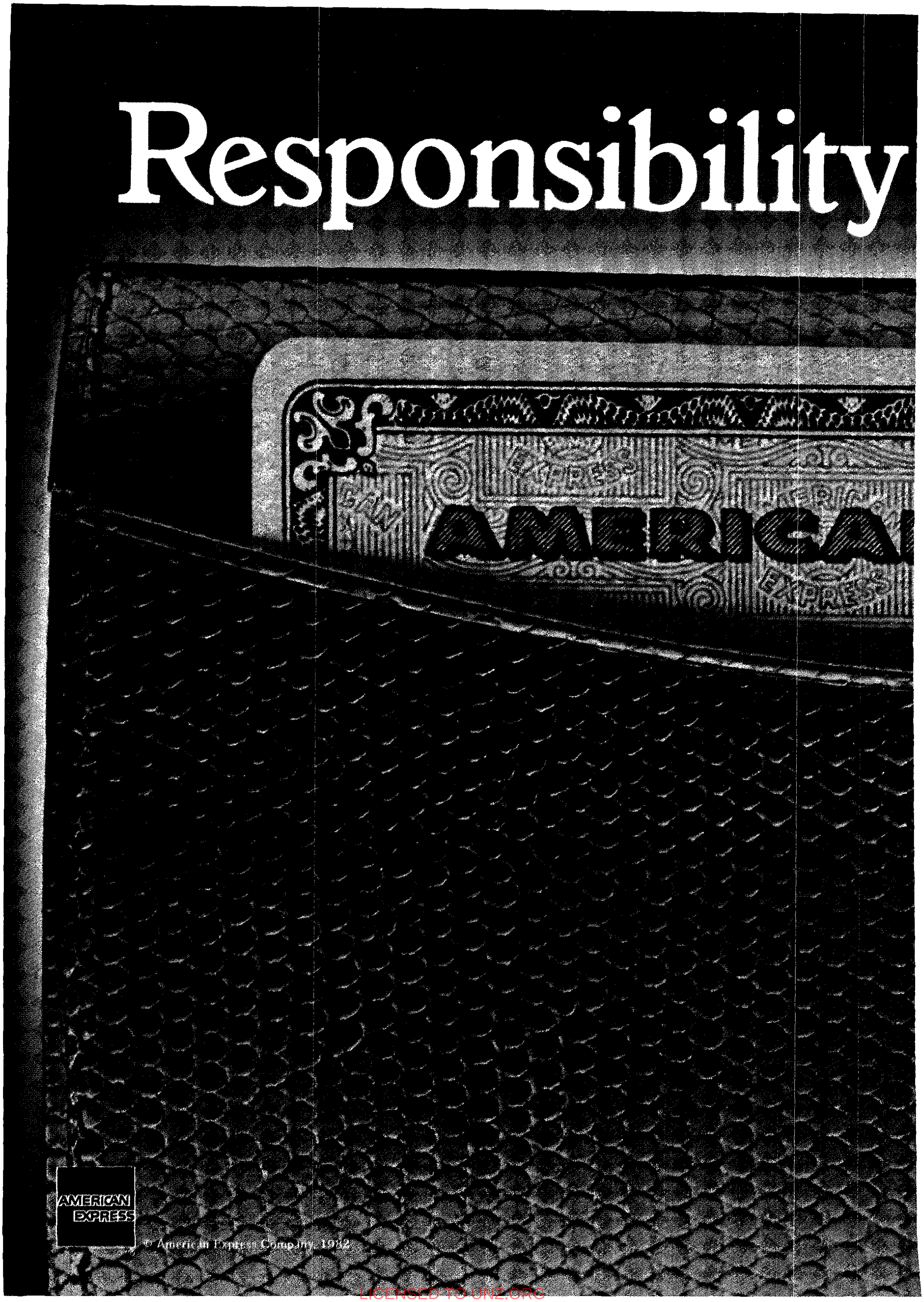

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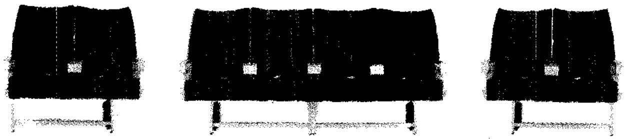

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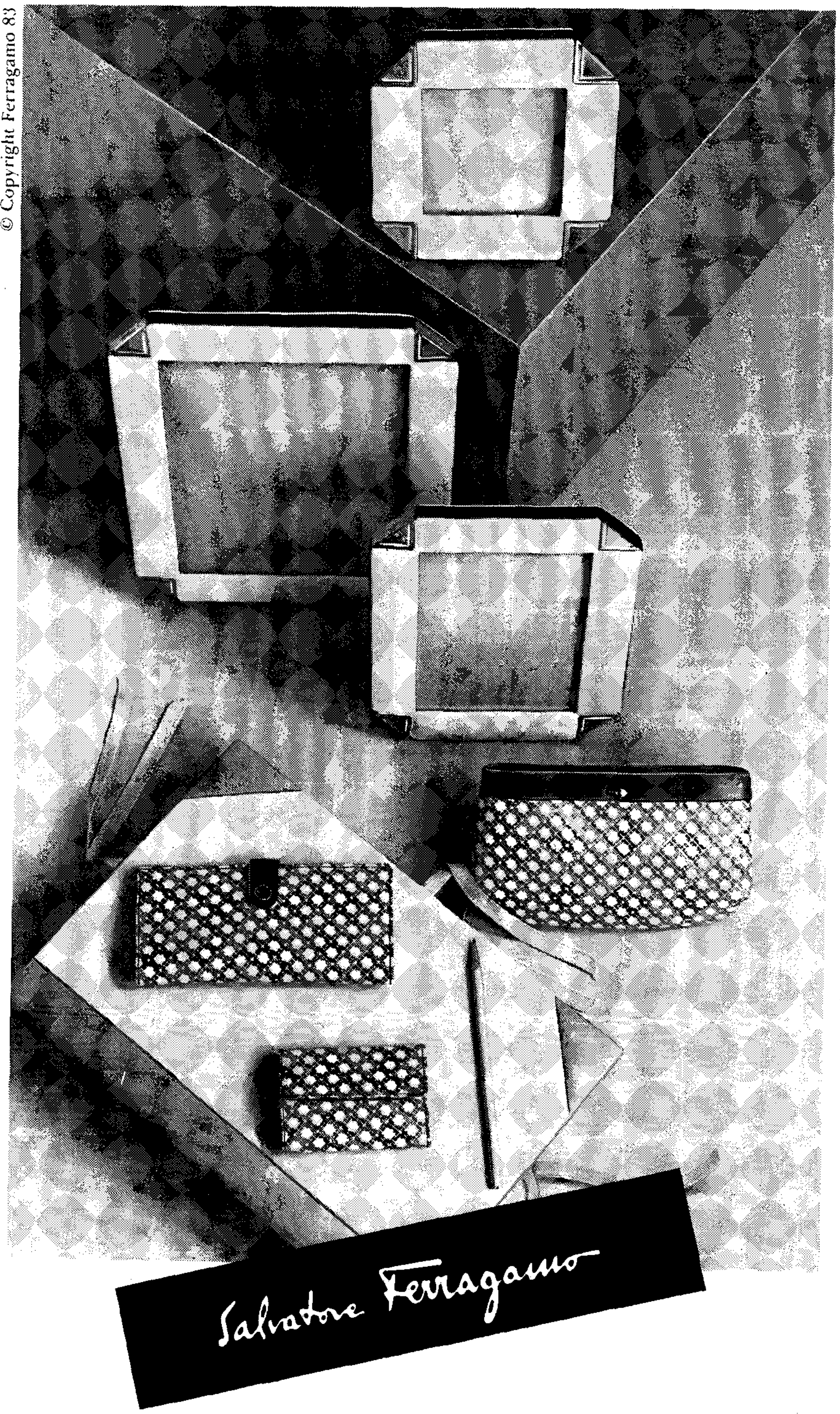
used first and was later replaced by a geological resource, which was called natural gas to distinguish it from the earlier, manufactured kind. Manufactured gas was used commercially in London as early as 1807, to provide street lighting. It was introduced into the United States in 1816, by Rubens and Rembrandt Peale, sons of the artist Charles Willson Peale, who is best known for his portraits of Washington and other American statesmen. The sons, also artists, operated museums—Rubens in Philadelphia, and Rembrandt in Baltimore. Equipped with a "Practical Treatise on Gas-Light," published in London in 1815, Rubens and Rembrandt installed gasworks in their museums, astonishing visitors with the brilliant (compared with the candles and oil lamps then in use) and smoke-free gaslights. The gasworks built for the Baltimore museum is illustrated in a sketch by Charles Peale, part of a letter to his daughter Angelica. The sketch shows a mixture of pitch and oil distilled from pitch dripping through funnels into two iron pipe retorts, sealed at one end and connected to copper tubes at the other. A coal or wood fire heats the retorts, and the heated pitch and oil decompose to produce a gas—predominantly methane but containing other combustible hydrocarbons, as well as hydrogen and carbon monoxide. The gas flows through the copper tubes into a large, water-filled tub, within which is another, inverted vessel. As the gas bubbles up through the water, it is trapped in the inverted vessel, which gradually fills with gas and rises. The weight of the inverted vessel exerts pressure on the gas, forcing it through additional tubes to the gaslights. (This two-vessel storage system is still used today, in the form of large tanks dotted around urban areas; their tops can be seen to rise and fall as the tanks fill with pipeline gas and are drained by use.) Rembrandt Peale was an entrepreneur as well as an artist. His father notes in the letter to Angelica:

> You have heard of our illumination of it [the museum] with gas lights. Your Brother Rembrandt has determined to make himself perfectly Master of all the best modes of producing those lights and very probably will do especial service to the publick of Baltimore, for this mode of lighting citys throughout the streets as well as in the dwellings is immensely brilliant and very economical.

Rembrandt installed a ring of a hundred gaslights in his museum's main gallery. This so-called magic



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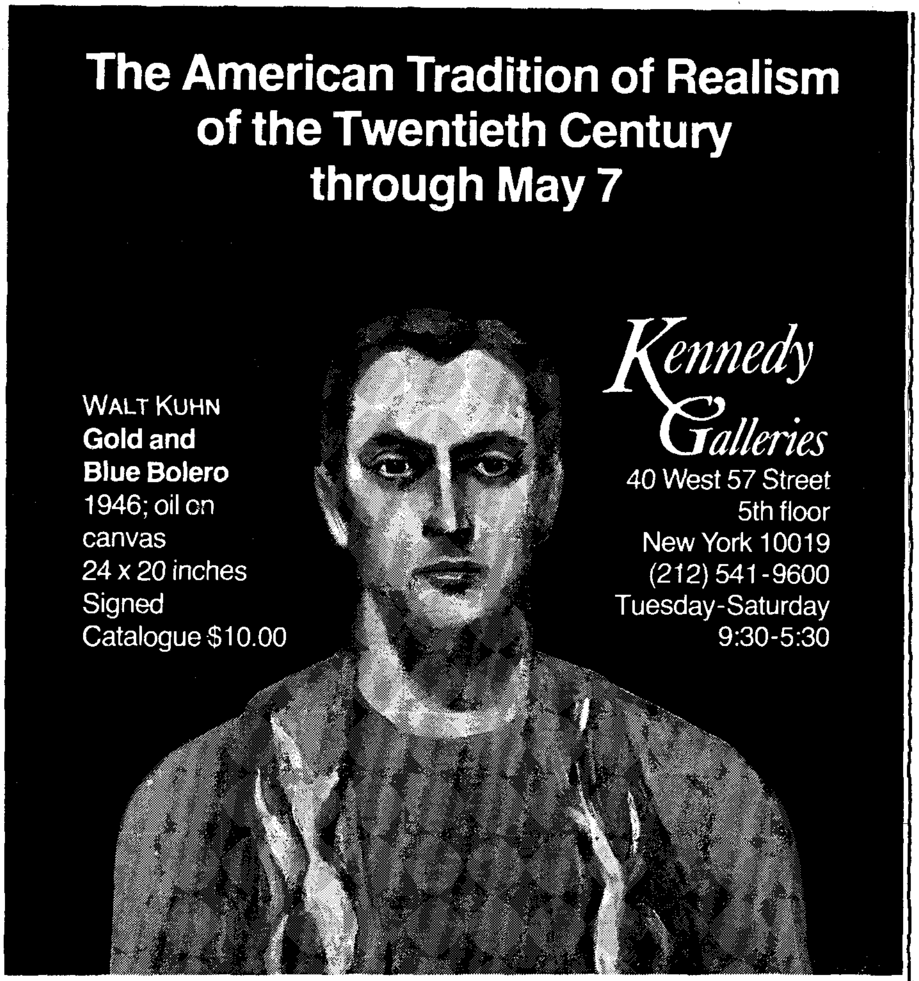

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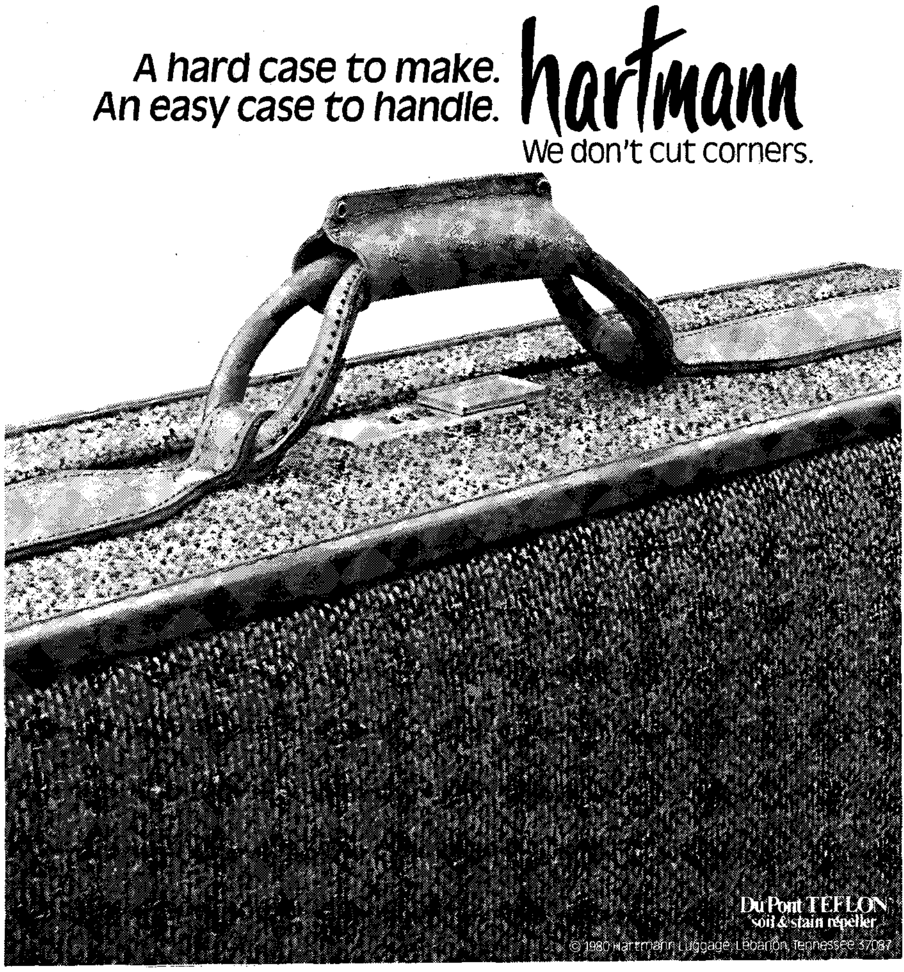

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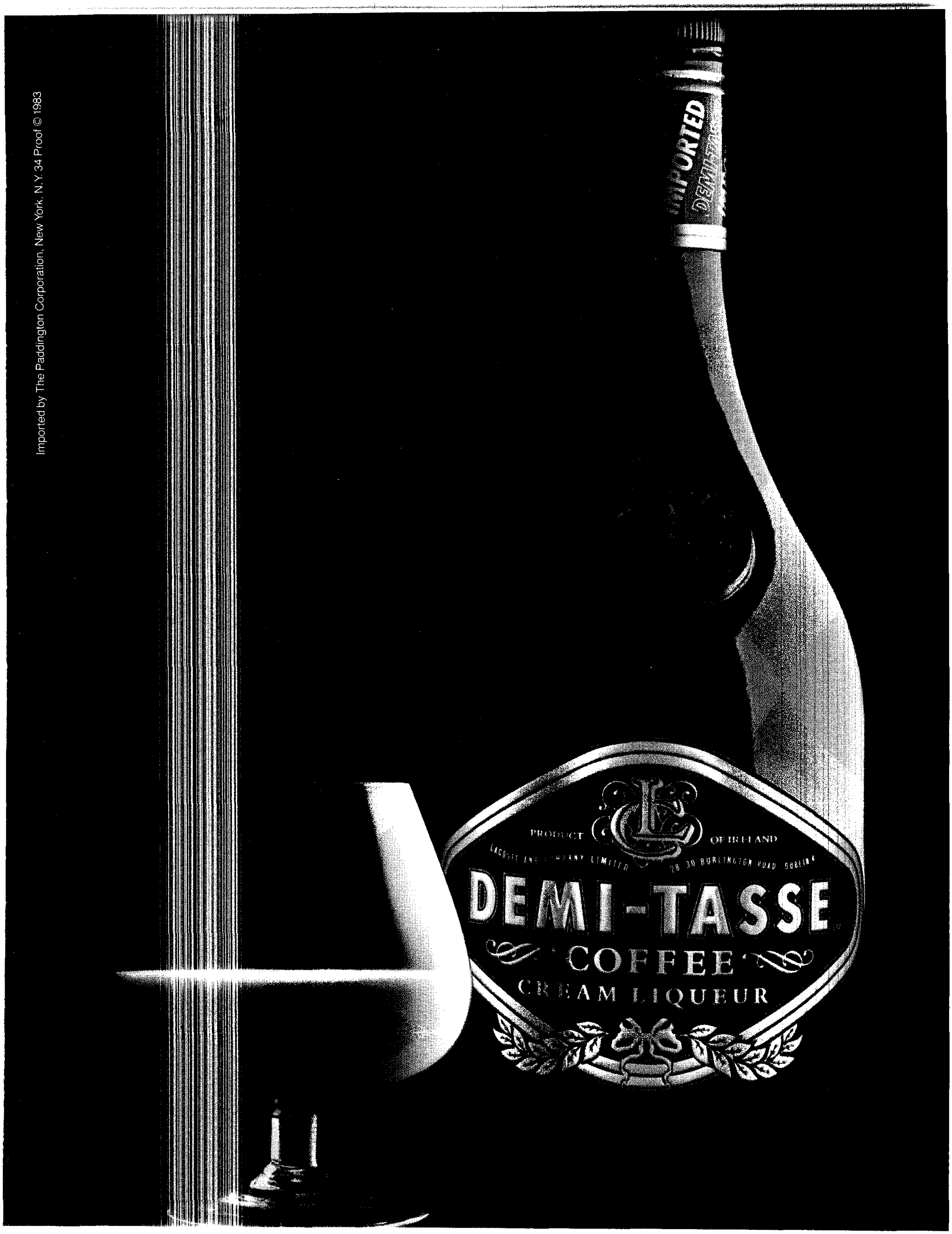
ring was such a success that in 1817 he was able to organize the first gas company in the United States (the Gas Light Company of Baltimore, the predecessor of the present Baltimore Gas & Electric Company), which was chartered to light the streets. By 1850, gaslighting for streets, businesses, and homes had been established in twenty-three American cities. The manufactured gas, while it provided good light, did not produce a particularly hot flame and was used almost solely for illumination. By 1900, however, the manufacturing process had been improved, yielding a gas that burned with a flame hot enough to be used for cookstoves and water heaters. This new gas contained more carbon monoxide, a very toxic substance, than it did methane, which is not toxic—although it is dangerous, because in a closed space it can exclude oxygen. The manufacturing process was rather messy, and a town's gasworks was often its most notorious environmental polluter.

A cheaper, environmentally more benign, and natural substitute for manufactured gas, composed almost entirely of methane, entered the market in 1821, in Fredonia, New York, a village near Lake Erie. Fredonia was the site of a spring where methane bubbled out of the ground along with the water. Such gas springs had been known in the area since the time of the French explorers. In 1669, for example, Robert de La Salle came upon one as he was crossing what is now upstate New York. A missionary who was a member of his party, one M. René Brehan de Galinée, provides this account:

> I went with M. de La Salle, under escort of two Indians, about four leagues south of the Indian village where we are staying, to see a very extraordinary spring. Issuing from a moderately high rock, it forms a small brook. The water is very clear but has a bad odor, like that of the mineral marshes of Paris. I applied a torch and the water immediately took fire and burned like brandy.

With the success of gaslight in the Philadelphia and Baltimore museums, the idea of using this freely available substitute for manufactured gas was appealing. After several attempts, a Fredonia gunsmith, William A. Hart, managed to drill, in the spring, a seventy-foot well that yielded a good flow of gas. This was piped to the first known customer for natural gas in the United States (and probably in the world)—Abell House, an inn on the stagecoach route from Buffalo to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Cleveland. Hart built a system of lead pipes which provided gaslight for Fredonia's commercial establishments and streets at the price of a dollar and fifty cents per light per year. This innovation is commemorated by the Fredonia village seal, which depicts five gaslights.

Fredonia lies on the northern edge of a geological formation consisting of a layer of shale formed from muds that lay at the bottom of a shallow sea in the Devonian period, some three hundred and fifty million years ago. This Devonian shale contains very fine particles of coal-like material—the fossilized remains of marine plants. It lies one to six thousand feet below the surface, covered by a layer composed largely of sandstone. The shale covers an area of some one hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles in the Appalachian region, including about half of Kentucky and Ohio, all of West Virginia, much of Pennsylvania, and the southern half of upstate New York. Wells drilled almost anywhere in this region yield natural gas, but yield it more abundantly along the Kentucky–West Virginia border and along the southern shore of Lake Erie. Smaller gas-bearing deposits of Devonian shale occur in Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. The gas produced by the Devonian deposits is tightly held in the shale, and migrates slowly toward the well borehole through small cracks in the formation. Thus, many of the wells drilled into Devonian shale yield only a slow flow of gas, but this flow is likely to persist for many years. Two of the early wells at Fredonia together produced about sixteen thousand four hundred cubic feet of gas per day—enough to supply about fifty households; sixty years later, when the wells were capped, they were still producing gas at the same rate. Most wells produce gas copiously when they are first drilled, yielding between a hundred thousand and two hundred thousand cubic feet of gas per day; it is believed that this initial burst represents gas that has collected in the cracks in the shale. In the first ten years, the flow rapidly falls to about one-quarter of the original rate, and thereafter it declines gradually, with the well continuing to yield gas, albeit slowly, for many years.

Since the drilling of the first well at Fredonia, thousands of wells have produced natural gas from the Devonian shale deposits. The early wells were used to meet the limited, local demand for gaslight. Around the turn

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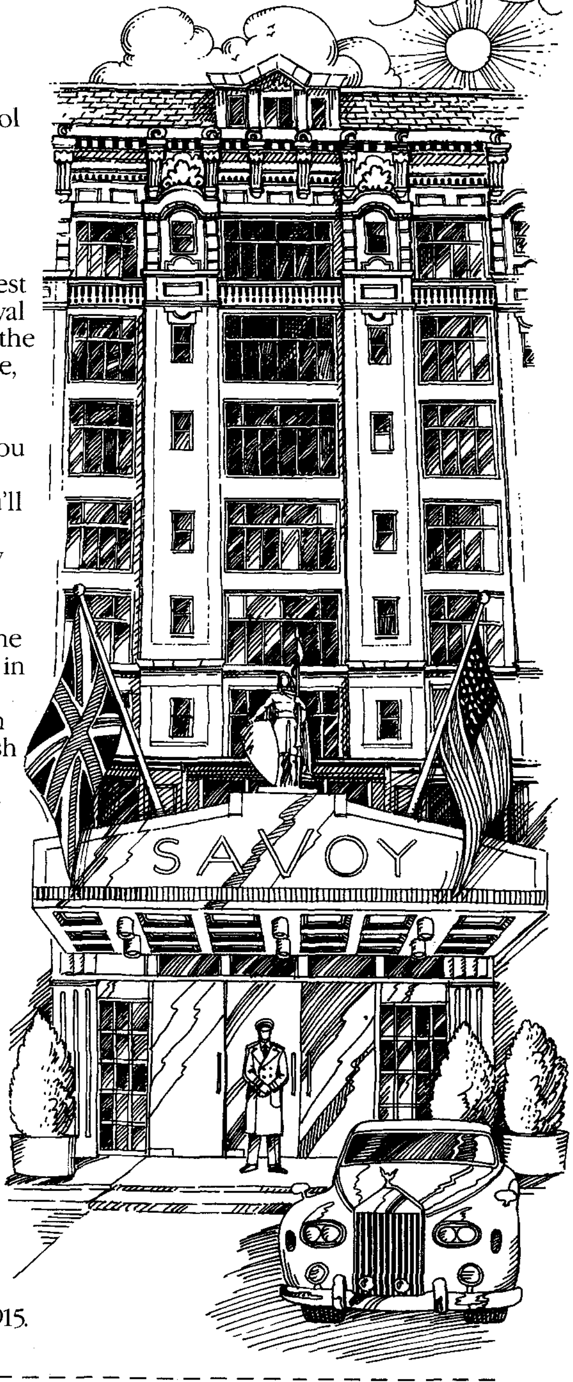

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of the century, industries, led by the steel and glass plants of Pittsburgh, began to use natural gas on a large scale in their operations—especially in Wheeling, Toledo, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Youngstown. Numerous companies were created in those areas to supply natural gas from nearby wells. Encouraged by the abundant initial flow of gas, the companies eagerly sought to attract new customers, whose demand for gas soon outran the declining production from the wells. Natural-gas companies went through rapid cycles of boom and bust; in the early nineteen-hundreds, Brown's Directory, an annual gas-industry publication, announced that the number of natural-gas companies being formed—and failing—was so great that it was no longer practical to list them. In contrast, companies that manufactured gas had been expanding continually, supplying the growing cities with gas for illuminating homes, shops, and streets. In 1882, however, with the establishment by Thomas Edison of the first central electric power plant, in New York City, the manufacturers of illuminating gas faced a serious challenge, for the electric light proved to be a much brighter and more manageable device than the gaslight. The gas industry was able to stave off this threat for a number of years by introducing the Welsbach gas mantle, a chemically impregnated gauze pouch that, when it was heated by a gas flame, emitted a bright incandescent glow. The mantles cost only fifteen cents each and intensified the light from the gas flame about sevenfold; they helped the gas manufacturers hold off competition from Edison's electric light long enough to find a new market—the cookstoves and water heaters, which supported the industry after the final collapse of the gaslight era.

Thus, by the nineteen-twenties the United States had two sources of gas fuel containing methane—both of them flawed. Manufactured gas was produced in plants that could readily expand to meet the growth of industry and urban populations, but it was too expensive for most industrial uses and created serious pollution problems in urban areas. Natural gas, an excellent source of heat for residential and industrial uses, was available at a fairly low cost from wells in Appalachia and some Midwestern states, but the supply was too limited to sustain the growth of industry and housing. A partial solution to this problem appeared when

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large oil-and-natural-gas fields were discovered in Louisiana in 1916, in Kansas, Oklahoma, and the Texas panhandle in 1918, in New Mexico in 1927, on the Texas Gulf Coast in 1934, and in East Texas in 1936. The fields in this part of the country contained about fifteen times as much gas as the Appalachian Devonian shale deposits. It gushed out of the ground in huge flows—and it had nowhere to go, for the Southwest at that time was too sparsely populated and too little provided with industry to make use of all the gas beneath it. What the drillers were principally looking for was oil, not gas, and wells that produced only gas were frequently capped. If a well produced oil and associated gas, the gas was often simply spewed into the air in flares or burned to produce carbon black (a substance used in inks and tires), in a process that wasted the heat available from the gas. Industry records show that in 1938 more natural gas was wasted in these ways than was marketed for fuel.

The situation changed with the advent of the modern gas pipeline, which linked the Southern gas wells to Northern cities and industries. Attempts to pipe gas from wells to large urban centers go back more than a century. In 1870, an effort was made to deliver gas to Rochester, New York, from a well twenty-five miles away, through pipes made of pine logs drilled lengthwise to create an eight-inch bore. The system leaked badly and deteriorated rapidly; it was soon abandoned, after a loss of one and a half million dollars. Later, pipelines were made of sections of iron or steel pipe bolted together, but these, too, leaked; often, from twenty to forty per cent of the gas was lost in transit. The most important consequence of such leaks was that high pressure could not be maintained in the pipeline. One of the disadvantages of a gaseous fuel is its low density. A cubic foot of natural gas at ordinary atmospheric pressure contains only between one-tenth and three-tenths of one per cent of the energy available from a cubic foot of coal or oil. Obviously, a gas pipeline is very inefficient if it operates at atmospheric pressure. When the pressure is increased, however, the gas becomes denser and therefore contains more energy per unit volume. (Present-day pipelines operating at a pressure of a thousand pounds per square inch contain about sixty-six times as much energy as they do at atmospheric pressure, or from about seven to twenty per

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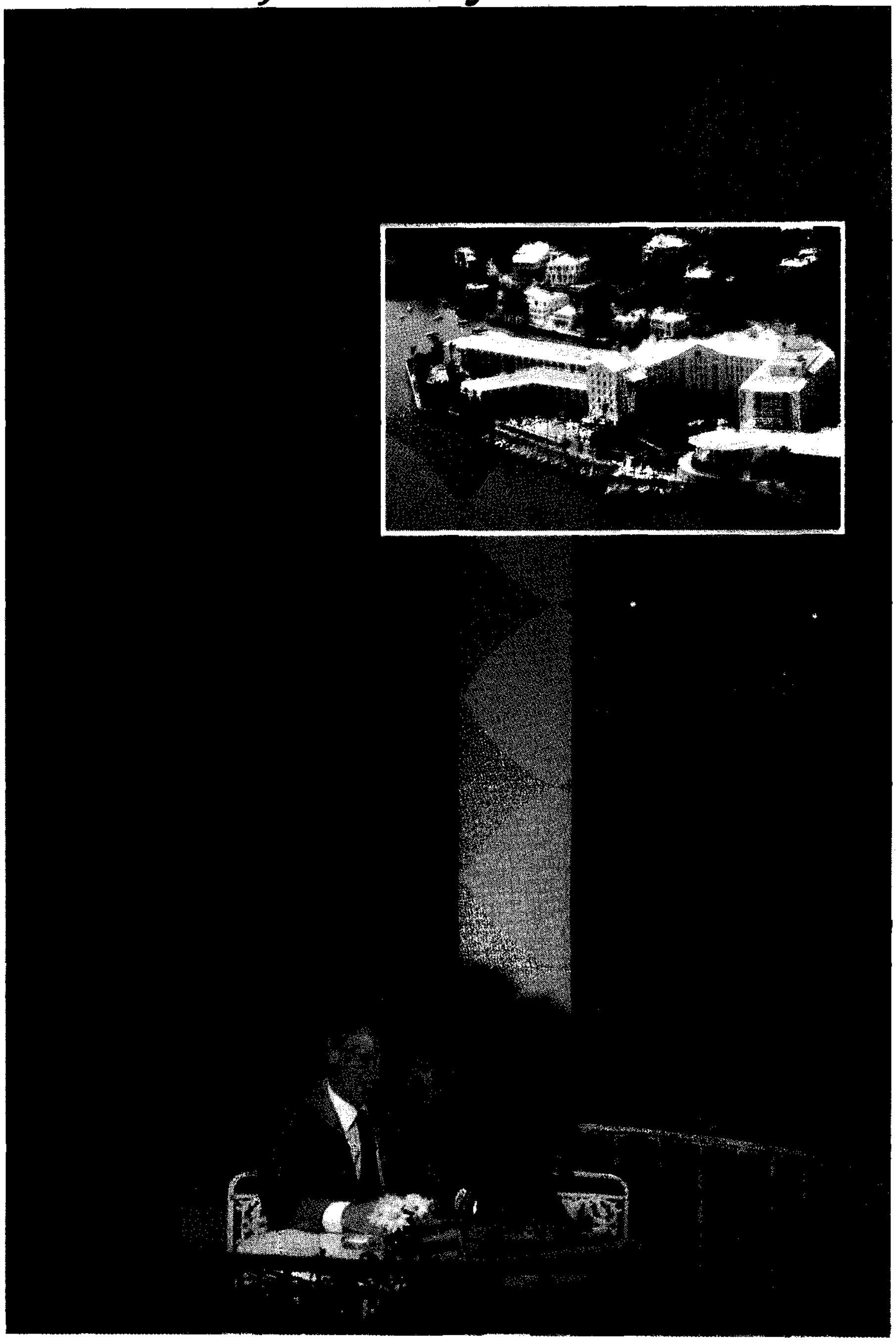

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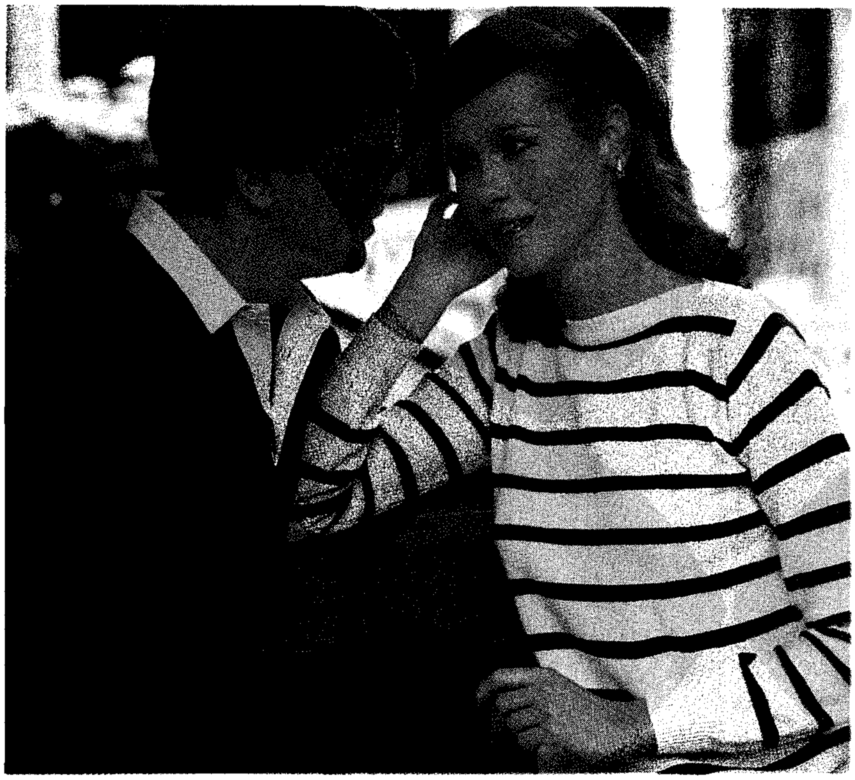

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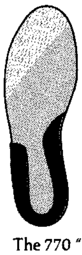

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cent of the energy in a cubic foot of coal or oil.) Efficient high-pressure transport of natural gas over long distances became possible with a new technological development: welded pipe joints. With these, manageably short sections of pipe could be easily laid in a ditch to form a continuous and nearly impermeable pipeline. Leakage was reduced to less than one per cent or so, and high pressure was readily maintained. The first long-distance all-welded pipeline was built in 1925; it extended two hundred and seventeen miles, from a field in northern Louisiana to Beaumont, Texas. By 1931, the first thousand-mile pipeline—from the Texas panhandle to Chicago—had been completed, and that year similar lines brought Texas gas to Omaha and Minneapolis. The national gas-pipeline system now consists of about a million miles of pipe.

By the early nineteen-thirties, the major technological problems involved in building long-distance pipelines capable of sustaining pressures high enough (six hundred to a thousand pounds per square inch) to carry gas efficiently had been solved. But the attendant economic and political problems had not. A 1975 report on the gas industry by the United States Federal Power Commission points out:

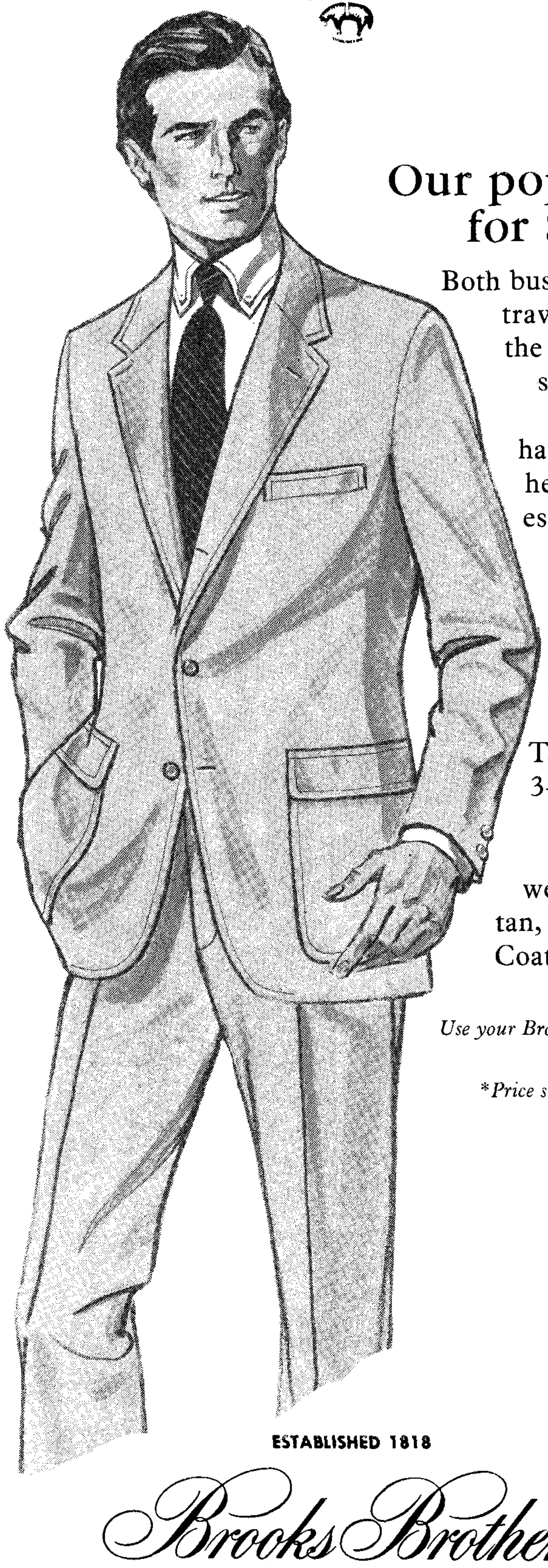
> The actual introduction of natural gas from the Southwest into Midwest markets caused an uproar of controversy, litigation, federal investigations, and demands for governmental action. At the core of this uproar was a battle between municipal officials and the established manufactured-gas industry as to how natural-gas supplies would be utilized by the distribution companies. In general, the manufactured-gas interests wanted to move very slowly in introducing natural gas to prolong the usefulness of their gas-manufacturing equipment and preserve as far as possible the high rates being charged for manufactured gas. They wanted to control the introduction of natural gas to the communities which they served and wanted to use natural gas initially to "enrich" their manufactured gas. The municipal officials, reflecting the views of their industries and citizens generally, wanted full natural-gas service as soon as the pipelines could be completed and new lower rates to reflect the low costs and high heat content associated with natural gas.

A key legal battle was fought over the attempt of the Columbia Gas & Electric Company to block the construction of a natural-gas pipeline from Texas to Detroit by acquiring a controlling interest in the pipeline company. An alliance of officials from various cities, led by the United States Conference of Mayors and the Municipal Leagues of Ohio and Wisconsin, fought the takeover, and in 1936 it was blocked by a federal court. The information that was developed in this and similar battles over the supply of natural gas led Senator Gerald P. Nye, Republican of North Dakota, to assert:

> It is a tale of fraud, of contract violations, commercial bribery, blackmail, stock market raiding, of bold division of territories among the barons, and of impudent flouting of the antitrust laws. . . . This is as rich and colorful a yarn of modern commercial piracy as has come to my knowledge since Judge Landis broke up the old Standard Oil Company. The broad aspects of its revelations show that without Federal regulation, strict and sharp, the utilities can and do to this day dispose of competition in as ruthless a fashion as old John D. Rockefeller ever dreamed.

The upshot was the passage of the Natural Gas Act of 1938, without a single dissenting vote in either house of Congress. This act gave the Federal Power Commission the right to regulate the interstate distribution of natural gas and to mandate pipeline service to specific communities. Even so, the East Coast did not get pipeline gas from the huge supplies in the Southwest until 1947, and got it then only by converting to gas transport two pipelines that had been built for another purpose—the transport of crude oil and refinery products overland during the Second World War, as a means of circumventing the Nazi submarine threat in the Atlantic. The New England area is still undersupplied with natural gas—a deficiency that has contributed to the extraordinarily high price of energy there and to the flight of industry to the energy-rich states of the Southwest.

In 1954, the Supreme Court ruled that the Natural Gas Act also allowed the Federal Power Commission to regulate the wellhead price of gas sold interstate. The basic reason for regulating the distribution and price of natural gas is that the structure of the industry might otherwise allow producers to take economic advantage of consumers. Once consumers are committed to using natural gas—for example, by installing a gas-fired heating system—they must have a constant supply of it, or a new system using a different fuel must be installed, often at considerable expense. Nor can consumers cope with a temporary shortage by keeping a store of natural gas on hand, for a huge container would be needed to store even a small supply. (A typical family might use about twenty-five thousand cubic feet of gas per winter month—a volume that would



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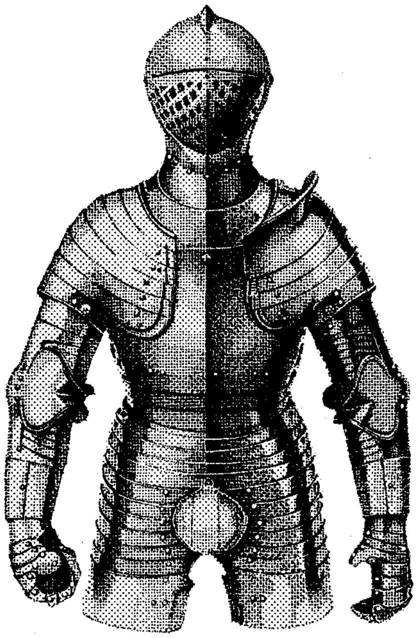

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require a storage container the size of a large house.) Natural gas can be compressed to a liquid occupying only about one six-hundredth of the volume of the original gas, but the equipment needed to provide such storage is quite expensive. In sum, it is difficult and costly for consumers to reverse their commitment to natural gas, so there must be a dependable, reasonably priced supply of it. The companies that operate the pipelines and local distribution systems must also be assured of such a supply, since they have no choice but to transport and sell natural gas.

At the producer end of the chain, the situation is very different. Most producers of natural gas are more concerned with the production of oil than with the production of natural gas, a competitive fuel. Just over half of the natural-gas reserves in the United States are held by companies whose major activity is the production and refining of oil. Of the twenty companies holding the largest reserves of natural gas, almost all are oil companies, which have most of their capital invested in equipment for handling liquid rather than gaseous materials. While the price of natural gas has risen a good deal recently, and oil companies have become more interested in producing it, the production of natural gas is still somewhat incidental to their other operations. These companies—unlike consumers and pipeline and distribution companies—have always had a number of choices open to them. Instead of selling gas to the pipeline companies, they could sell it, intrastate, to chemical companies for conversion into fertilizer and other chemicals; or they could manufacture these products themselves; or they could flare the gas into the air; or they could cap the wells. From the oil companies' point of view, these options had the advantage of keeping a competitor for their oil off the market.

Until 1973, the year of the OPEC embargo, the regulatory powers given the Federal Power Commission by the Natural Gas Act of 1938 were used to keep the wellhead price of natural gas low relative to the price of oil, and it rose only in pace with the general rate of inflation. Thereafter, with the sharp rise in the price of oil, gas producers asked for and received a steady increase in the wellhead price. Nevertheless, the price of natural gas lagged behind the price of oil, and the disparity, according to the producers, diminished the incentive to produce more

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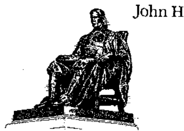

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gas. In 1978, Congress passed the Natural Gas Policy Act, which was designed to gradually increase the regulated price of natural gas relative to the price of oil. The act caused serious difficulties within the industry by creating twenty-eight different categories of natural gas, based partly on the dates when wells were brought into production. Generally, "new" gas was given a higher price than gas from older wells; this was supposed to encourage exploration. For the same reason, gas from certain sources that were not only new but unconventional (for example, very deep wells) was completely deregulated in price. The prices of the different categories of gas from conventional sources have varied so much that in 1981 the Phillips Petroleum Company sold natural gas for 19.7 cents per thousand cubic feet from one field and for more than six dollars per thousand cubic feet from another. In 1982, the Columbia Gas Transmission Corporation, a pipeline company, stopped taking inexpensive gas from wells in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia because its long-term contracts with producers supplying deregulated gas from deep wells in Louisiana and Texas required that the company pay as much as nine dollars per thousand cubic feet for the gas and pay for as much as ninety-five per cent of the amount of gas specified by the contract—whether the company took it or not. Such "take-or-pay" contracts have sharply increased the price of natural gas to consumers. Last winter, on a national average, the price increased by twenty-five per cent. In Ohio, where in some places prices increased by about forty per cent, people have had difficulty in paying their gas bills, and one Ohio distribution company disconnected some fifteen thousand delinquent customers. The escalating price of natural gas has hurt industries as well; the United States Steel Corporation, one of the nation's largest users of natural gas, paid about four hundred million dollars for it in 1982—a sum representing more than a third of the company's 1981 earnings—and expects that cost to double in the next three to five years.

The Natural Gas Policy Act of 1978 required that virtually all controls on "new" gas be lifted by 1985, in the expectation that by that time the average price at the wellhead would have risen to match the price of oil. Spurred by its zeal for deregulation, the Reagan Administration has introduced a bill that would lift most of the

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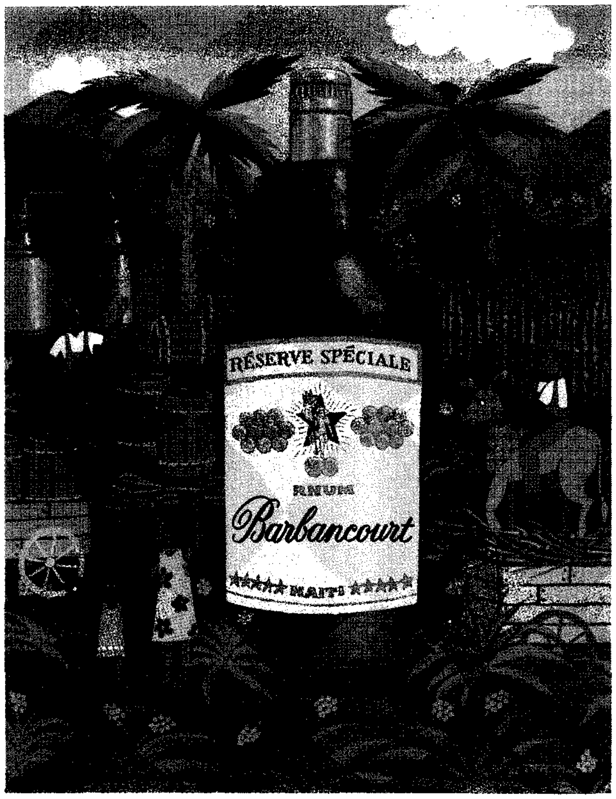

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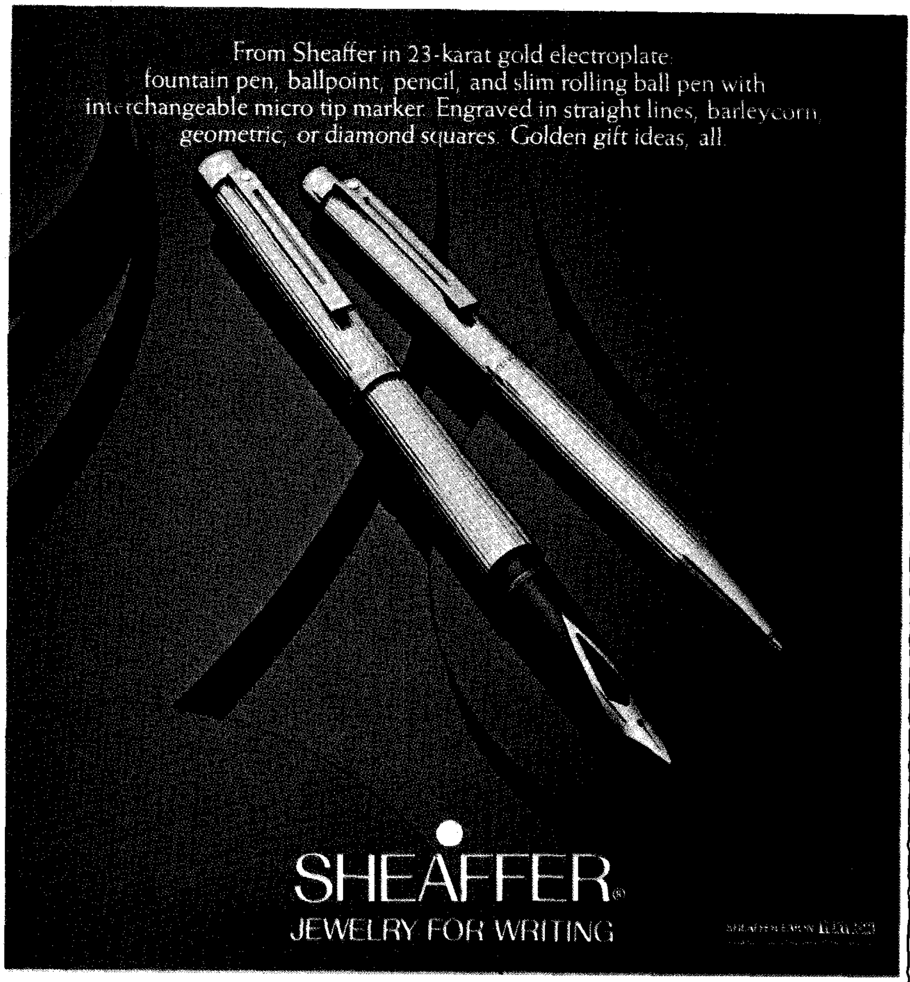

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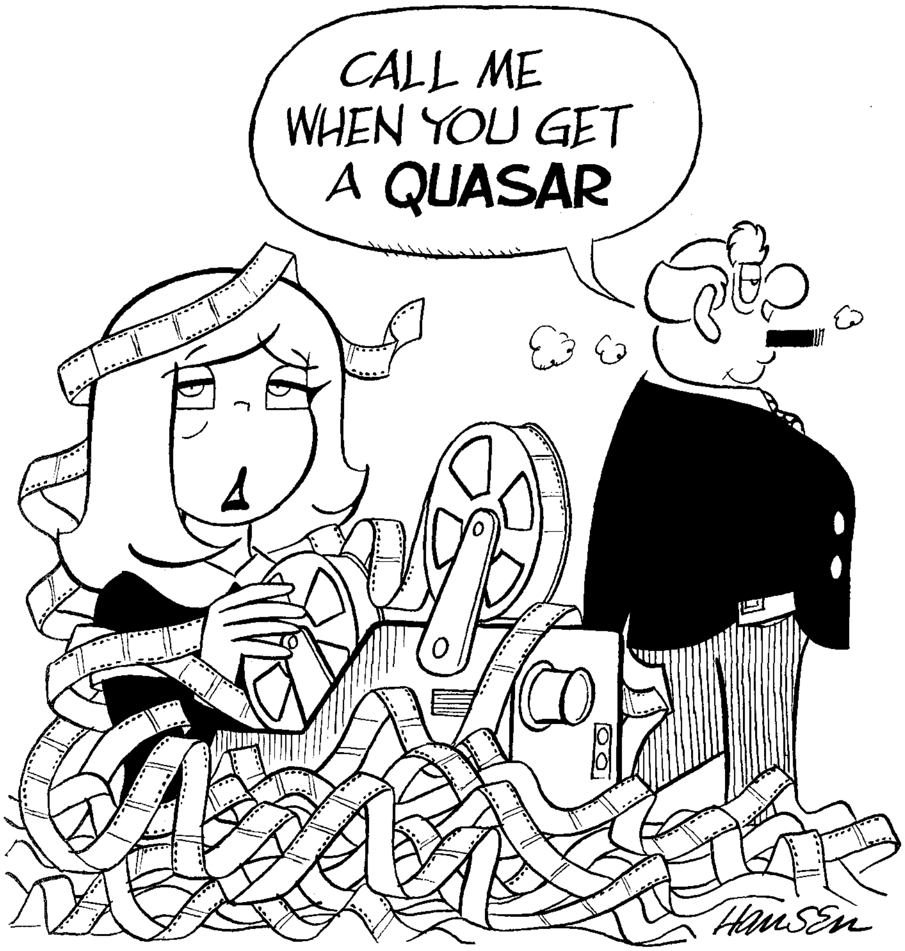
existing natural-gas price controls—most significantly, those on the cheap and plentiful supplies of "old" gas. A national consumers' organization, the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition, has estimated that this would add about a hundred and twenty billion dollars to the nation's natural-gas bill over the next four years, sharply increasing the cost of fuel to residential customers and to the industries that can least afford it—food, auto, textile, construction, and steel. The coalition is supporting a bill—the Natural Gas Consumer Relief Act, which was introduced in the House by Richard Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri, and in the Senate by Nancy Kassebaum, Republican of Kansas—in opposition to the Administration bill. The opposition bill is designed to hold down natural-gas prices by maintaining controls on "old" gas, keeping controls on "new" gas until 1987, and limiting take-or-pay purchases, for three years, to fifty per cent of the amount specified in existing contracts. For their part, some of the pipeline companies saddled with these contracts for high-priced, deregulated gas have declared that they will simply abrogate them; other pipeline companies have asked producers to renegotiate contracts that require them to buy the high-priced gas. Once more, the industry is demonstrating its proclivity for chaos.

GIVEN the country's considerable reliance on a continued flow of natural gas—in recent years the United States has used about twenty trillion cubic feet annually—it is important to know how long the national supply will last. This is one of the most confused of all energy issues, in a forum by now accustomed to controversy and confusion. In the years since the OPEC embargo, which alerted the American public to the energy crisis, a great deal has been said about the limited supplies of the resources on which the United States relies for nearly all (ninety-five per cent) of its energy—oil, natural gas, coal, and uranium. These fuels are nonrenewable and are being progressively depleted. Concern was heightened by evidence that between 1967 and 1973 the country was consuming its deposits of oil and natural gas faster than new ones were being discovered. This led to the expectation that if current rates of consumption continued we would soon run out of domestic oil and natural gas—a point of view reflected in President

Carter's exhortation of Americans to treat the energy crisis as though it were "the moral equivalent of war," because "we are now running out of gas and oil."

Some of the estimates of the country's reserves of oil and natural gas which were made in the nineteen-seventies were indeed alarmingly low. For example, in 1974, despite a considerably higher figure reported by the United States Geological Survey, the Mobil Oil Corporation estimated that the total amount of recoverable natural gas that remained to be discovered in the United States—the "resource base"—was four hundred and forty-three trillion cubic feet, enough to last about twenty-two years. The energy policies of the Nixon, Ford, and Carter Administrations reflected such pessimistic estimates and proposed to deal with the situation by relying increasingly on coal (domestic supplies are thought to be sufficient for between three hundred and four hundred years) and nuclear power (although uranium supplies would last only from twenty-five to thirty years with the planned conventional nuclear power plants, introduction of the breeder reactor could stretch out the supply to seven hundred years or more). In 1978, Congress passed the Powerplant and Industrial Fuel Use Act, which required industries and power plants that used natural gas to switch to coal. Such shifts are difficult and expensive (in fact, the mandated changeover was subsequently relaxed by amendment), but they would nevertheless have to be made if the natural gas remaining in the United States was indeed only enough to support the nation's level of consumption until 1996; running out of a commodity as essential as natural gas would be a catastrophe, and two decades was not a very long time in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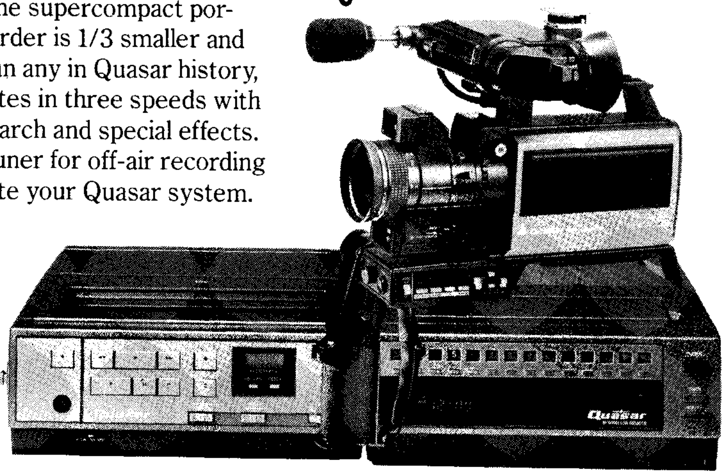

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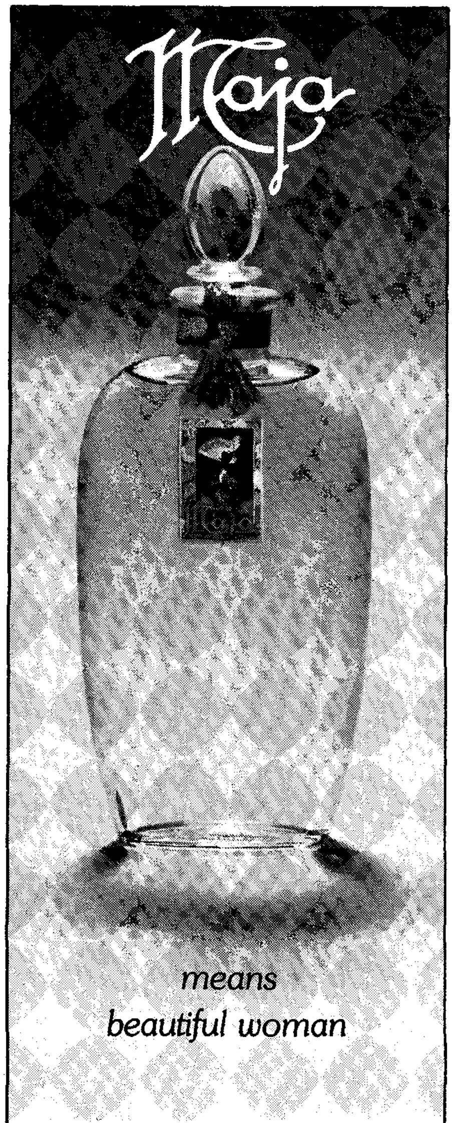

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which to make the complex changes needed to cope with it.

A good deal of the uncertainty about how much natural gas remains available from domestic deposits derives from the relation between energy and the economy. On the one hand, the operation of the economic system is entirely dependent on continued access to energy, for energy drives the production processes that generate economic wealth. On the other hand, the amount of energy available depends on how much of the wealth generated by the economy is devoted to producing it. This interdependence of the energy system and the economy takes on a special form when the source of energy is nonrenewable. The deposits of a nonrenewable resource such as oil or natural gas vary a good deal in their accessibility. Some deposits are large and shallow, and therefore easy to get at, while others are small, deep, or under water, and therefore difficult and costly to exploit. Invariably, the more accessible, less costly deposits are exploited first. The total amount of energy we can expect to acquire from nonrenewable resources, then, depends on what we are willing to spend, for the cost of acquiring a unit amount of energy will rise as the more accessible deposits are exhausted. Early estimates of how much natural gas remains available in the United States generally considered only those sources that could be profitably exploited at the then current price. Most of the more recent estimates, however, have taken into account the relation between the price of energy and the size of the resource that can be economically exploited, and, because of the rise in energy prices, have tended to be significantly larger. According to a 1981 estimate provided by the Potential Gas Committee—a group of gas-industry experts affiliated with the Colorado School of Mines—the natural-gas resource base that can be recovered using conventional drilling and well-completion technology is about nine hundred trillion cubic feet, or enough for a forty-five-year supply at the present rate of use, if we are willing to pay the higher costs of producing it. Under the stimulus of the energy crisis, a good deal of attention was given to finding unconventional sources of gas, either by improving the productivity of known deposits or by exploring for new ones. For instance, the production of gas from "tight" formations, such as Devonian shale, can be increased by using new technologies that stimulate

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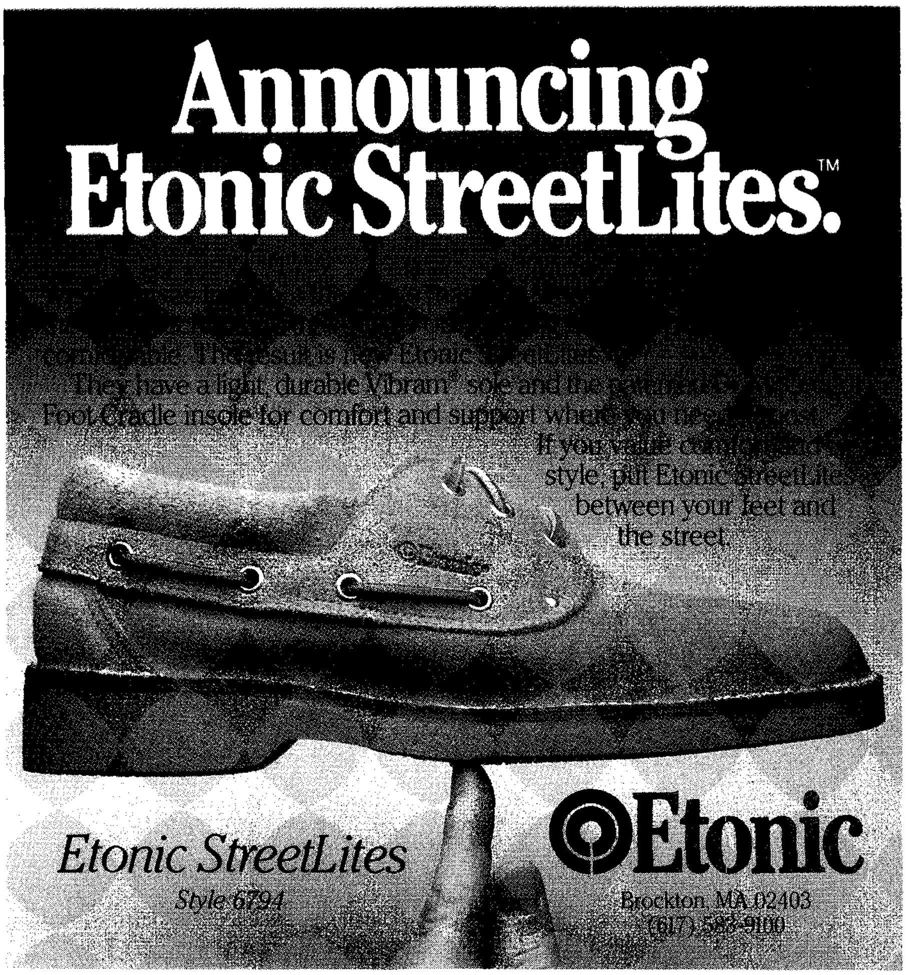
the normally slow rate of gas flow by opening up artificial cracks in the formation to provide more channels for the gas to move toward the borehole. One attempt to apply this technique was a project known as Gasbuggy, which sought to crack open gas-producing sandstone formations in New Mexico—known as "tight sands" and similar to Devonian shale in their low permeability—by exploding a nuclear bomb in the well. This explosion and two others, in Colorado, were actually carried out. The results were not good. A 1976 report by J. J. Stosur, a petroleum engineer with the Energy Research and Development Administration, stated:

> Ten years ago, nuclear-explosive well fracturing appeared to be an exciting and promising if not proven technology for unlocking natural gas from very tight formations that otherwise could not be exploited commercially. Now that the three tests have been completed and a proposed fourth test cancelled, it generally is agreed that the three tests did not come up to expectations in either the postulated stimulation effects or the attendant hopes for economic benefits.

According to the report, the intense pressure of the nuclear explosions did crack the tight formations around the wells, but immediately after the explosions the cracks closed up again, blocking the flow of gas. To make matters worse, the extreme heat generated by the explosions glazed the well cavities with solidified molten rock—an effective seal against the gas. After noting that the technique faced considerable public opposition, the report concluded that this procedure "appears to be in the unenviable position of having technical, economic, and political problems." The bombs used in the project were valued by the federal government at close to half a million dollars each.

In fact, the industry had already developed a technique for stimulating gas flow in tight formations which is less expensive than the nuclear method (costing about a hundred thousand to three hundred thousand dollars per well), is free of political problems, and, in a curiously simple way, is far superior technologically. The method involves pumping water into the well under high pressure, which shatters the tight mass of shale or sandstone and creates a network of new cracks. By adding glass beads or sand to the water, the problem of the cracks' closing is solved: the water pressure forces the particles into the new cracks, and the particles keep them



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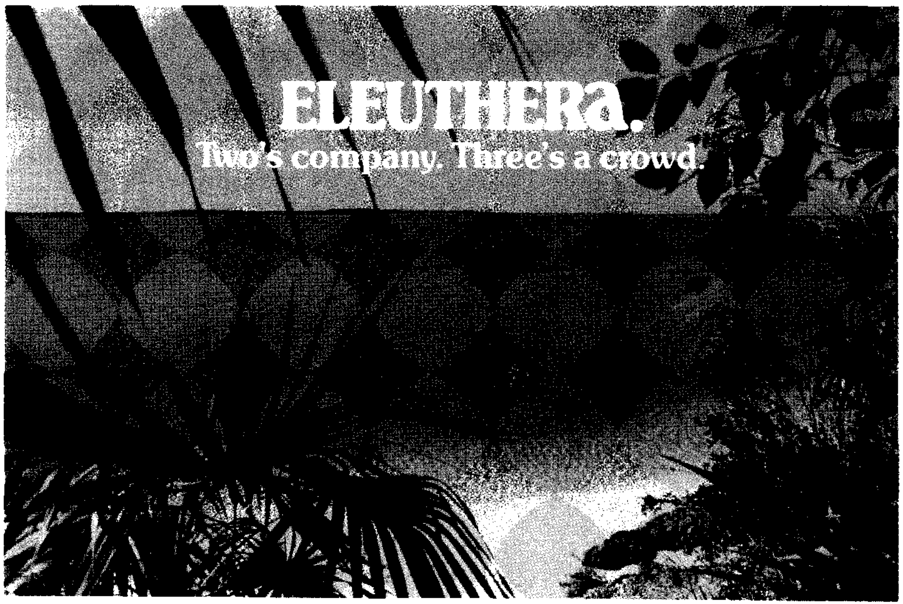

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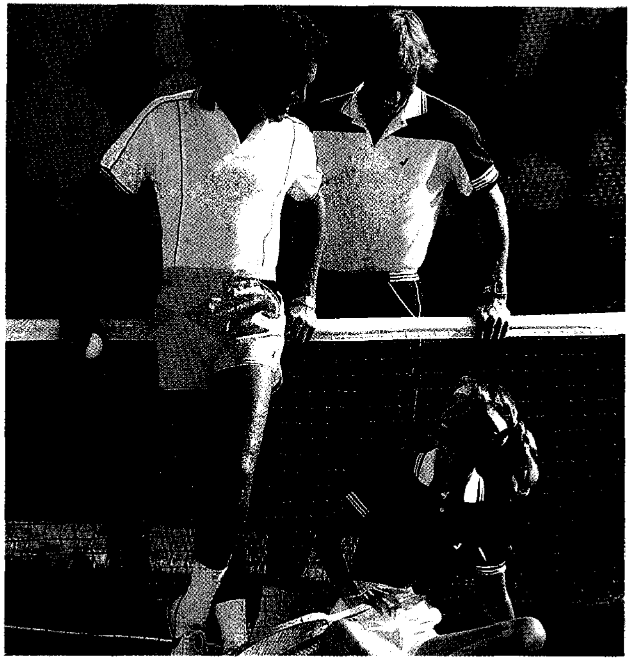

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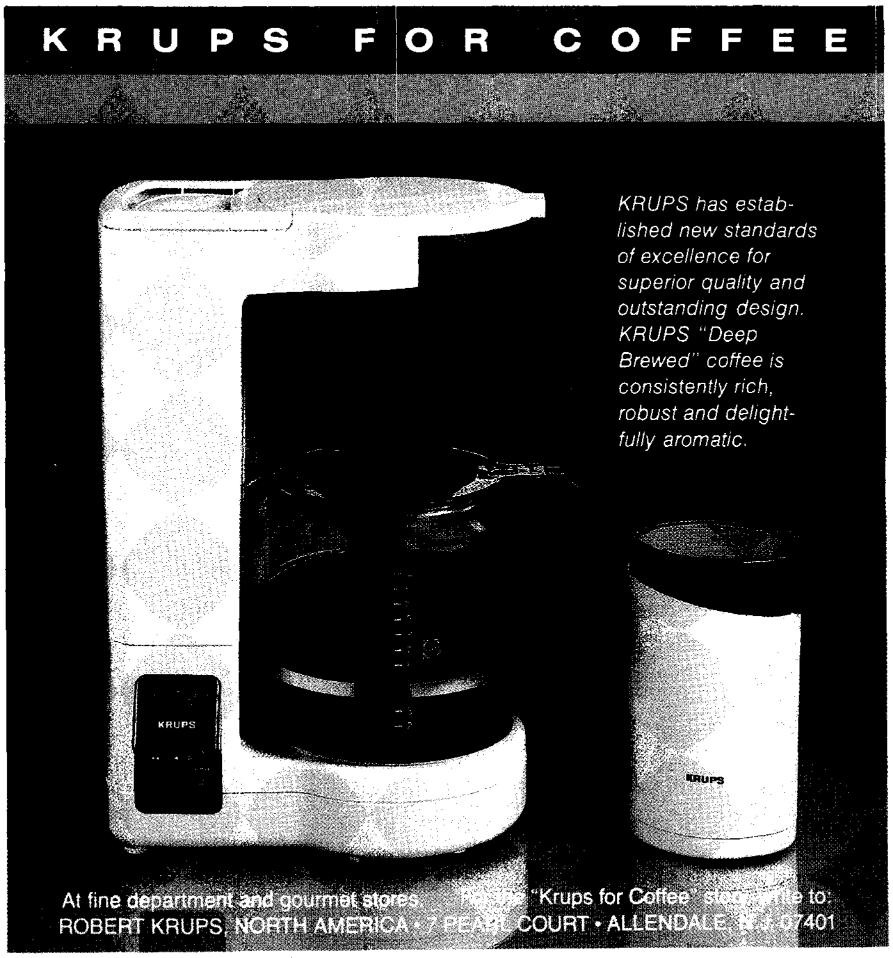

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propped open. This technique increases the rate of production by anywhere from fifty to several hundred per cent. It is now being applied to wells drilled in both the Devonian shale and the Western tight sands. According to the Potential Gas Committee, the tight sands contain between 192 trillion and 574 trillion cubic feet of recoverable natural gas and the Devonian shale between ten trillion and sixty trillion cubic feet. Added to the committee's estimate of conventional gas reserves, this brings the over-all figure up to a supply sufficient for fifty-five to seventy-seven years.

Most of the natural-gas wells in the United States are less than five thousand feet deep; only a few wells are deeper than fifteen thousand feet. These deep wells are regarded as unconventional sources, since they require special, rather expensive drilling equipment; as noted, the gas produced from them was removed from price regulation by the Natural Gas Policy Act. What may become the world's deepest gas well, targeted to thirty-three thousand five hundred feet, is now being drilled in Beckham County, Oklahoma—in the Deep Anadarko Basin, in the western part of the state—by the G.H.K. Company, an independent gas producer that has specialized in exploring the basin. Given the considerable success of wells drilled in the Anadarko Basin, company officials estimate that it contains at least sixty trillion cubic feet of natural gas, with a fifty-fifty probability of twice that amount. They estimate, further, that similar deep deposits in the Rocky Mountains and in Louisiana contain two hundred and fifty trillion cubic feet. Added to the earlier amounts, these bring the recoverable resource to as much as nineteen hundred trillion cubic feet, or about a ninety-five-year supply of natural gas at the present rate of use.

One unconventional source, known as "geopressured" methane, may be particularly large, if the more optimistic estimates turn out to be true. The term refers to methane held in brine, in formations occurring at depths of ten to twelve thousand feet or more, where the weight of the overlying rock exerts pressures of up to twelve hundred times atmospheric pressure and temperatures range from two hundred and fifty to five hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Most of what is known about this type of natural-gas deposit comes from experience along the Gulf Coast in Louisiana and Texas. When wells are drilled along this coast, they commonly encounter "nonassociated" gas—natural gas not associated with oil—under very high pressure. These wells often produce brine along with the gas, and recent studies suggest that the gas reservoirs tapped represent only a very small part of the total amount of methane available from the area. Geological evidence indicates that below the gas reservoirs there is a porous rock formation containing brine in which methane is dissolved. Estimates of the amount of dissolved methane vary a great deal, since the volume of the water-bearing sandstone strata and their porosity are not precisely known. The Potential Gas Committee cites estimates ranging from fifty trillion to twelve hundred trillion cubic feet of recoverable gas—that is, possibly an additional sixty-year supply. According to Paul H. Jones, formerly a professor of geology at Louisiana State University and now a consultant to the petroleum industry, who is a specialist in the subject, there are geopressured zones similar to the one on the Texas-Louisiana Gulf Coast in some forty-three countries—in South and Central America, Europe, Africa, Asia, and Oceania. Although knowledge about such zones is still very limited, and the practicability of producing gas from them at a reasonable cost has not been determined, they may represent a source of energy which is not only large but equitably distributed over most of the planet.

Other unconventional sources of methane include coalfields (in fact, methane is often a danger in mines), which in the United States are thought to contain from forty trillion to sixty trillion cubic feet of recoverable gas, and a methane-water complex, which was first confirmed in Arctic waters. Little is known as yet

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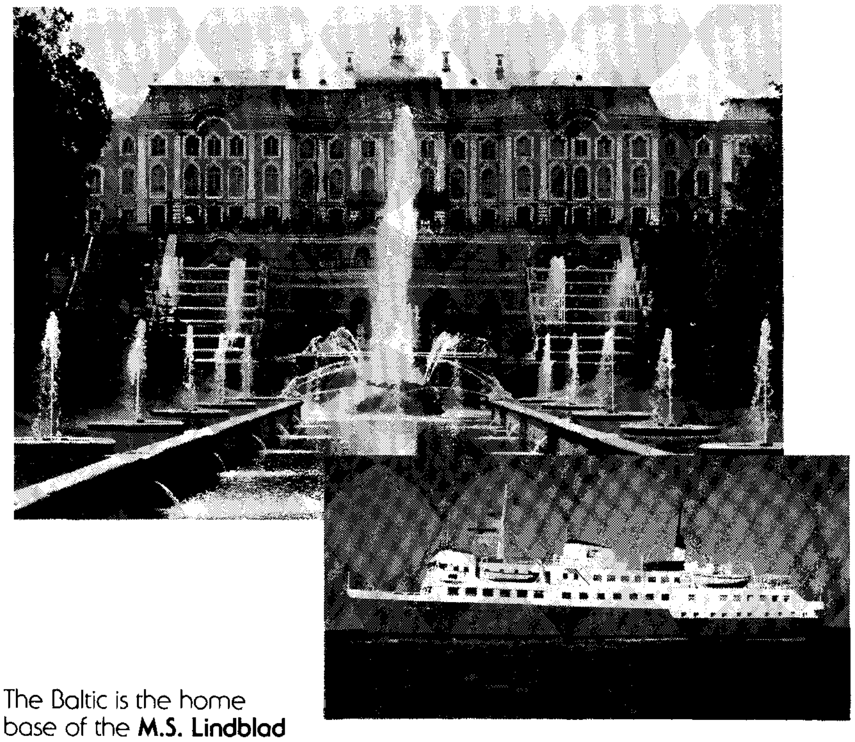

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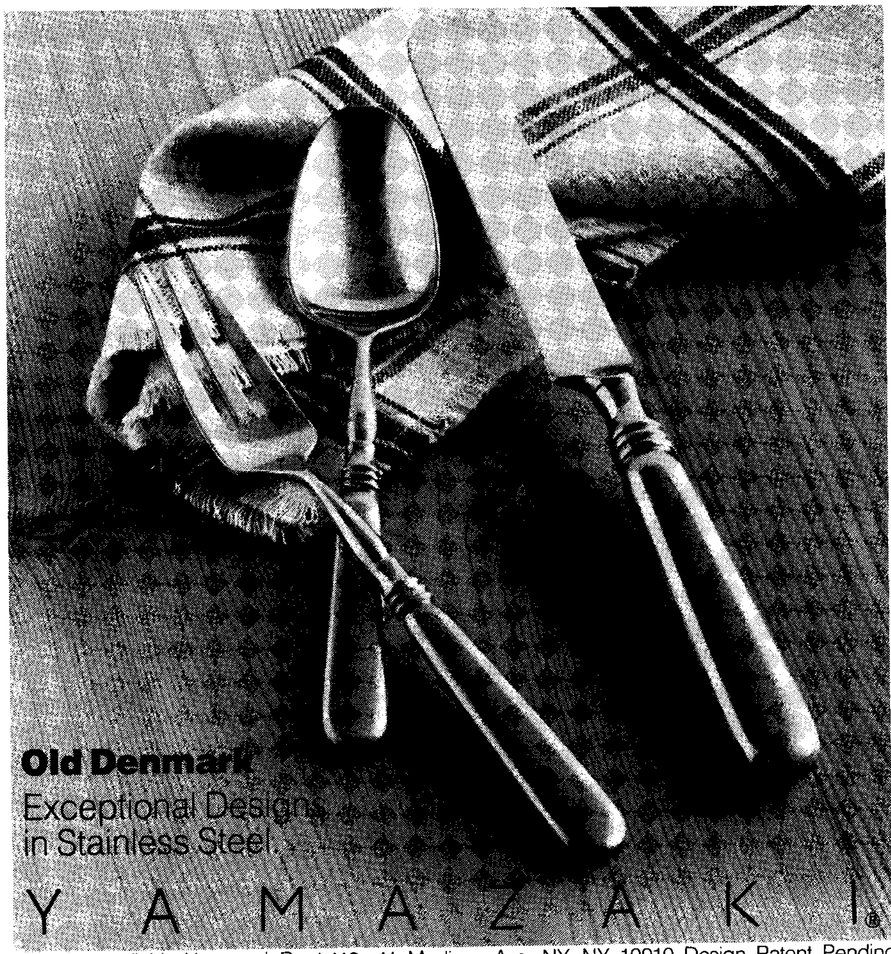

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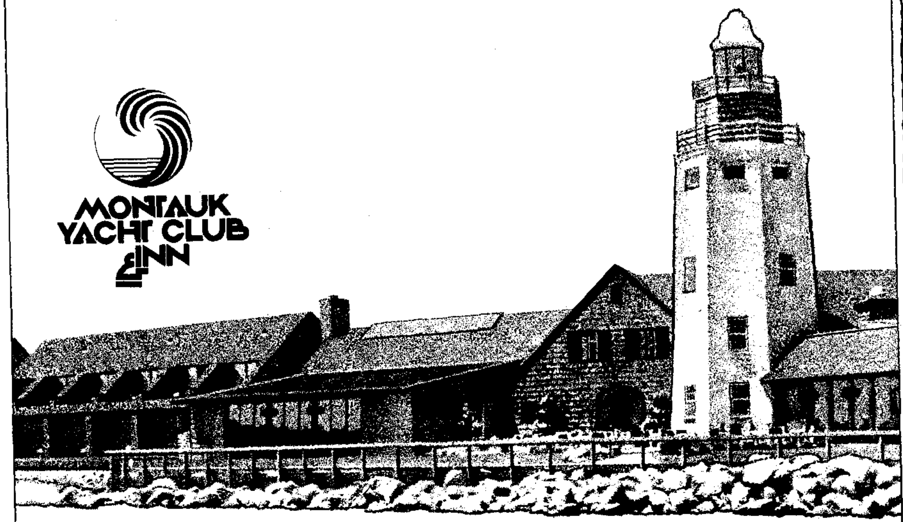

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about the feasibility of recovering methane from seawater, but the amount of gas contained in sediments of the United States' continental shelf alone may be as much as 6,700,000 trillion cubic feet. The resource is so huge that even if only a very small fraction was recovered it would add greatly to the available supply. "Syngas," a methane-containing fuel produced from coal, is widely expected to be a new unconventional source of methane; funding for a large-scale plant to produce it was authorized by Congress in 1980, and the plant is now under construction in Mercer County, North Dakota. This is, however, nothing more than the resurrection in modern guise of the manufactured-gas industry, which was largely displaced by the production of natural gas about thirty years ago. Like its predecessor, syngas is expensive and may pose serious environmental problems.

When the numerical uncertainties are taken into account, it seems reasonable to conclude that if the recoverable natural gas available from unconventional sources is added to that available from conventional sources, the total amount of recoverable gas in the United States represents perhaps a hundred-and-sixty-year supply at the present rate of use. Since alternative sources of energy could also be available within that time, there is little reason to deprive present residential, commercial, and industrial users of continued access to this fuel. However, the production of natural gas from unconventional sources would not solve the basic economic difficulty that arises from dependence on nonrenewable fuels: the escalating cost of energy as these resources are depleted. Since the unconventional sources of natural gas are less accessible than the conventional ones, they are bound to be more costly to develop, and as the more difficult sites are brought into production the rise in the price of natural gas will undoubtedly be progressively steeper. And we cannot long delay finding a solution to this problem, for as energy becomes more and more costly, and an ever-larger proportion of our wealth needs to be devoted to producing it, the energy system will, in effect, cannibalize the very economic system that it is supposed to support. Some of our most serious economic problems—the inflationary impact of rising energy prices, particularly on poor people and people with fixed incomes; the drain of energy investments on the capital available to rebuild productive enterprises; the plight of developing countries that cannot afford to buy the energy they need—derive from this feature of the present energy system, dependent as it is on nonrenewable resources. These difficulties could be remedied if we relied instead on renewable sources of energy. Since the accessibility of a renewable resource—solar energy, for example—is not diminished by use, such a resource remains constant in cost and maintains a stable, supportive relationship to the rest of the economy.

It is often argued that solar energy could be available only in limited forms, such as from rooftop solar collectors for heating water, that are unsuited to the various energy-using processes of a modern industrial society, or from devices, such as photovoltaic cells, that are extremely expensive. It is significant, therefore, that methane—a versatile industrial fuel, an excellent means of producing electricity and heat, and an efficient automotive fuel—can in fact be produced from a renewable source, as a form of solar energy. Bacteria that convert various organic compounds into methane are widely distributed in nature—for example, in the digestive tracts of most animals. These bacteria can be used to produce methane in a generator (ordinarily, just an air-free tank) from a great variety of organic materials, including manure, sewage, and garbage. Hundreds of thousands of such methane generators provide villages in China and India with fuel for cooking; some farmers in this country have begun to adopt the technique. Methane can also be obtained by inserting pipes into landfills, where it is produced by bacterial action on the deposited garbage. In effect, bacterial action converts into methane the solar energy that is built photosynthetically into organic matter. In the United States, organic matter not otherwise used in the economy is sufficient to produce perhaps a few trillion cubic feet of methane per year—far too little to meet the present demand for natural gas. However, experiments with the culture of algae in offshore ocean areas suggest that this source could in time provide enough organic material to yield an amount of methane about equal to the present demand.

Methane is likely to be crucial to the successful operation of an energy system based on solar energy. Although sunlight is free, the equipment needed

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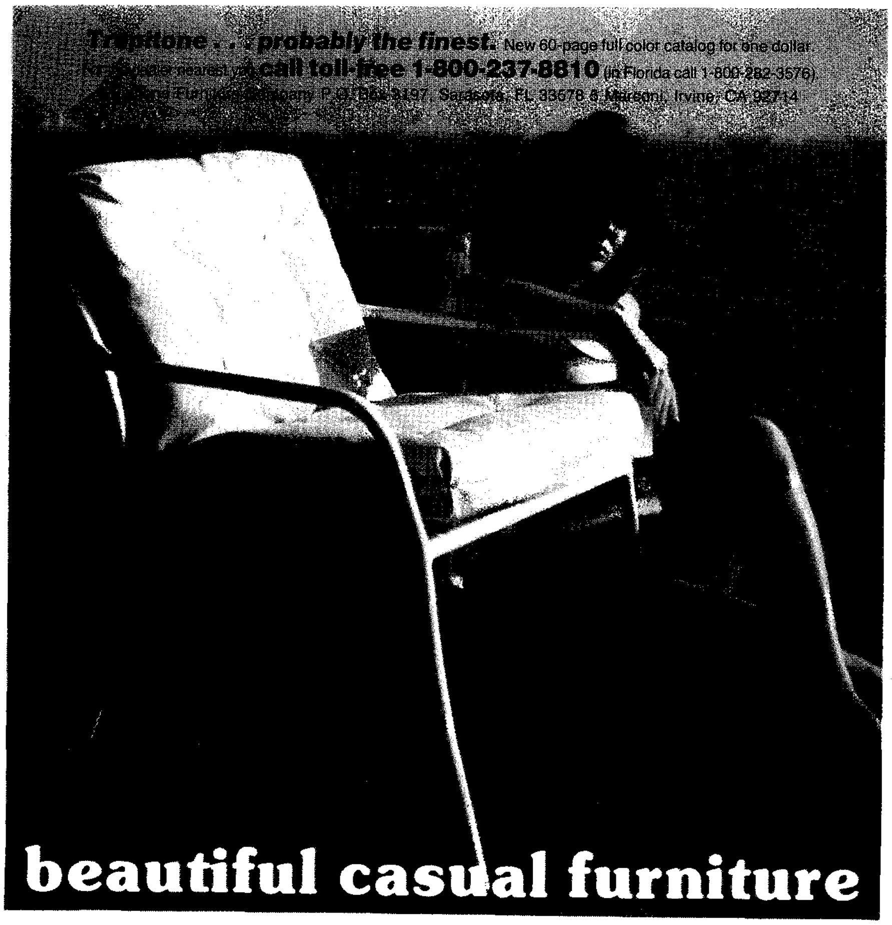
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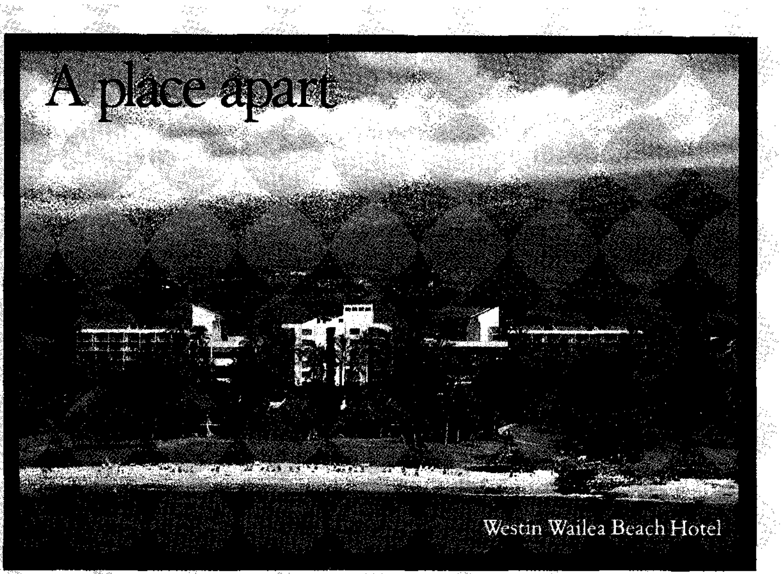
to capture it is costly; therefore, a solar economy must be based on very thrifty, effective uses of energy. Methane can be used to reduce the enormous waste involved in one of the main features of the present energy system—the production of electricity from fuel. For thermodynamic reasons, about two-thirds of the energy content of a fuel used to drive an electric generator is converted not into electricity but into heat, which in most power plants is simply ejected into the environment—through cooling towers, for instance. One can, however, design a power plant—a "cogenerator"—in which this heat is directed toward some useful purpose, such as heating buildings. In Manhattan, for example, vapor escaping from manholes is a sign of the operation of a pipe system that conducts waste steam from power plants to nearby buildings. Heat is difficult to transmit over long distances; if cogeneration is to be used to reduce the cost of energy to urban residents, many of whom are poor and thus suffer more than others from the rising price of heating oil and electricity, the plant needs to be close to their homes, and must therefore use a fuel that is essentially nonpolluting. Only methane qualifies.

As both a nonrenewable fuel and a readily available solar one, methane alone among present fuels can facilitate the transition from our nearly complete dependence on nonrenewable, fossil fuels to a solar-energy system, for it will enable us to avoid the costly and disruptive replacement of present energy-using and distributing equipment. At first, natural gas—widely transmitted in a considerably expanded pipeline system—will have to be used not only for its present purposes but also to run a thrifty, decentralized system of power production based on cogenerators. Then, as local solar sources of methane are developed—sewage and garbage in cities, manure and crop residues in agricultural areas, algae grown for the purpose along the coasts—solar methane can be pumped into the pipelines, gradually reducing the contribution of the natural-gas wells. The century or more of grace granted by the nation's supply of natural gas affords ample time to accomplish this transition. One virtue of such a transition is that the replacement of a fossil fuel with a solar one will eliminate the increase in atmospheric carbon dioxide—and its potentially hazardous warming effect on the earth's temperature—resulting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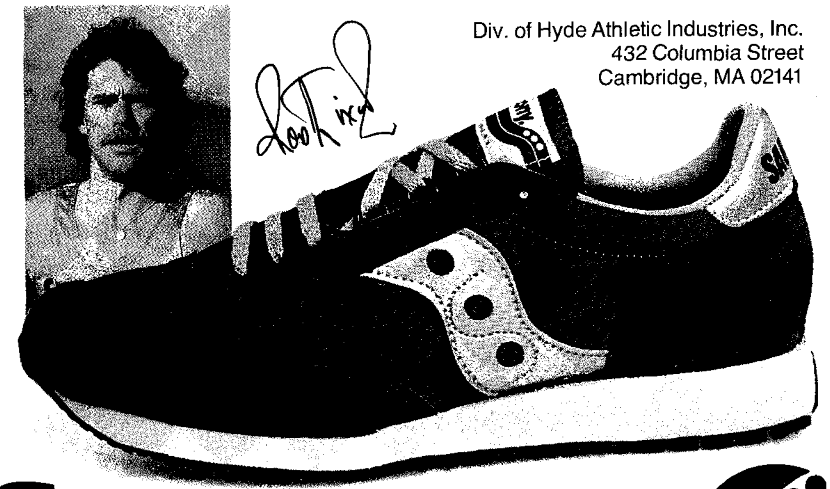
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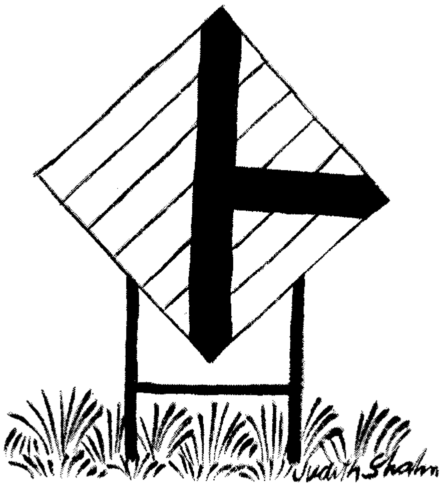
from burning the fossil fuel. A solar fuel, such as methane made from garbage, contains carbon recently derived, photosynthetically, from atmospheric carbon dioxide. When solar methane is burned, the carbon dioxide released into the atmosphere simply replaces the carbon dioxide removed when crops—which are the original source of the carbon in garbage and of the methane derived from it—are grown. Moreover, as the deposits of natural gas are depleted, the formations that held them will become available for storing solar methane. Indeed, one can envisage the gradual conversion of natural-gas deposits from a continuing source of energy into a standby source for extra energy in the winter months, and then, as solar-methane production increases, into a long-term standby source to take care of a particularly bad year. Finally, when the production of solar methane becomes abundant enough, whatever is produced in excess of needs in a particular year could be pumped back into the natural-gas wells and added to the store.

While various forms of solar energy offer ways of avoiding the economic dilemma posed by nonrenewable resources, in theory this could also be accomplished if a resource was extremely large—really enormous—relative to the rate of use: say, a million times the present annual rate of use. Then depletion of even the more available deposits would be so slight compared with the total amount of the resource as to have no noticeable effect on the accessibility, and therefore the cost, of the remaining deposits. Even if such a resource was nonrenewable, its superabundance would allow us to remedy the present, corrosive relationship between the energy system and the economy. It now seems possible that such a source of energy exists;



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once again, uniquely, that source is methane. The theory that the earth might harbor a superabundance of methane was advanced in 1978 by Thomas Gold, a professor of astronomy at Cornell University. Professor Gold is concerned with accounting for the fate of the carbon originally present in the material that formed the earth. According to a generally held theory, the earth was formed by the accretion of smaller rocky bodies, which—like many meteorites—contained hydrocarbon compounds. As the mass of the planet compressed, its internal temperature increased and enormous amounts of methane were released from the primordial hydrocarbons. Professor Gold's theory is that most of this methane is still held below the earth's crust. He believes that this primordial methane may be the source both of the natural gas tapped by very deep wells and, possibly, of some of the more conventional deposits.

Professor Gold's theory is not widely accepted. The customary view is that all methane, like all petroleum, is derived from the carbon contained in plants that were transformed by the higher temperature associated with burial under sedimentary layers of silt and debris. The carbon, of course, was derived from the carbon dioxide that the plants had captured from the atmosphere photosynthetically—a process that began long after the earth's formation. According to this view, oil and natural gas will occur only in those places where geological formations trapped plant sediments in pockets under the conditions necessary to convert them to fossil fuels. It leads to the conclusion, commonly held among oil and gas specialists, that natural-gas deposits are relatively rare in the earth's crust, and that their total size is encompassed by the present estimates of conventional and unconventional sources—a figure that in the United States represents perhaps a hundred-and-sixty-year supply. Professor Gold, for his part, agrees that some of the natural gas now being produced is probably biological in origin. However, he believes that this is not necessarily true of most of the earth's supply of hydrocarbon fuel—including much of its oil, which may be derived from primordial methane. Professor Gold believes that the reservoir of this abiogenic methane may contain some twenty million times the energy annually provided worldwide by fossil fuels, and in 1979 he wrote, in the *Journal of Petroleum Geology:* "We may won-

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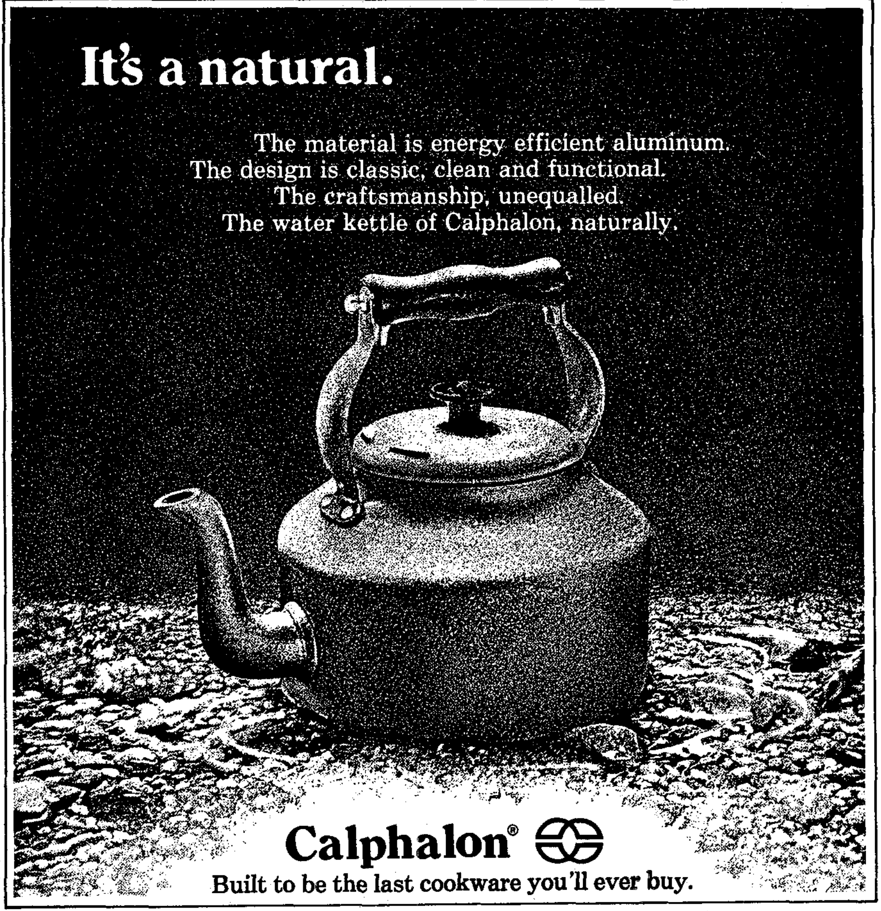

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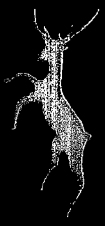

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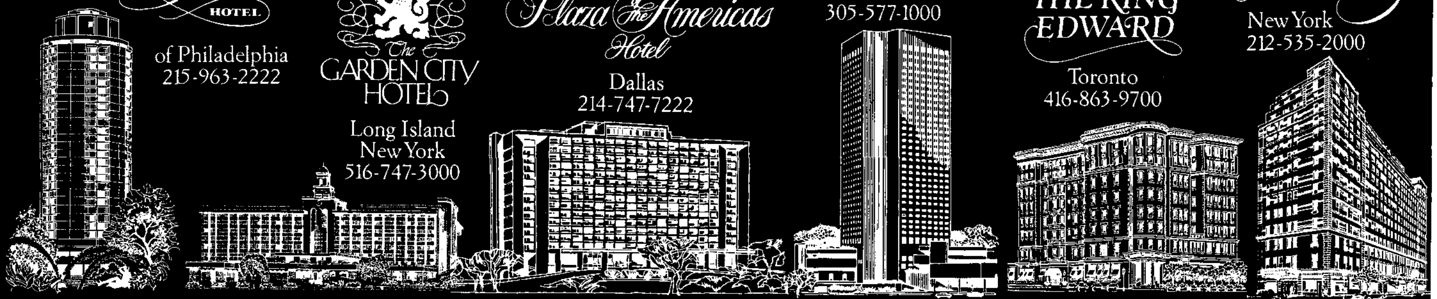

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der, therefore, whether some small fraction of this large reservoir is still available and at such depths, or communicating by natural channels to such depths, that recovery is possible."

As evidence for the existence of abiogenic methane, Professor Gold cites, among other indications, reports of flares—apparently due to burning methane—which sometimes occur during earthquakes, and of other quake-related phenomena, such as eruptions of mud volcanoes accompanied by flames. Evidence of a more direct kind has been reported by Harmon Craig and John A. Welhan, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, in La Jolla, California. In 1979, a Scripps expedition detected methane welling up from a deep rift—thought to extend down into the zone of molten rock below the earth's crust—at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of Baja California. More recently, the Scripps investigators have found evidence of several vents that are releasing methane into the South Pacific Ocean. As Craig said in an interview with *Chemical & Engineering News*, in July of 1981, "abiogenic methane exists and can be detected. We have found it." As such data accumulate, there is less doubt about the validity of Professor Gold's theory. Even among skeptics, there is considerable interest in testing it, because of its tremendous importance if it should prove to be correct. Perhaps very deep wells, like those in the Anadarko Basin or in the zone of geopressured methane, in Louisiana and Texas, are actually tapping abiogenic methane. If so, wells drilled into the relatively common areas of the earth's crust where formations are porous enough to allow abiogenic methane to migrate upward would yield a supply of the gas so large and long-lasting that, as in the case of solar energy, we would escape the escalation in cost that is the central issue of the energy crisis.

Potentially, methane offers a workable solution to the necessary dependence of modern society on energy. It is not only an ideal present fuel but also the vehicle that can carry us through a transition from the existing, corrosive relation between energy and the economy to a future in which energy is derived from renewable solar sources, which, because they do not escalate in price, are in harmony with the economy. There is a sharp contrast between the potential value of methane to society and the chaos that now

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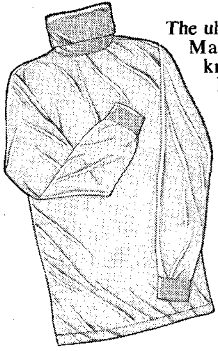

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characterizes its production and use. If the transition is to succeed, methane will have to be more widely used; and if potential users are to be willing to commit themselves to this fuel, its supply must be assured, and at a reasonable price. To this end, the commercial enterprises that make up the overall system and govern its behavior—in particular, the producers and the pipeline companies—must serve this national goal rather than their own, more narrow interests. When the nation finally gets around to devising a rational energy policy—one recognizing that the real energy crisis lies in the escalating cost of energy, and in the mounting threat of that cost to the standard of living of poor people and to the stability of the economy itself—methane will need to play a key role.

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I believe that other puritan
was looking at you when
he first thought, "Beware of
enterprises that require
new clothes."

I've believed in your way
since that evening
the owl sat
waiting for light to drain
into dusk, and you
flew straight in

and, seeing him there,
at the last instant
dipped up just enough,
and taught me
the duende of chickadees.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

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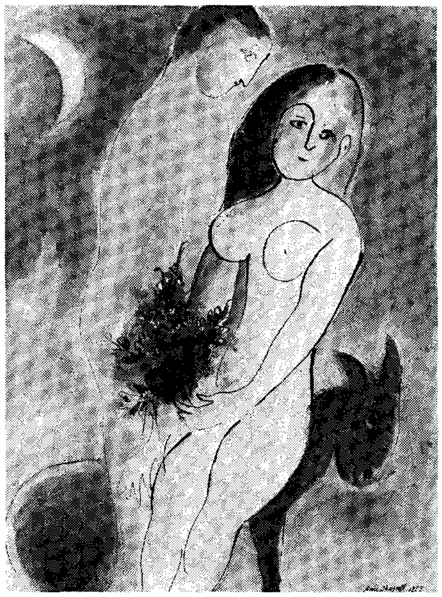

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"The Lovers"
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Gouache and ink on paper, laid down
23½ x 18 inches (60 x 46 cm)
Provenance: Acquired from the artist
Mr. Frederick Serger, New York, 1957
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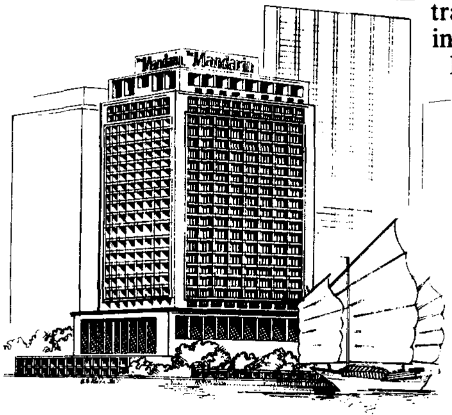

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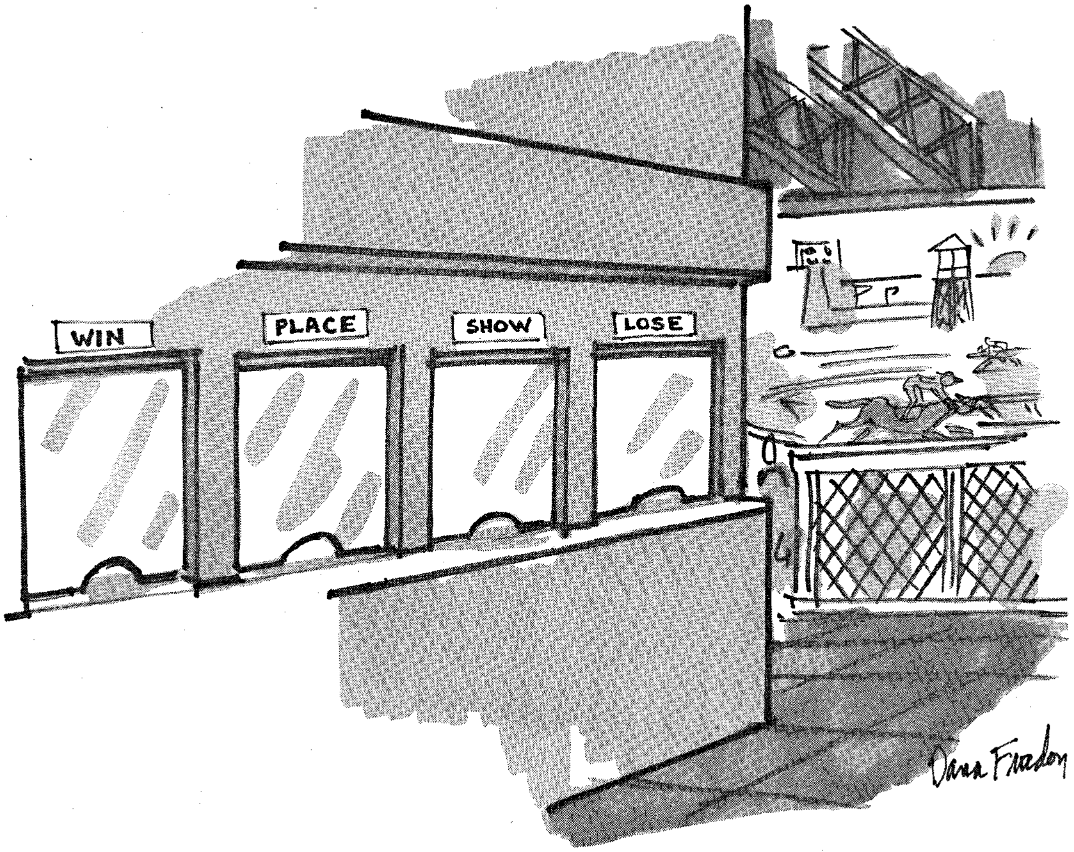
MUSICAL EVENTS

Feast of Reason, Flow of Soul

CHARLES WUORINEN has been in fluent, fertile vein, composing copiously and composing well. In six April days, works of his appeared on the bills of at least five New York concerts; two of them were world premières, one was new to America, and one new to New York. I heard three of the premières; they were exhilarating pieces that left one regretful they were done only once. The most captivating of all was the Horn Trio (1981), given its first performance, last week, at a Group for Contemporary Music concert in the Kaufmann Hall of the 92nd Street Y. It lasts ten and a half minutes. It is for horn, violin, and piano, and was played by Julie Landsman (to whom it is dedicated), Benjamin Hudson, and the composer. Their performance was cultivated, witty, and brilliant. The work's demands, especially on the lips and breath of the hornist, are virtuoso. Wuorinen has lately forsworn writing program notes, believing (so a program note for the Horn Trio said) "that the listener should simply listen." I simply listened. The first epithet that occurs to me is "Haydnish," by which I would indicate a play of musical ideas so dexterous, inventive, and happy that a listener to them smiles with pleasure. The music dances on its way, changing gait sometimes at a proposal from one of the three instruments, sometimes as if on a new impulse commonly shared. There is a seductive waltz episode. The work, in one movement, is "classical" in being a discourse on pregnant motifs, even on melodious themes. Excellently Haydnish is the surprise when an apparent close in (more or less) C proves to be not final: it dissolves, and there are two more turns in the path and a delightful stretch through which the players tripple merrily before the true, satisfying end is reached.

The other pieces employed consorts more exotic. "Archaeopteryx" (1978), for bass trombone and ten players, was given its New York première by the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in Merkin Hall three days before the Horn Trio. It is one of two works composed some years ago for the trombonist David Taylor; the companion is "Archangel," for bass trombone and string quartet, which the Group introduced in December, 1978. Where "Archangel" is severe, dark, declamatory, "Archaeopteryx" is more jerkily animated. Wuorinen's renunciation of program notes leaves the listener guessing why the piece is named for a prehistoric bird, but the title inevitably sets up images in the mind. Rightly or wrongly, they seemed to be reflected in the music. The work lasts fifteen minutes. It begins with scrappy, punchy sounds, and then the soloist embarks on short flights, some of which inspire cadenza exchanges with members of the ensemble (three flutes, two clarinets, two horns, tuba, piano, and marimba). Sustained melodies alternate with skittering and dithering. Eventually, the music "fossilizes" (as the archaeopteryx did). Hard, bright stratified chords made a strange new sound that has continued to haunt me.

Two days earlier, the New Music Consort, in Carnegie Recital Hall, gave the world première of the Trio for Bass Instruments (double-bass, bass trombone, and tuba, played by Joseph Tamosaitis, Mr. Taylor, and David Braynard). It was composed in 1981. It is eight minutes of lively, diverting Stravinskian play—not an important piece but an attractive one, and lighter in touch than the forces involved would suggest. Wuorinen's debts to Stravinsky are unconcealed, joyfully acknowledged: in this Trio, in the Two-Part Symphony (a twelve-note symphony in C), in the layered wind sonorities of "The Winds" and "Archaeopteryx." He is moving on paths toward which Stravinsky pointed. His music has been always exuberant, often glittering, never dull. In the latest works, there seems to be a new refinement and precision.



THE Chicago Symphony's concert presentation of "Das Rheingold" in Carnegie Hall last week looked good. Platformed stage right, above a phalanx of harps, the three Rhinemaidens wore vivid shades of marine blue and green, and Wellgunde was spangled. The giants were platformed stage left, and Erda was there, too. Gods and dwarfs stood centrally, at the foot of the conductor's high podium. Fricka—no friend to animals, as we learn later in the cycle from the way she lashes her rams—had a white fox fur. The men wore conventional evening dress. The hall was held to a European level of bright-

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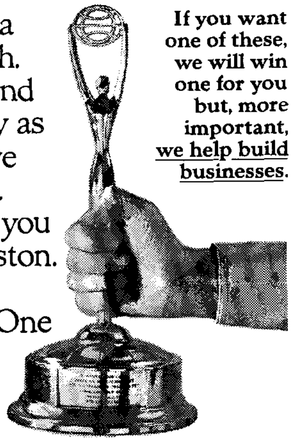

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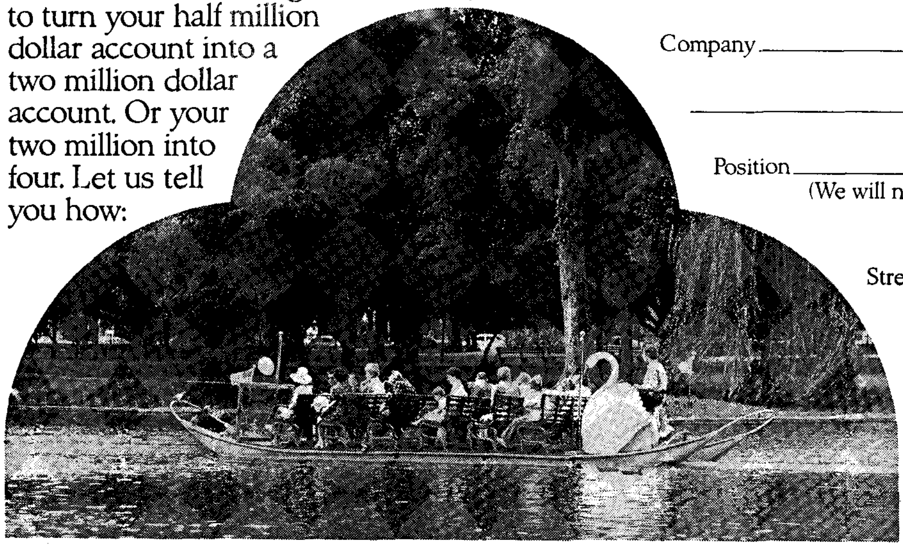

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ness, which lent a festive air to the performance and also made it easy to follow a handsome bilingual libretto that was distributed free. The stage was brighter still, with spotlights playing upon the singers. It was a "production." The spatial distinctions added aural and visual interest to the progress of the score. Without this Chicago "Rheingold," Wagner's centenary year would be passing in New York all but "Ring"-less: the Met's "Walküre" revival was unhappy, and the Bayreuth "Ring" on television proves unlistenable to and unwatchable by any serious Wagnerian.

The star of the evening was the Loge, Siegfried Jerusalem. When he made his Met début, in 1980, as Lohengrin, I admired his full, easy lyrical tenor and regretted his lack of dramatic presence; in the long white coat of the Met production, which René Kollo had worn as an earnest young doctor might, he resembled a diffident junior nurse. All that has changed. Loge was one of the two characters in this "Rheingold" fully realized. Without ever breaking histrionically out of the concert frame, Mr. Jerusalem listened to what the others were saying; he stood as Loge would stand; he used small but elegant gestures that told strongly. Nowadays, it has become common to assign the role to a *Spieltenor*, a character tenor. In the first six "Ring" cycles of my youth, the part was played by the heroic tenor—Set Svanholm—who went on to sing Siegmund and Siegfried. And Wagner's own first Bayreuth Loge—Heinrich Vogl—was a Tristan, a Siegmund, and a Siegfried; he was an Otello, a Dalibor, an Aeneas in "The Trojans." Loge is the only "Rheingold" personage who appears in all three subsequent "Ring" operas, blazing out in the last act of each. His later manifestations are not impersonated but left to the stage technicians and the orchestral players to represent; in "Das Rheingold" he has the longest solos. He needs big vocal resources that he can use lightly. Mr. Jerusalem, a Bayreuth Parsifal, filled the bill. Whereas in

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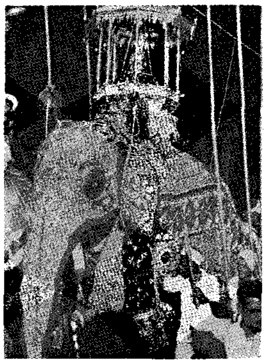

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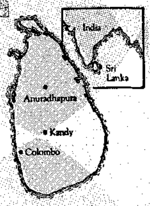

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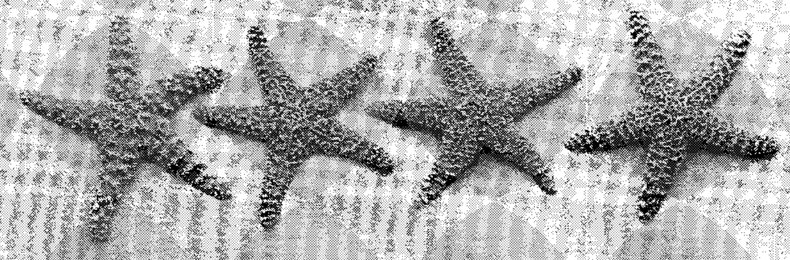

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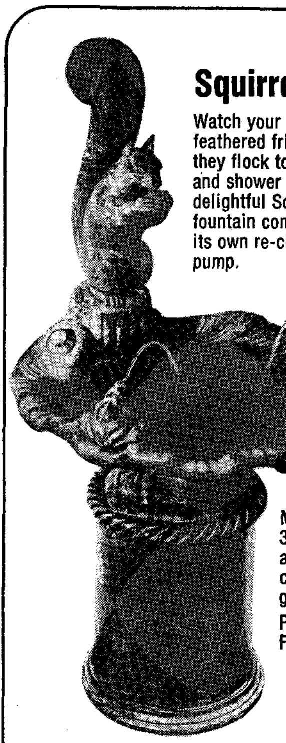
the television "Ring" Loge is distorted into a Uriah Heep, Mr. Jerusalem played him with the appropriate charm, wit, and airy grace.

The other fully live character was Alberich, in the person of Hermann Becht. He enacted the role in both his physical and, so to speak, his vocal bearing. I have been listening to a very fine HMV seven-disc album, "Wagner on Record, 1926-1942" (due for release this month on Seraphim). Not only its three stars—Frida Leider, Lauritz Melchior, and Friedrich Schorr—but, by and large, all the singers represented show a psychological command of their roles, made manifest in individual rhythmic, tonal, and verbal inflections, superior to most of what we hear in today's elaborately directed Wagner performances. Mr. Becht had their way of bringing phrases—and the character and his significance—to life.

The Wotan, Siegmund Nimsgern, was plain. His voice is a fine, forthright bass-baritone, clear, steady, and incisive; the interpretation lacked grandeur, nobility, godlike authority. Gwynne Howell was a lyrical Fasolt, and Malcolm Smith a hollow-toned Fafner. Robert Tear was a spry Mime. Fricka is a soprano role accessible to and often sung by mezzos. Bernard Shaw praised the first Bayreuth Fricka, Friederike Sadler-Grün (she was also the soprano Norn), for her singing of Brangäne's, Senta's, and the Woodbird's music at Wagner's 1877 London concerts. The Chicago Fricka, Gabriele Schnaut, was a rather lugubrious and uneven young mezzo. Mary Jane Johnson's Freia was untidy. Donner and Froh, John Cheek and Dennis Bailey, were undercast (Wagner's first Bayreuth Froh also sang Siegfried), but there were some sweet notes in Mr. Bailey's account of his two ariettas. The Rhinemaidens, Michelle Harman-Gulick, Elizabeth Hynes, and Emily Golden, were conscientious and carefully tuned, not playful or lilting. Jan DeGaetani was miscast as Erda, lacking both weight and words.

Georg Solti conducted. Breadth of vision, spiritual force, profundity of emotion play small part in his Wagner performances. Admirers of Furtwängler, Knappertsbusch, and Reginald Goodall are readier to concede than to acclaim Sir Georg's virtues. He obtains immaculate and powerful orchestral playing. He has an excited, enthusiastic concern for the passing details of the music. He has keen and commit-



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ted feelings—for the obvious. He is less hectic than once he was: some touches of vulgarity remained in this "Rheingold"—overboisterous banging of the drums for the giants' arrival, earsplitting anvils—but not many. From Solti's Wagner one hopes in vain for the sense of great events starting to move toward far-off conclusions, for long epic planning (needed especially in "Das Rheingold," so largely built on pedal points). He stirs the pulse but not the soul of his listeners. Moreover, by his own standards this "Rheingold" was in some ways flawed. Oddities of orchestral balance were perhaps due to insufficient experiment with Carnegie seating plans. At the very start, the bassoons' B-flat was much louder than the double-basses' fundamental E-flat; the cycle began out of kilter. (There was no central bass foundation on which to build; all the double-basses were relegated to stage far left.) The solo harp accompanying the Rhinemaidens' lament—a backstage harp in theatre performances—was so far frontstage that the Rhinemaidens became the accompaniment. In general, the orchestral sound was not deep, rich, warm, enveloping. It suggested a sharp, clear modern recording. Real Wagner orchestral sound is what we hear from Furtwängler, Knappertsbusch, and Goodall—and from Carl Muck's "Siegfried" funeral march recorded in Berlin in 1927, which is very well transferred in the HMV album. All Muck's famous Berlin recordings of orchestral Wagner will soon be available again, on two In Sync cassettes. —ANDREW PORTER

•

For science, it has been said, is the art of observation. Anybody can spill rubber and sulphur on a stove top, but if you miss the point that you have just invented tires, you won't get your name on a blimp over the Super Bowl.—*"Beyond Valium: The Brave New World of Psychochemistry," by Seymour Rosenblatt, M.D., and Reynolds Dodson.*

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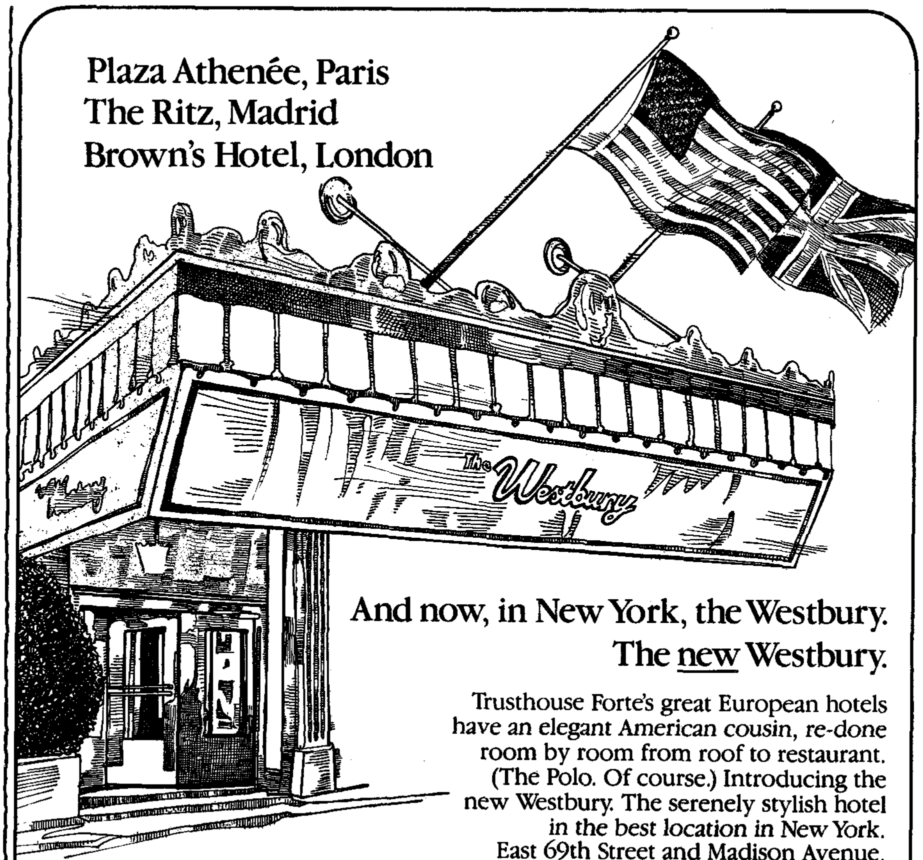

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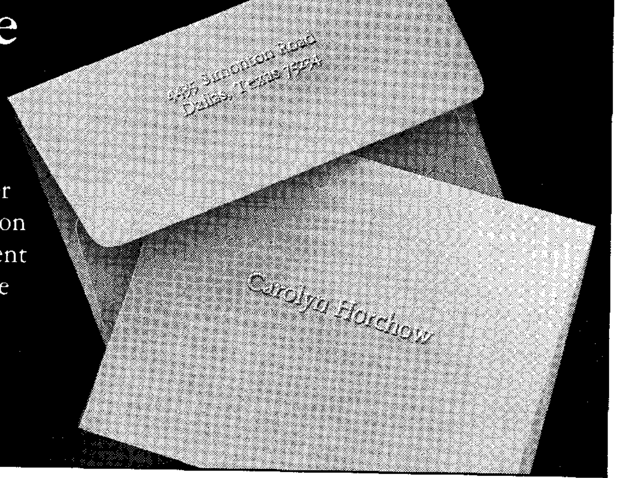

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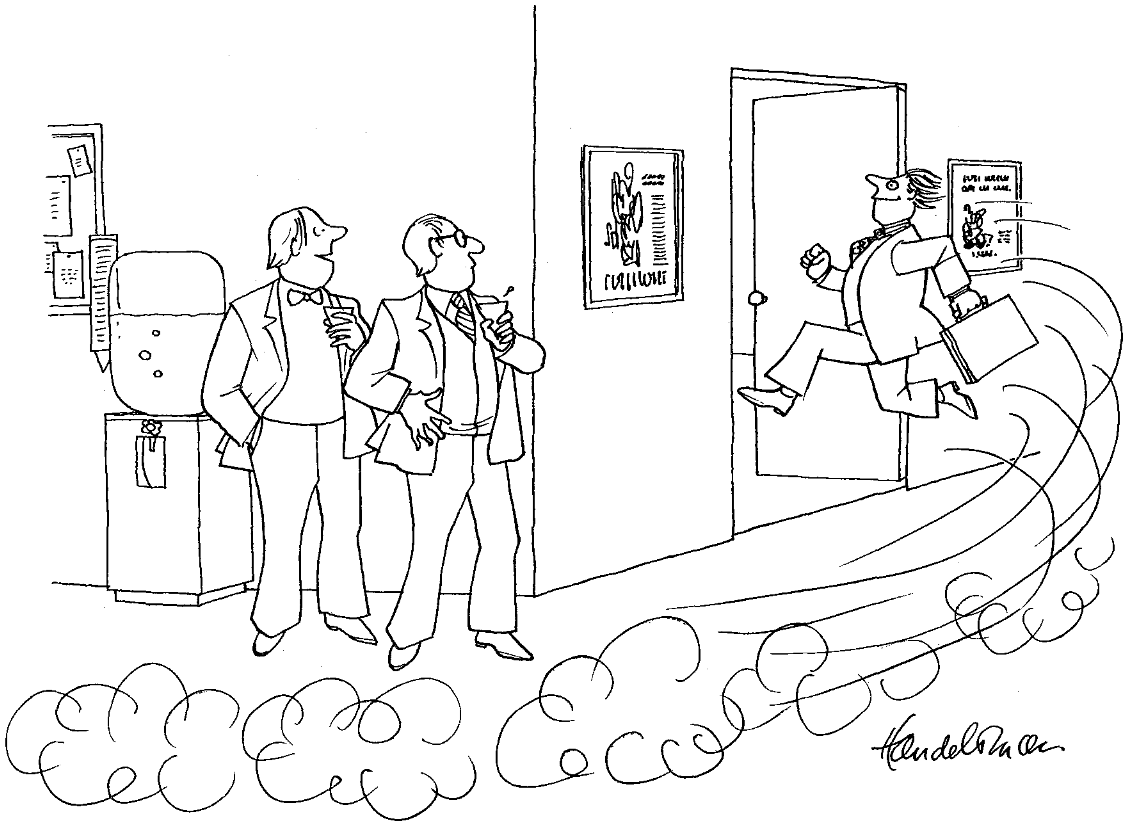
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE Second Annual Young Playwrights Festival, at the Circle Rep through May 1st, proves as encouraging for the theatre (and as festive) as the first did. Of the four playwrights whose works were chosen for full production, three were seventeen at the time of submission and the fourth eighteen, and their plays were produced with expert directors (Garland Wright, Gerald Chapman, Michael Bennett, and John Ferraro), with wise, experienced advisers (Wendy Wasserstein, Michael Weller, and A. R. Gurney, Jr.), and with nimble, professional actors (too many to list, but all wonderful). But play writing, not production, is what the festival is about. In all four pieces, the writing is firm and clear, and there is considerable originality and humor and feeling. Of the four plays, three are surely ready for appreciation but not yet ripe for review: "A New Approach to Human Sacrifice," by Peter Getty, is a domestic black comedy; "I'm Tired and I Want to Go to Bed," by David Torbett, is about a boy—puzzled and withdrawn—who reads "Doctor Faustus" and summons Mephistopheles; "The Birthday Present," by Charlie Schulman, is wild, outrageous comedy about a friendless little boy who becomes, twenty years later, the only fertile man on earth. The little boy, by the way, is played by Christopher Durang, who not so many years ago was a new playwright himself.

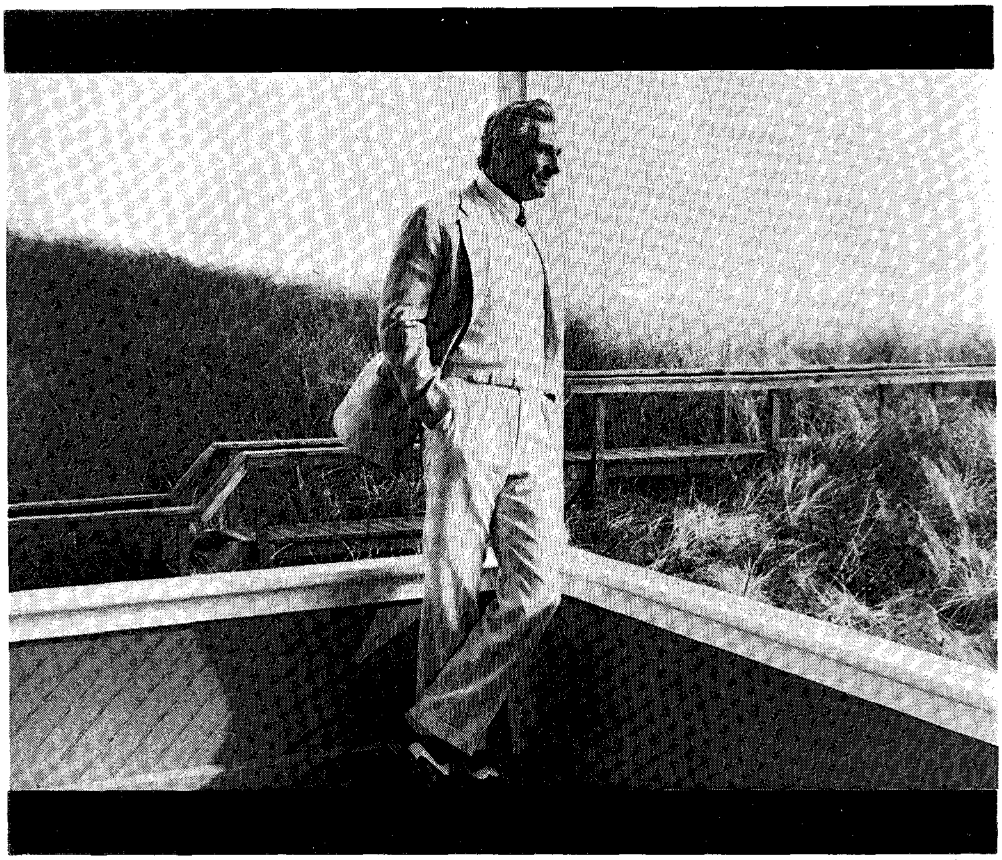
"Third Street," by Richard Colman, seems to me a finished work, and a beauty. Three boys just out of high school sit in a graveyard in Brooklyn getting stoned and drinking beer and laughing—pot laughter—as they reminisce about school and remember the plans they had to go away together when it was over. But one of them is already working as a butcher, a second is married and his wife is pregnant, and the third will soon be off to Princeton. The play becomes an elegy on the inevitable end of loving friendship. Underneath the laughter and in the very good dialogue, there is real emotion; the characters are very well drawn; and while the action is implied, never stated, it is there all the same. The performance is perfection, as are the performances of the three other plays. Among those too many actors to list are Deborah Rush, Greg Germann, Keith Gordon, Robert Alan Morrow, Brian Tarantina, Novella Nelson, Blanche Baker, and Bill Moor.

BRIAN FRIEL'S "Winners," the second and more substantial part of a double bill at the Roundabout, was first produced here in the summer of 1968, as half of a pair of Mr. Friel's one-acters, at the Vivian Beaumont. It is a captivating play, light and dark, about two seventeen-year-old lovers on a hill beside the town of Ballymore, in County Tyrone, Ireland. They have gone there to spend the day studying for their final exams, and in three weeks they plan to be married, and she is pregnant. We get some of this information from two narrators, a man and a woman, who interrupt the young couple's chatter at intervals to recount (in the measured, impersonal tones of a police report) how, after the action we see is over, the lovers borrow somebody's boat and drown in a lake nearby—perhaps by accident, perhaps not. The lovers' scenes are full of their bright, funny chatter, as she imitates nuns and parents and jokes happily about their coming baby, and he takes off on the fellow who runs the slaughterhouse, who will become their landlord. Then suddenly he explodes at her for never shutting up and allowing him to concentrate on the pile of textbooks he has brought along. His rage out of control, he shouts that she has trapped him into marriage, putting an end to his plans to get a degree in London and dooming him to a life in a shop in Ballymore. Her spirits collapse, but she recovers, and there is more loving banter, followed by another burst of rage and resentment from him and another recovery, not quite complete. We are made aware of their sensitivity and the deep strain of melancholy that runs under their merriment. To her, the marriage means freedom from the convent school and parents, and a flat and family of her own in Ballymore;



"There goes young Porlock. He's hyper, but he's good."

PORTRAITS IN STYLE



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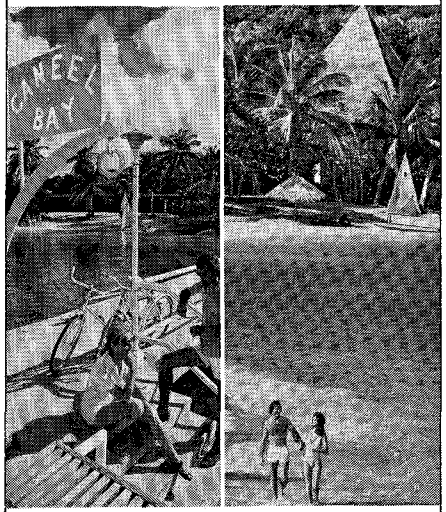

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to him, it means the end of all hope of enriching his good mind and escaping from Ballymore forever.

As Brendan Gill pointed out in his review of the original production here, "Winners" owes a debt to Thornton Wilder's "Our Town": the narrators keep us informed in the same way that Mr. Wilder's Stage Manager did; and Ballymore, as described, could be considered Mr. Friel's Grover's Corners. Even so, I enjoyed "Winners," finding Mr. Friel—as ever—light in manner but deep in understanding and wit. The performance, as is often true at the Roundabout, is pleasant summer stock. Kate Burton and Michael Butler make a charming pair of lovers (although it rarely crossed my mind that they were supposed to be seventeen), and Jeanne Ruskin and Bernie McInerney do well as the narrators.

The evening opens with Bernard Shaw's larky "How He Lied to Her Husband." He lied to her husband by pretending, at her request, that the sheaf of poems he wrote to her and she misplaced were not written to her at all. Her husband confounds both of them by being deeply miffed at the news. Mr. Butler (He), Miss Ruskin (She), and Mr. McInerney (Her Husband) meet the challenge of their roles. The director of both plays was Nye Heron. —EDITH OLIVER

•

There has been an unusually high turnover among museum directors; seven have resigned, retired or died in the past year. Most agree that this is simply a coincidence, although it does present the opportunity for a number of high-level, tone-setting appointments.—*The Times.*

Hmm.

•

LETTERS JULIE ZITO NEVER FINISHED READING

UNITED STATES SENATE
Washington, D.C. 20510

Julie Zito
2222 Benjamin Street N.E.
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418

DEAR PAT AND JOHN:

•

Sonia Rykiel says the winter woman of '83-'84 will be more elongated, tighter fitted, more outlined. "She will wear black always, but as it's winter she will add the vanilla of ice, the gray of the sky, the green of the trees and the pink and pale blue of children playing. She is a contradictory woman, provocative and pure, but falsely fragile, falsely shy, a little scandalous. She is lyric, almost solemn, and she recites poems when walking in the street." —*Los Angeles Times.*

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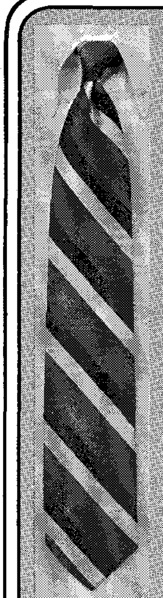

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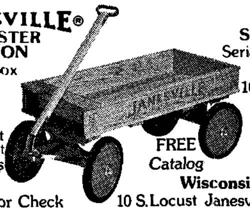
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ON THE TRAIN

WHEN I look out the window, the earth seems to have become liquid, rushing to flow over a falls that is always just behind the last car. Wherever that may be. The telephone poles reel like drunks, losing their footing. The mountains, white islands in the fluid landscape, track us for miles, the hills breaking to snow on their beaches.

I do not remember boarding, although my mother, who was here in the compartment with us until a moment ago, told me she recalled it very well. I was helped on by a certain doctor, she said. I would go up and down the cars looking for him (and her), but one cannot thus look for a doctor without arousing the anxiety of the other passengers or exciting their suspicion. Certainly, however, I did not get on at the station of origin; my mother told me that she herself had already been riding for over thirty years.

The porter's name is Flip; he was once my dog, a smooth fox terrier. Now he makes up our berths and brings coffee and knows more about the train than any of us. He can answer all the unimportant questions, although his answers are so polite it is hard to tell sometimes just what he means. My wife and I (all the children we helped aboard have gone to other cars) would like to make him sit with us. But he threatens to call his uncle, the Dawn Guard.

I have formed several conjectures concerning the length of the train. It is surely either very long or very short, since when it goes around a curve (which it seldom does) I cannot see the engine. Possibly it is infinite—but it may be of a closed as well as an open infinity. If the track were extended ever westward, forming a great circle, and all that track were filled with cars, would not the spinning earth rush past them endlessly? That is precisely what I see from the window. On the other hand, if the trackage were straight (and most of it does seem to be) it would extend forever among the stars. I see that, too. Perhaps I do not see the engine because the engine is behind us.

At every moment, it seems that we are stopping, but we continue, and even pick up speed. The mountains crowd closer, as if to ram us by night. I lie in my berth listening to the conductor (so called because he was struck by lightning once) come down the car checking our tickets in the dark.

—GENE WOLFE

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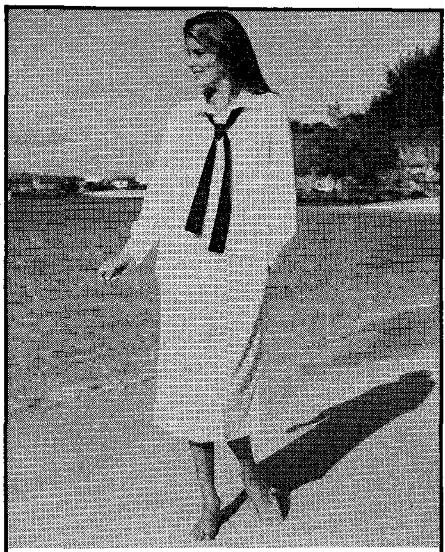

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THERE is a lot of guitar music on recent records, most of it from the baroque era. Two examples: Four of Telemann's Partitas have been recorded, for the first time, by Narciso Yepes and Godelieve Monden (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 350; single disc). The Partitas in E Major, A Major, and D Major, and the Partita Polonaise in A Major are all excellently performed here. And "Guitar Music of the Baroque" offers music by Purcell, Silvius Leopold Weiss, de Visée, and Bach, performed by Carlos Bonell (Nonesuch H 71403; single). Bonell is an able performer, and the music is quite pleasant.

Walter van Hauwe is a stunning virtuoso on the recorder. He has recorded Bassano's Ricercata Sesta (from the sixteenth century), Van Eyck's "Joy Flees Me" and "English Nightingale" (seventeenth century), Marais's "Les Folies d'Espagne" (eighteenth century), and Shinohara's "Fragments for Tenor Recorder" and Ishii's "Black Intention for One Recorder" (twentieth century), all on Vanguard VSD 71251; single. The playing is remarkable, but, because the numbers are for solo recorder without accompaniment, the result, striking though it is from the point of view of musicianship, is slightly monotonous.

"Melodic Jewels of Old Vienna" is the title of a disc of popular songs by Johann Strauss, Edmund Eysler, Carl Zeller, Carl Michael Ziehrer, Leo Fall, Oscar Straus, and others, sung by Hermann Prey (Peters PLD 7116). Prey is, of course, a master interpreter, and sentimentalists about old Vienna will love this recording. He is accompanied in some of the songs by the Philharmonia Schrammel and in others by the Vienna Symphony.

Johann Gottlieb Graun's Concerto in C Minor for Viola, Christoph Graupner's Concerto in D Major for Viola, and Ignaz Jakob Holzbauer's Concerto in E Flat Major for Viola have all been recorded, apparently for the first time, by the Capella Clementina, Helmut Müller-Brühl conducting, with Wilfred Engel, soloist

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(Philips 9502 067; single). Instruments of the period are employed, and the result is quaint but totally agreeable.

Pergolesi's satirical little opera "La Serva Padrona" has been recorded by the English Chamber Orchestra, Antoni Ros-Marbá conducting, with the two vocal parts sung by Carmen Bustamante and Renato Capecchi (Philips 9502 065; single). The satire is effective and the music tuneful.

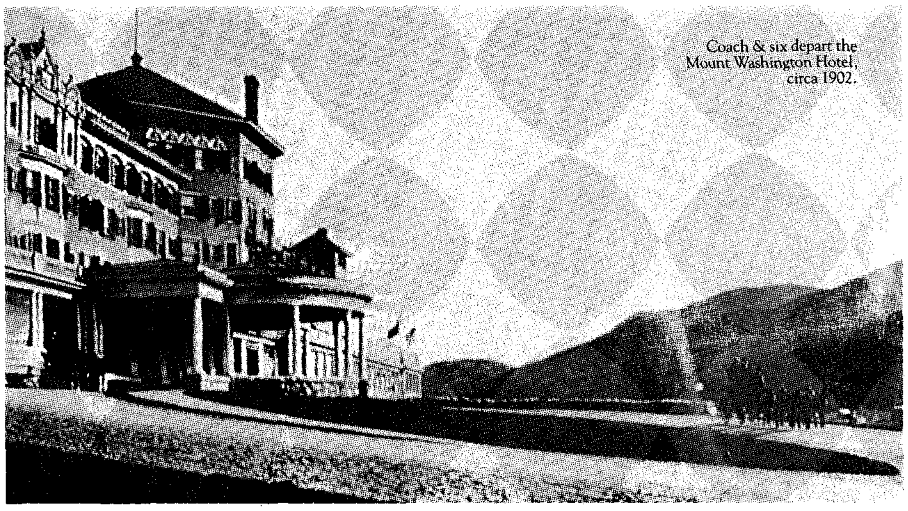
Schoenberg's Three Piano Pieces, Opus 11, along with Schubert's Piano Sonata in A Minor, D. 845, have been recorded by Alexander Lonquich, who was the winner of first prize in the 1977 Alessandro Casagrande International Competition (Deutsche Grammophon 253 5014; single). There is, of course, an enormous contrast between the two works, the Schoenberg having the vague character that attaches to all atonal music, and the Schubert being delightfully melodious. The performance of both works is brilliant.

Philips has reissued their 1956 recording of Gluck's "Orphée et Eurydice," based on the Paris version of 1774, in which a tenor rather than a contralto sings the role of Orpheus (6770 033, mono; four sides). The performers are Leopold Simoneau and Suzanne Danco, with Pierrette Alarie as Amour; the orchestra is the Concerts Lamoureux, with Hans Rosbaud conducting. The work is sung in French, and the recording is a superb one despite the fact that it is monaural.

"French Popular Music Anthology" is a recording that incorporates a wide range of popular tunes, Volume I containing wedding songs and Volume II drinking songs of the period 1600 to 1800 (Dominus Records D45101-DR and D45102-DR; eight sides). They are performed by the Chorale Franco-Allemande of Paris, with harmonizations and direction by Bernard Lallement. An unnamed pianist and organist and a string ensemble called the Ensemble Instrumental de l'Ile de France are involved. These are late-baroque and classical songs, spirited, sometimes amusing, and well performed.

Dvořák's Serenades, Opus 22 and 44, have been recorded by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting (Philips Digital 6514 145; single). They are very attractive works, played very well. Opus 44 is a rarity on records.

Bruckner's Symphony No. 8 in the Haas edition has been recorded by the



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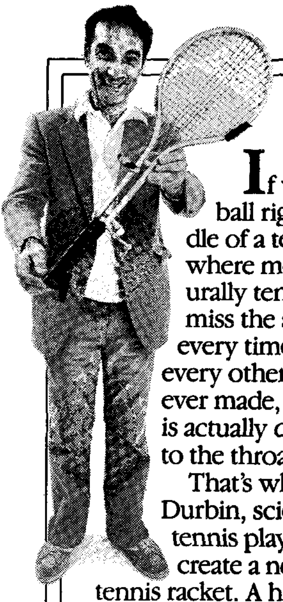

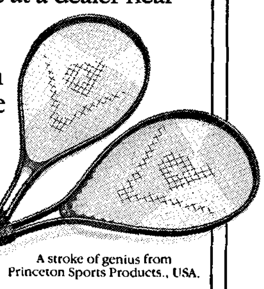

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Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, conducted by Bernard Haitink (Philips Digital 6769 080; four sides). This symphony, perhaps Bruckner's greatest, was dedicated to Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. (His Ninth Symphony was dedicated to God.) The performance is everything that could be asked for.

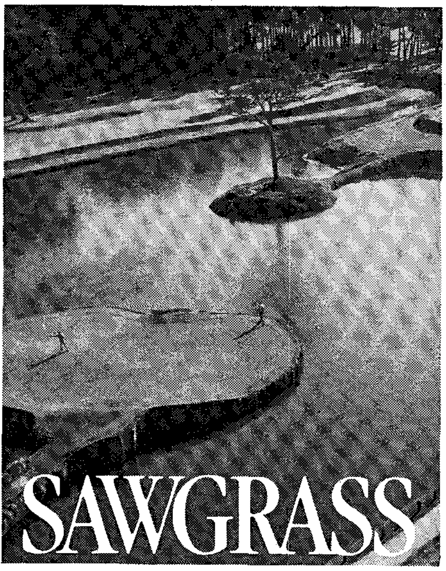
Some of Rachmaninoff's previously unrecorded orchestral music is included in performances by the St. Louis Symphony, conducted by Leonard Slatkin (Vox 4-VCL 901 3X; eight sides). Among them are the Scherzo in F Major and the "Youth" Symphony. Vocal soloists are Arnold Voketaitis, bass-baritone; Marianna Christos, soprano; and Walter Planté, tenor. These works are a welcome addition to the recorded music of Rachmaninoff, and are superbly performed.

Arensky's Trio in D Minor, Opus 32, Glinka's Trio Pathétique, and the Scherzo from Rimsky-Korsakov's Trio in C Minor have been recorded by the Eastman Trio (Turnabout TVC 37016; single). The performances are entirely satisfactory, and the music is enjoyable.

THE Welsh have always been a singing people. Therefore, it is not surprising that the new recording of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" by the Welsh National Opera, under the baton of Reginald Goodall, is a splendid one (London Digital LDR 75001; ten sides). The principal roles are taken by John Mitchinson and Linda Esther Gray, the lesser ones by Gwynne Howell, Philip Joll, Anne Wilkens, Nicholas Folwell, Arthur Davies, Geoffrey Moses, and John Harris. Mitchinson makes a virile Tristan and Linda Esther Gray an outstanding Isolde. This is the equal of most "Tristan" recordings in the catalogue.

The first complete recording ever made of Jaromir Weinberger's fantasy opera "Schwanda, the Bagpiper" has recently been issued by CBS Records (M3 36926; six sides). It is surprising that so delightful an opera has waited all this time. It is a rollicking folk opera, full of national folk tunes, with an orchestral accompaniment showing some influence of Richard Strauss. The title role is sung by Hermann Prey, and the cast includes Lucia Popp and Siegfried Jerusalem, with Heinz Wallberg conducting the Bavarian Radio Chorus and the Munich Radio Orchestra.

Shostakovich's Symphony No. 14 has been recorded by the Con-



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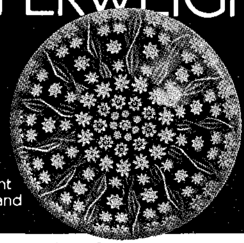

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certgebouw Orchestra, under Bernard Haitink, with Julia Varády and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as soloists (London Digital LDR 71032; single). It is a gloomy work concerned with death and lacking in strong melody, and parts of it are grotesque, but it is extremely dramatic nevertheless. It is sung in German, French, Spanish, and Russian, and the performance is excellent.

"Baroque Brass, Volume II" is the title of a recording by the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble (London CS 7242; single). It consists of original works, or interesting arrangements of works, by Handel, J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, Purcell, Locke, and others, all beautifully performed, with that purity of tone which is peculiar to brass instruments.

Kiri Te Kanawa, with the accompaniment of the Vienna Chamber Orchestra, György Fischer conducting, sings Mozart's Concert Arias, in Italian and German (London OS 26661; single). These are immensely difficult works, neglected on records, and they are here impressively sung, with remarkable agility and sure intonation.

THOUGH it is intended primarily for pedagogical purposes and is available only through Baldwin Piano dealers, the "Essential Piano Library" offers an interesting sampling of styles of contemporary pianists (sixteen sides). The artists represented are Earl Wild, Santiago Rodriguez, David Bar-Illan, Gilbert Kalish, Jorge Bolet, and Ruth Laredo, and the compositions range from Preludes and Waltzes by Chopin to works by Scriabin and Rachmaninoff. Each performer's style is recognizably different from that of the others, and the entire series represents a cross-section of authoritative interpretations.

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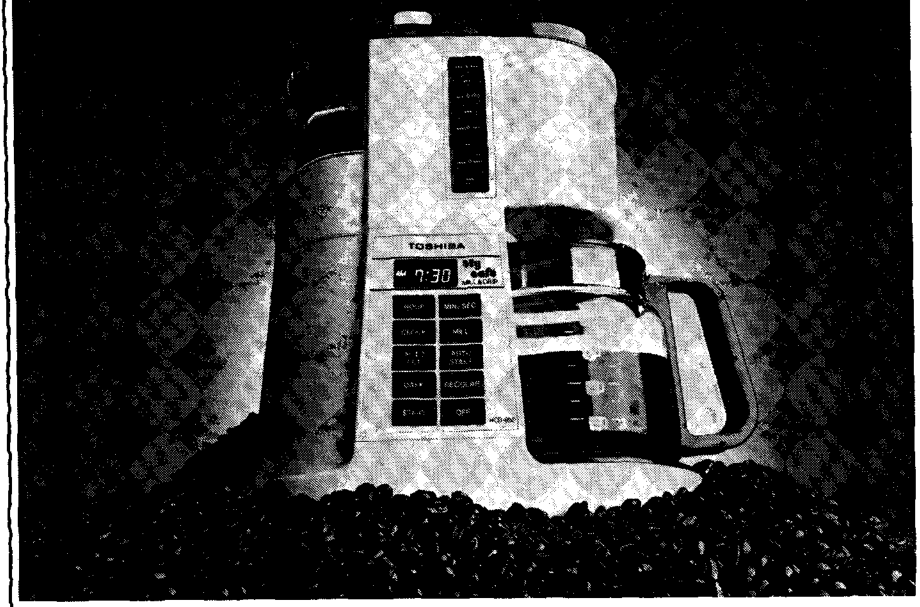

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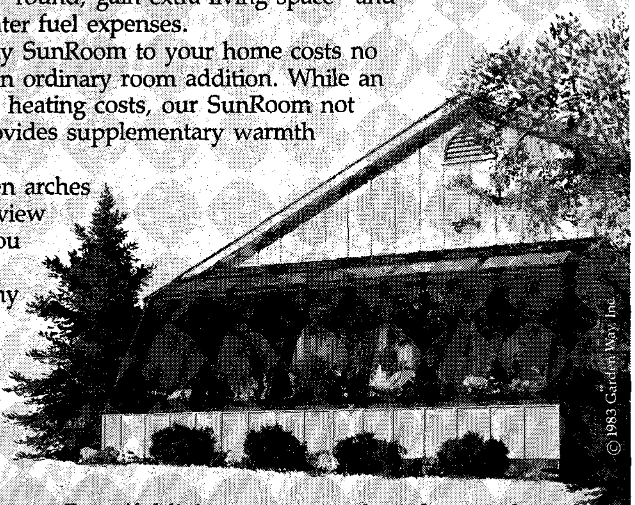

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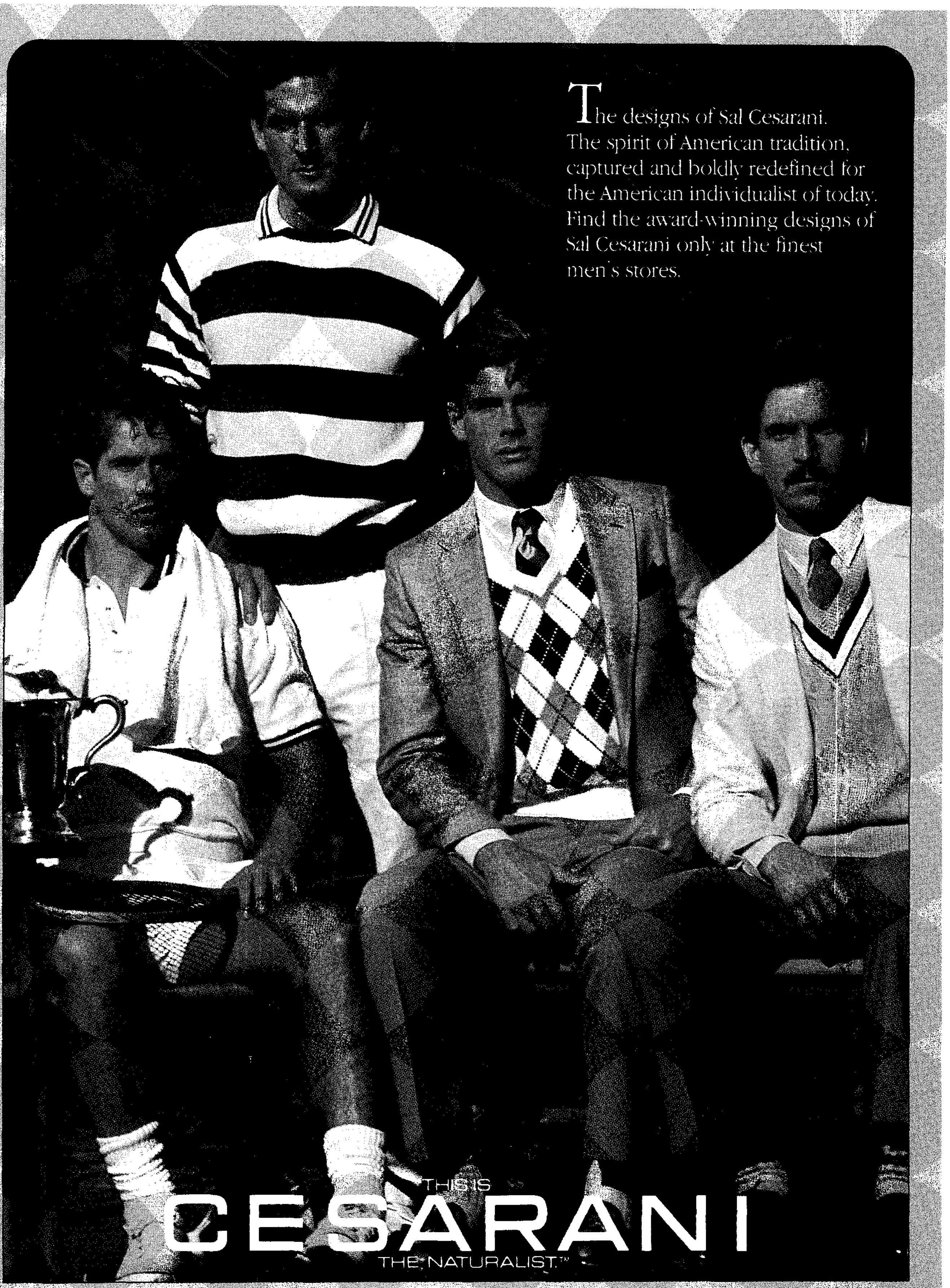

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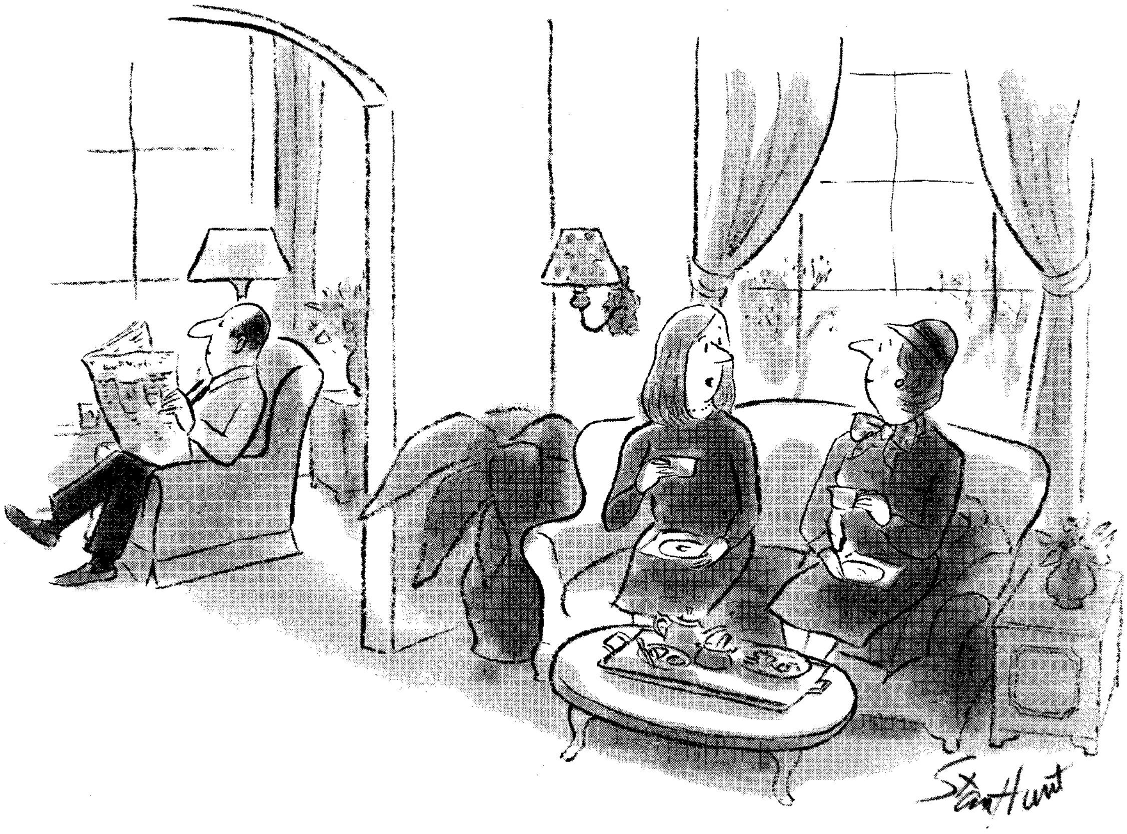
THE ART WORLD

What the Hand Knows

ONE of our era's significant feats has been the separation of art from skill. In most English dictionaries, the two words are closely linked. "Art" spreads a wider net, of course; it is so variable in meaning that, according to Webster, it can be used as a synonym for "skill," "cunning," "artifice," and "craft"—"which, on the other hand, are not always synonymous among themselves." When it comes to the creation of works of art, most people would agree that something more than skill, cunning, artifice, and craft is required. Only in this century, however, has it been found possible and desirable to produce works of art whose making requires little skill or none whatsoever.

Marcel Duchamp is generally thought to be the hero (or the villain, if you prefer) of this remarkable achievement. Duchamp's famous "ready-mades"—common manufactured objects, such as an iron bottle-drying rack and a snow shovel, selected and signed by the artist—undermined the whole tradition of the artist as a skillful maker while poking fun at the belief that artists were superior beings whose mere signature conferred value. Duchamp's ambition, as he explained it, was "to put painting once again at the service of the mind." European painting since Courbet had been primarily "retinal," he said—a matter of manual skill in applying paint to canvas. By choosing a factory-made object of no aesthetic interest, which he might alter slightly or else leave untouched, Duchamp was calling attention, in his ironic way, to the fact that a work of art was also an intellectual act—a choice, a sum of decisions. (Years later, when an art historian taxed him with the fact that several of his ready-mades had in the course of time become highly prized works of sculpture—icons reproduced in all the art-history books—Duchamp smiled and said, "Nobody's perfect, hm?")

Duchamp's sovereign iconoclasm had a riveting effect on the Dada and Surrealist movements in Europe during the nineteen-twenties and thirties, even though Duchamp tended to remain personally aloof from both of them. He spent much of his time in New York, moving here permanently in 1942 and becoming an American citizen in 1954. His influence on American artists remained marginal until the late fifties, when he was discovered by a generation eager to escape the somewhat suffocating dominance of Abstract Expressionism. Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns did not actually meet Duchamp until they were fairly well advanced on their chosen paths, but they had become aware of his work earlier, largely through their friendship with the composer John Cage, a Duchamp admirer since the forties. In their efforts to go beyond the expression of personal emotions in art, Johns and Rauschenberg made frank and repeated use of Duchampian motifs. Johns' early work incorporated a number of "ready-made" common objects—flashlights, electric-light bulbs, yardsticks, numbers—and his statement that for him painting was "a constant negation of impulses" echoed Duchamp's principle of invention-through-negation. Johns was really defining his own preoccupations when he described Duchamp's aesthetic terrain, in 1968, as "a field where language, thought, and vision act upon one another." Rauschenberg chose a very different course. Having reached on his own the conclusion that art could be primarily an attitude—a way of living his life—he kept probing and testing the barriers between life and art, and his work became a continuous, infinitely varied repetition of the question "What is art?" As the barriers fell in his work, Rauschenberg's career seemed to suggest to many younger artists that anything at all could be art—could take its place, that is, in a painting or a sculpture or something in between those forms. (Rauschenberg coined the term "combine" for works of his that contained elements of both.) The "anything goes" spirit in American art of the sixties stemmed largely from Rauschenberg, whose probing and testing extended beyond the visual arts to dance, theatre, and multimedia spectacles of all



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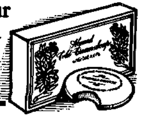

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kinds. Rauschenberg's ideas were important to the avant-garde dancers of the Judson Church group, who experimented with the notion that one could be a dancer, or even a choreographer, without special training. (Rauschenberg tried his hand at both.) Like a great many of the so-called anti-art activities of the sixties, the Judson aesthetic was not so much anti-art as anti-skill. The heady populist atmosphere of the period made hierarchies of any kind suspect; the goal for many an aspiring painter or dancer was not to do something better than anyone else but to demonstrate that common, mundane objects or actions could be seen, through an act of mental choice by artist and onlooker alike, as works of art.

In dance, especially, the results were disheartening. Dances in which men and women in sweatsuits stood motionless, rolled on the floor, answered the telephone, or performed meaningless "tasks," like washing dishes, may have been enjoyable for the performers, and perhaps even therapeutic, but they bored audiences silly. The next generation of avant-garde choreographers dropped the notion of untrained dancers; Twyla Tharp, Laura Dean, and their contemporaries require of their dancers a technical virtuosity comparable to that of New York City Ballet. In the visual arts, on the other hand, the anti-skill bias continued to assert itself. Minimal Art, which rose to prominence here in the mid-sixties, could be seen as a direct response to Duchampian aesthetics in its disdain for manual dexterity. Donald Judd and other Minimalist masters simply drew up the specifications for their modular boxes or "specific objects," which were fabricated for them by commercial jobbers. The Conceptualists carried the process to its logical conclusion by dispensing with objects altogether. The idea alone, communicated in writing or by some form of visual shorthand, was all that mattered. The Conceptualist Douglas Huebler stated the case succinctly in 1972: "The world is full of objects, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more. I prefer, simply, to state the existence of things in terms of time and/or place."

Somehow the art object survived. It may be true that, as some art historians now assert, Minimal and Conceptual Art will come eventually to be recognized as the supreme achievement of the last twenty years, but I have my doubts. By placing art wholly "at the

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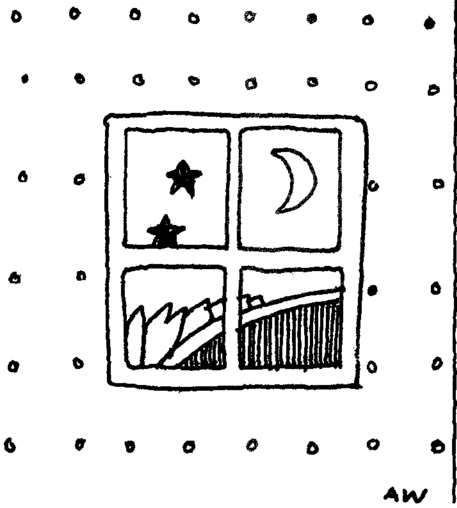
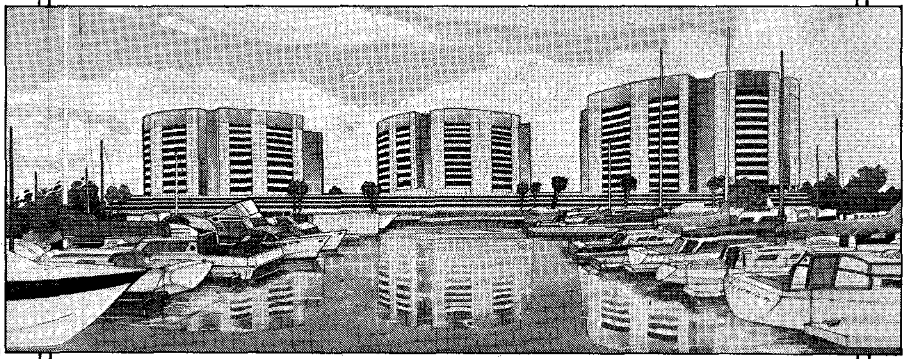
service of the mind," some of Duchamp's disciples appear to have overlooked the fact that St. Marcel's own means were elaborately skillful. Everything he did (except for the ready-mades), he did with painstaking attention to all aspects of the making process. He spent three months on one small detail of his famous "Large Glass"—the "oculist witness" section, which was executed by applying mirror silver to the glass and then scratching it away in places to form the design. In the sixties, the English artist Richard Hamilton undertook to make a replica of this piece, for a show in Europe; he found himself unable to match the perfection of the original. For the last decade of Duchamp's life, when he was thought to have more or less abandoned any serious art, he was actually working in secret on a room-size, intricately realistic tableau, every detail of which he collected, assembled, or made by hand. It is now one of the wonders of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Jasper Johns most resembles Duchamp, I think, in the consummate patience and craftsmanship that he brings to the realization of his ideas. And Rauschenberg, the prophet of "anything goes," has always been an immensely skillful artist. Rauschenberg's recent work is sometimes criticized for being "too well made," in fact—now that he can afford to hire expert carpenters to help in the construction of his large combines. But what gave his rougher-looking early pieces their strength was his uncanny skill with shapes, colors, and images borrowed from popular sources—that and the sense of relationship that allowed him to set up such a powerful tension between beauty and ugliness. His work has evolved away from ugliness, to be sure, but it has





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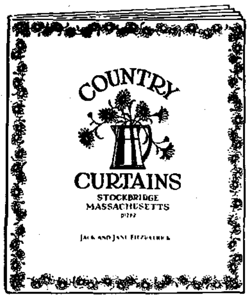

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Anyone who goes around to the galleries these days, however, is bound to see a great deal of deliberately unskillful, clumsy-looking work. Jean Michel Basquiat, Keith Haring, and the other "graffiti artists" who have shifted their efforts from subways to shows in New York galleries and international "trend" exhibitions are much talked about this season, and the European and American neo-expressionists are still the hot ticket in SoHo. This slapdash, loosely figurative painting is usually viewed as a triumphant reaction to the austerities of Minimalism and Conceptualism. Perhaps it is; perhaps that is all it is. David Hockney, the English artist, has been saying recently that representational art was bound to make a comeback sooner or later; the reason its return took the form it has taken in neo-expressionist, "new image," and graffiti art, he said, is that these artists were never trained to draw. Some of our young geniuses gain an appearance of freehand drawing by projecting photographic images on their canvas and tracing them; the photograph is, among other things, an invaluable substitute for skill.

In spite of the attention this sort of work has been getting lately, I have an impression that skill, cunning, artifice, and craft are returning to favor here. One indication is the increased respect paid to established realist artists such as Alex Katz and Neil Welliver, two exceptionally skillful painters whose work (they both showed at the Marlborough Gallery this season) is more complex than it may appear at first glance. In large-scale landscapes (Welliver) and even larger-scale portraits (Katz), these two gave evidence that the area that lies between abstraction and representation remains a fascinating and fruitful terrain. (Fairfield Porter explored the same area throughout his life, as the recent Porter retrospective in Boston made clear.) There has also been interesting work by mature artists who more or less dropped out of the New York gallery scene years ago, and who apparently feel that the present atmosphere is more congenial. I am thinking of George McNeil, a veteran Abstract Expressionist, whose new paintings at the Gruenebaum Gallery in March came through with exhilarating force, humor, and authority; and also of Robert Moskowitz, whose recent show, at the Blum Helman Gallery, of huge, icon-

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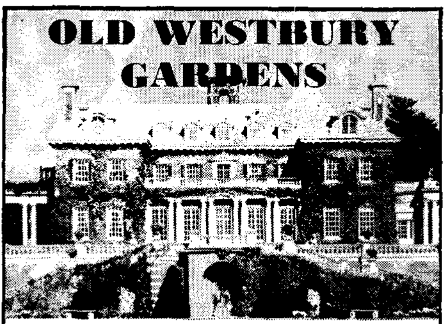

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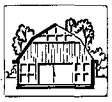

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ic, mostly black single-image paintings and drawings (a lighthouse, a windmill, the flattened silhouette of Rodin's "Thinker") made it plain that his considerable underground reputation among artists was by no means inflated. Such shows are likely to have an effect on younger artists. In recent weeks, moreover, I have seen work by a number of young people who give full value to the element of skillful means. More often than not, their work has a representational basis. Does this mean that abstract art is on the way out? No, it does not. I suspect, though, that representation in one form or another offers more challenges these days than abstraction does, and that one of its main challenges is the renewed emphasis on manual skill.

"All through the last half of the nineteenth century in France there was an expression, '*bête comme un peintre*,' " Duchamp said once. "And it was true—that kind of painter who just puts down what he sees *is* stupid." Coming from one of the most intelligent artists who ever lived, this sounds a bit disingenuous. Even the academic nineteenth-century salon painters did not simply put down what they saw, as Duchamp must have been aware; it was their manipulation of nature into suitably "artful" guises that made their work look so stupidly sentimental. What Duchamp despised was the moribund conventions of French painting: the overrefinement of touch, the famous "cuisine" of tone and brushwork and tasteful color harmonies—in other words, the debasement of skill at the end of an expiring tradition. Duchamp did away with all that in the rudest way—by, for example, buying a porcelain urinal from a plumbing-supply store and exhibiting it, upside down, as sculpture. But he also sought other methods by which to replace the worn-out forms. He experimented with mechanical drawing. More important, he invoked the workings of chance, which he considered, oddly, to be both personal and specific. "Your chance is not the same as my chance," he said. His use of aleatory methods was an important part of his legacy, but I do not believe that Duchamp used chance in the same spirit as some of his followers. When he dropped three metre-long threads onto a canvas from the height of a metre and glued them to the canvas in the form they had assumed on landing, he was not using chance as a substitute for skill; he was using it as a means of getting away from accepted taste—

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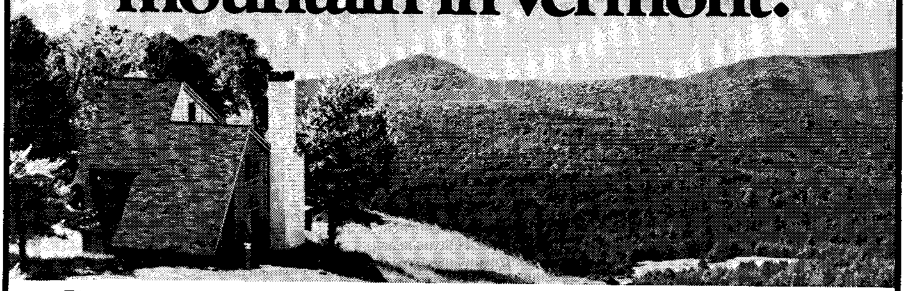

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including his own. He was pursuing, it seems to me, the sort of anonymity in which the work itself creates the work. And in doing so he verged on one of the underlying principles of non-Western art—the reliance on an external power, or grace.

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This magical quality that the Sung craftsmen attained through reliance on a living tradition, and that Duchamp may have been aiming at through the use of chance methods, is in its essence a matter of human skill raised to a very high power indeed. It is a case of the hand knowing something that the mind cannot know. It is one of the constants in the creation of great works of art, and I doubt whether artists will want to do without it for very long. —Calvin Tomkins

•

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BOOKS

A Long Way Home

HURLING oneself more or less blindly at the highways of America would not seem a very likely method of producing a book; but a surprising number of people have tried it. In recent memory, there have been John Steinbeck's "Travels with Charley: In Search of America," Erskine Caldwell's "Around About America," Jonathan Raban's "Old Glory: An American Voyage," and Richard Reeves' "American Journey." To be sure, the author puts some spin on himself as he hurls; there has to be an angle. Mr. Reeves had the excellent idea, which he carried out with purposeful, prearranged interviews, of following in the nineteenth-century footsteps of the supreme American-travel impressionist, Alexis de Tocqueville. Mr. Raban, with that brave English willingness to act out childhood fantasies, went down the Mississippi in a boat because he had read "Huckleberry Finn" at the impressionable age of seven—much as Bruce Chatwin journeyed to Patagonia because of a bit of mylodon skin in his grandmother's dining-room cabinet. Steinbeck and Caldwell, native men of letters mature in age and rich in distinction, went forth to investigate their national turf. Steinbeck, for twenty-five years marooned by success in New York City, had come to feel that, as he wrote, "I did not know my own country":

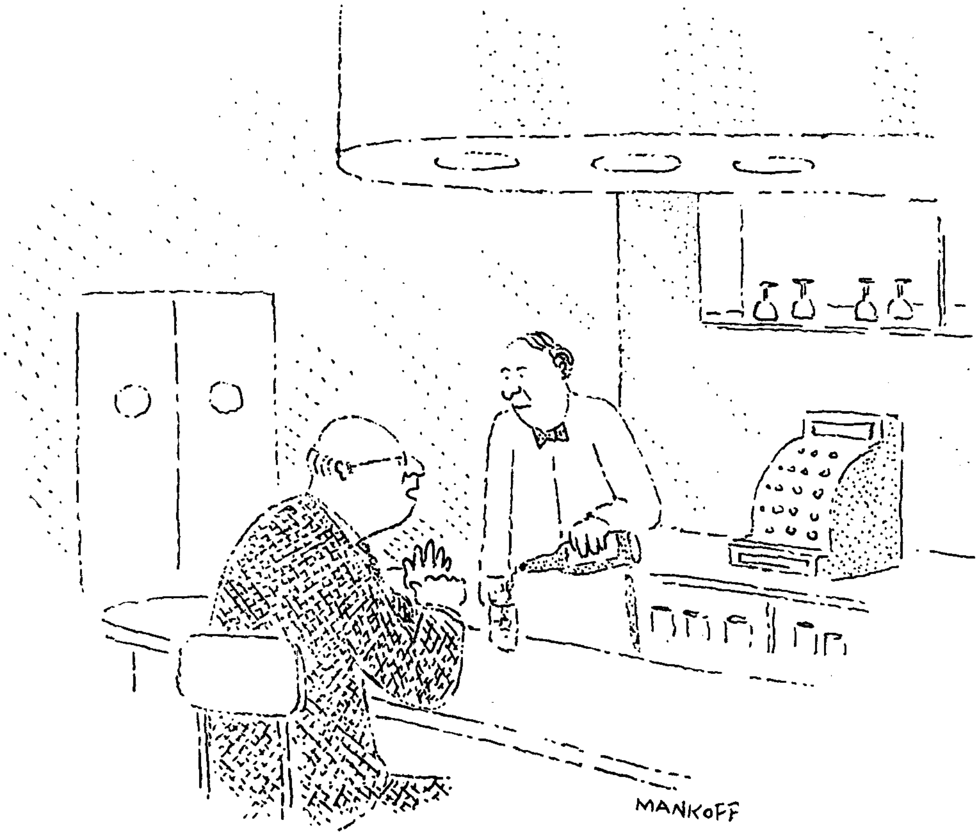
> I, an American writer, writing about America, was working from memory, and the memory is at best a faulty, warpy reservoir. I had not heard the speech of America, smelled the grass and trees and sewage, seen its hills and water, its color and quality of light. I knew the changes only from books and newspapers. But more than this, I had not felt the country for twenty-five years.

What he had been feeling, and smelling and hearing, in the terrain between his apartment in New York and his summer home in Sag Harbor is left unnamed. Steinbeck was a Westerner and his soul breathed best in the wide open; he extolled the North Dakota Badlands and wrote, "I am in love with Montana." He travelled, with a poodle called Charles le Chien, in a small truck fitted up like "a little house," with facilities for sleeping and cooking. William Least Heat Moon, author of "Blue Highways: A Journey Into America" (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $17.50), also used a truck rigged like a camper, and gave it a fanciful name—Ghost Dancing (in salute to the "desperate resurrection rituals" whereby the Plains Indians tried to bring back the bison and the old warrior life) as against Steinbeck's Rocinante, another allusion to the quixotic. The resemblance does not go much further. Heat Moon (Least seems to be his middle name) is an unknown, a mixed-blood Sioux who, when he was thirty-eight years old, was propelled outward from Columbia, Missouri, by a marital breakup and the sudden loss of his job teaching English at Stephens College. His Christian name is, or has been, William Trogdon. This is his first book. It has been launched toward success by kind words from Annie Dillard, Farley Mowat, and Robert Penn Warren. Mr. Warren not only has obliged with an ideal puff for the front of the jacket—"A masterpiece"—but has written the front-flap copy as well. It is he, and not the author, who tells us that William Least Heat Moon "set out to . . . write a book about America."

Heat Moon's own explanation is

> With a nearly desperate sense of isolation and a growing suspicion that I lived in an alien land, I took to the open road in search of places where change did not mean ruin and where time and men and deeds connected.

This seems disingenuously high-minded—self-dramatizing but not self-revealing. The author could, I think, have confided a bit more of his curriculum vitae to the reader in the course of over four hundred big pages. His third chapter, less than two pages long, announces, "I give this chapter to myself. When done with it, I will shut up about *that* topic." He does not tell us where he is from, where he has been, or what he has done. He does not tell us that, set adrift by spouse and employer, he has embarked on an odyssey determined to redeem his life with a literary feat, though this would appear, from the determined manner of his peregrinations and his prose, and from the tape recorder, journal, and cameras he took with him, a plausible conjecture. It is a shortcoming of his



"I don't know, Al. On the one hand, there's no doubt that it's a make-work, dead-end job, but, on the other hand, it's also a vice-presidency."

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venture that, though an immense thirteen-thousand-mile itinerary develops—a rough clockwise circuit of the boundaries of the forty-eight contiguous states, along mostly back roads—no inner curve of feeling tells us if this grandly invoked search reaches or fails to reach its objective. Instead, thousands of miles and hundreds of incidents, conversations, and pieces of scenery bear in upon the reader with the numbing, glittering muchness of a very long car ride. Since Heat Moon writes a thoughtful, sharp-eyed, and evocative if not exactly dancing prose, and since he is a benign and shrewd though somewhat taciturn companion, one reads on, and on, out of a kind of courtesy to the author. But no Moby Dick of an envisioned thesis surfaces on the horizon to pull the worlds of detail toward some gravitational center; the venture never quite becomes an adventure.

There are, it is true, encounters along the way: the pilgrim blunders mistakenly into a whorehouse in Nevada, nearly freezes while stuck on a snowy mountain pass in Utah, is hassled by police in Alabama and New York State, has his water pump replaced in North Dakota, gives a Seventh-Day Adventist vagabond missionary a ride across Idaho and into Montana, and goes out on a trawler from the coast of Maine. And there are facts: the former college instructor knows how to use local libraries as well as strike up local conversations, and the blue highways ("On the old highway maps of America, the main routes were red and the back roads blue") yield much odd information by the way. The Mississippi carries forty tons of topsoil every hour to the Louisiana delta. The word "turnpike" arose because the early toll roads were barred by revolving poles. Martin Van Buren's autobiography never mentions his wife. Tennessee was the first state of the Union admitted after the original thirteen. The first Mason jar was made near Millville, New Jersey. Since 1930, while automobile traffic has gone up fifty per cent, the miles of American streets and roads have increased only eighteen per cent. The phrase "skid row" comes from Portland, Oregon, where the seedy wharf area was known as Skidroad, a logger's term for "a timber track to drag logs over." This is all interesting, and perhaps even more germane to his announced themes of change and connectedness are such incidental data as

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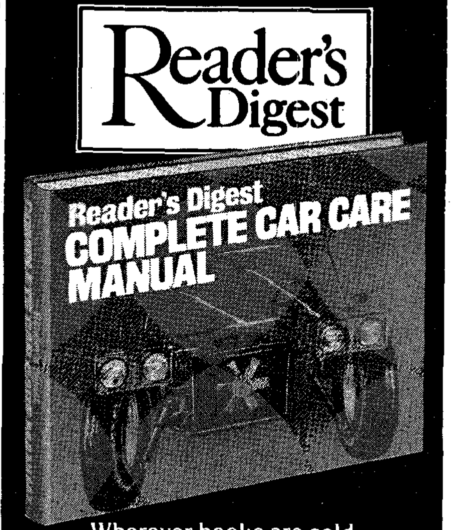

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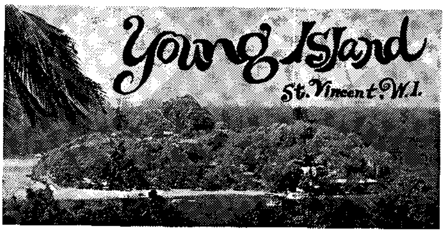

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that the mine workers of Hachita, New Mexico, wouldn't move into a new company town because the location didn't get good TV reception, and that the slaves of old Kentucky built miles of precisely fitted limestone fences that now, when a car knocks down a section, are heaped back haphazardly: "Like the slaves, the skill and time necessary to build a good stone fence were gone."

We could have used more generalization. In de Tocqueville, the proportion of incident to generalized assertion and description is no more than one to ten; "Blue Highways" reverses the ratio. We hope for more from a travel book—especially when its terrain is the land where we live, and whose news we see nightly on television—than a heap of piquant facts, however nicely chiselled and arranged. "Reading my notes of the trip—images, bits of conversations, ideas—I hunted a structure in the events, but randomness was the rule." Heat Moon's inner quest keeps sinking out of sight; his *Weltschmerz* merges with road weariness, his muffled marital grief—his wife, also of mixed blood, is identified simply as the Cherokee—is relegated to a single long-distance phone call, which leads nowhere. His intermittent wish to pump significance into his material drives him toward tangled rhetoric like

> Maybe it was the place or maybe a slow turning in the mind about how a man cannot entirely disconnect from the past. To try to is the American impulse, but to look at the steady continuance of the past is to watch time get emptied of its bluster because time bears down less on the continuum than on the components.

He is a great believer in bars as forums of opinion, and we hear a good deal about café cuisine. Some of the conversations he has are good; others feel stagy and forced—forced by his need to produce them for his unacknowledged companion, this book in embryo. It seems bookishness that tugs him toward towns bearing quaint names—Nameless, Lookingglass, Dime Box, Othello. His regional descriptions can be magical—such as that of the Palouse, a weirdly fertile area, in Washington State, of hills so steep that special machinery has to be built to harvest the crops—but sometimes feel as obligatory as postcards. There are too many pushed metaphors, including a peculiar type of pathetic fallacy, highway personification:

> Highway 260, winding through the pine forests of central Arizona, let the moun-

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— *Shirley Sebucani,*
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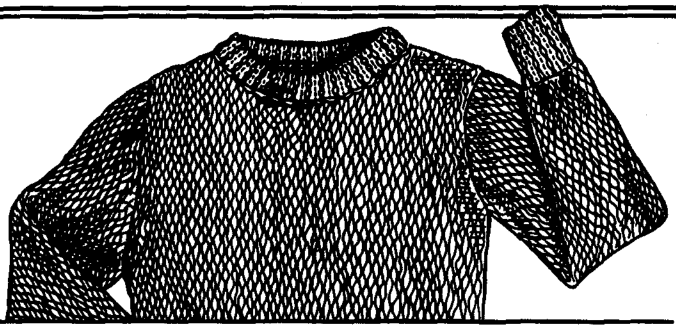

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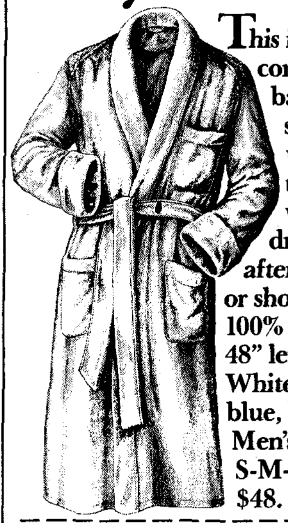

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tains be boss as it followed whatever avenues they left open . . .

Utah 56 went at the sagebrush flats seriously, taking up big stretches before turning away from anything.

More might have been done with the author's Indianness; this was meant, perhaps, to provide the angle of vision, the spin on the pitch. Few stretches of land and pages pass without a reminder of some past battle or treaty whereby the first Americans were deprived of their continental domain. Heat Moon takes along with him as literary companions Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and J. G. Neihardt's "Black Elk Speaks." Black Elk even has some words on "the blue road": it is the route for "one who is distracted, who is ruled by his senses, and who lives for himself rather than for his people." There is something Indian, too, about the ordeal of Spartan travel that Heat Moon has imposed upon himself; James Ferry, another Native American, has written in a recent short story, "My grandfather once told me that there was a certain pain that purified. Because of the pain, some Indian ceremonies may seem like mere torture to outsiders. But beyond the pain there is something else, if only one can get beyond the pain. The inside is reduced to ash, as the sun has touched you, sanctified you." Yet William Least Heat Moon's actual encounters with Indians, and his long drives through old Indian territory, fall rather flat. In Texas, he picks up an elderly hitchhiker who turns out to be the offspring of a *vaquero* (cowboy) and an Apache mother, and, though "he was the only Apache, mestizo or otherwise" the author had ever talked to, neither man can find much to say: "When the silence got noticeably long, he said, 'Pretty good country.'" Driving on west, Heat Moon observes that "there's something about the desert that doesn't like man." Visiting the Hopi reservation in Arizona, he has "no luck in striking up a conversation," and among the Navajo is bluntly snubbed:

Intimidated by my ignorance of Navajo and by fear of the contempt that full-bloods often show lesser bloods, I again failed to stir a conversation. After the storm blew on east, I followed the old men back outside, where they squatted to watch the day take up the weather of an hour earlier. To one with a great round head like an earthen pot, I said, "Is the storm finished now?" He looked at me, then slowly turned his head, while the

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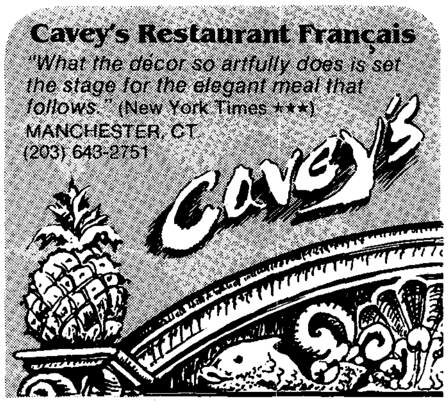

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others examined before them things in the air invisible to me.

The old pothead has sensed, no doubt, that his interlocutor is part paleface, a literary man, an educator, an instinctive alluder to Henry Miller and H. L. Mencken, Calvin Trillin and John McPhee. Heat Moon is a fractional brave well enough assimilated to worry winningly about being eaten by a bear while he sleeps in his steel truck. "I lay a long time, waiting for the beast, shaggy and immense, to claw through the metal, its hot breath on my head, to devour me like a gumdrop." Though he does get a Hopi student at Southern Utah State College to talk about being Indian, and to explicate the maze at the heart of Hopi philosophy, when the author climbs back into his truck and drones through the monotonous immensity east of where Sitting Bull at last surrendered it is not Whitman or Black Elk that comes to his mind for quotation but one of Gertrude Stein's incomparable epigraphs: "In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is. This is what makes America what it is." Farther east still, he is insulted as "Tonto" and a "freak" by a businessman in Michigan, though the photograph on the back of the jacket shows a pale, fine-featured man with an elegantly shaped haircut and beard. The only things that look Indian about Heat Moon are his dark eyes and his enviably flat stomach.

After being called "Tonto," the author seems to wake up, and to cease wishing to see the invisible things that full-blooded Indians see, and to exercise his eye more satirically, especially as upper-class Northeasterners hove into view: "In the piney taproom I sat near a table of two men and their wives who wore the colors for that spring: pink and Kelly green touched up with white. The women were in perfect trim like mortuary lawns, and the husbands wore clothes for the man who knows where he's going. . . . The conversation was about suitable gifts to take the children at home with grandmothers. The decision: volleyballs for the boys, stuffed kangaroos for the girls, brandied apricot cakes for grandmothers." Smile though he will, Northeasterners, from Cheshire, New York, to Smith Island, Maryland, were the warmest people Heat Moon met—the most amusing and the least wary, the most giving. He was invited to eat dandelion salad and fried venison with an Italian family in the

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vineyard country of New York State, to tramp through an old-timer's sugar-maple farm in New Hampshire, to join a fishing expedition in Maine, to sing the praises of atomic submarines ("They're longer than the Washington Monument") in Connecticut, to have drinks and dinner in southern New Jersey, and to go on a private tour of a six-by-four-mile island in Maryland. The author has a few friends in this region, and some memories: he was once a sailor stationed at Newport. He walks Thames Street, sanitized and commercialized since the sixties, when it was "still a dark little guttery thing filled with the odor of beer and fried food and dime-store perfume," and remembers an old fisherman he met in a tavern where a parking lot now exists:

> He'd lost a thumb to a kink in a line, but he believed he'd had a good life. Around his neck hung a small scrimshaw, showing a crude yet detailed image of the Holy Virgin, carved from the knuckle of his thumb. "Your own bone," he had said, "she's the best luck."

That carved bit of your own bone might have served better than the Hopi maze as the ruling metaphor for this book. By sticking to the back roads, Heat Moon by and large met Americans who have stayed put, where fate set them, gradually gathering dignity to their own lives from the continuing history of places like Shelbyville, Kentucky, and Melvin Village, New Hampshire. Their talk, where they do not grudge it, is firm and, within the tiny given periphery, authoritative. One doubts if life has many lessons they would have learned better by moving around. And one doubts, when "Blue Highways" and all its passing sights have been traversed, if William Least Heat Moon learned much about himself or about America that he could not have discovered in Columbia, Missouri.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Famous All Over Town, by Danny Santiago (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). Rudy (or Chato, for his flat, catlike nose) Medina, Jr., the narrator of this first novel, is a fourteen-year-old Mexican-American, a resident (with his big-fisted father, silent mother, bossy older sister, and new baby sister) of a soon-to-be-condemned street in Los Angeles, a member of a street gang, a would-be

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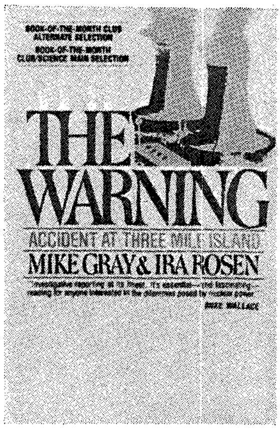
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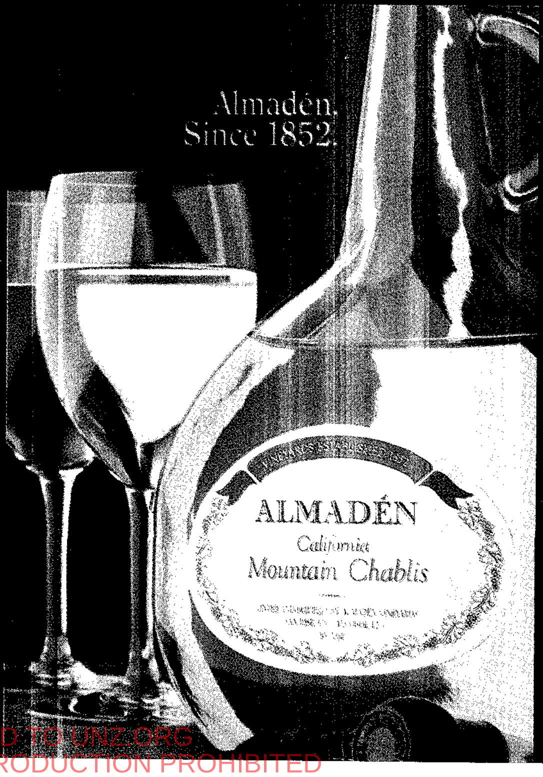
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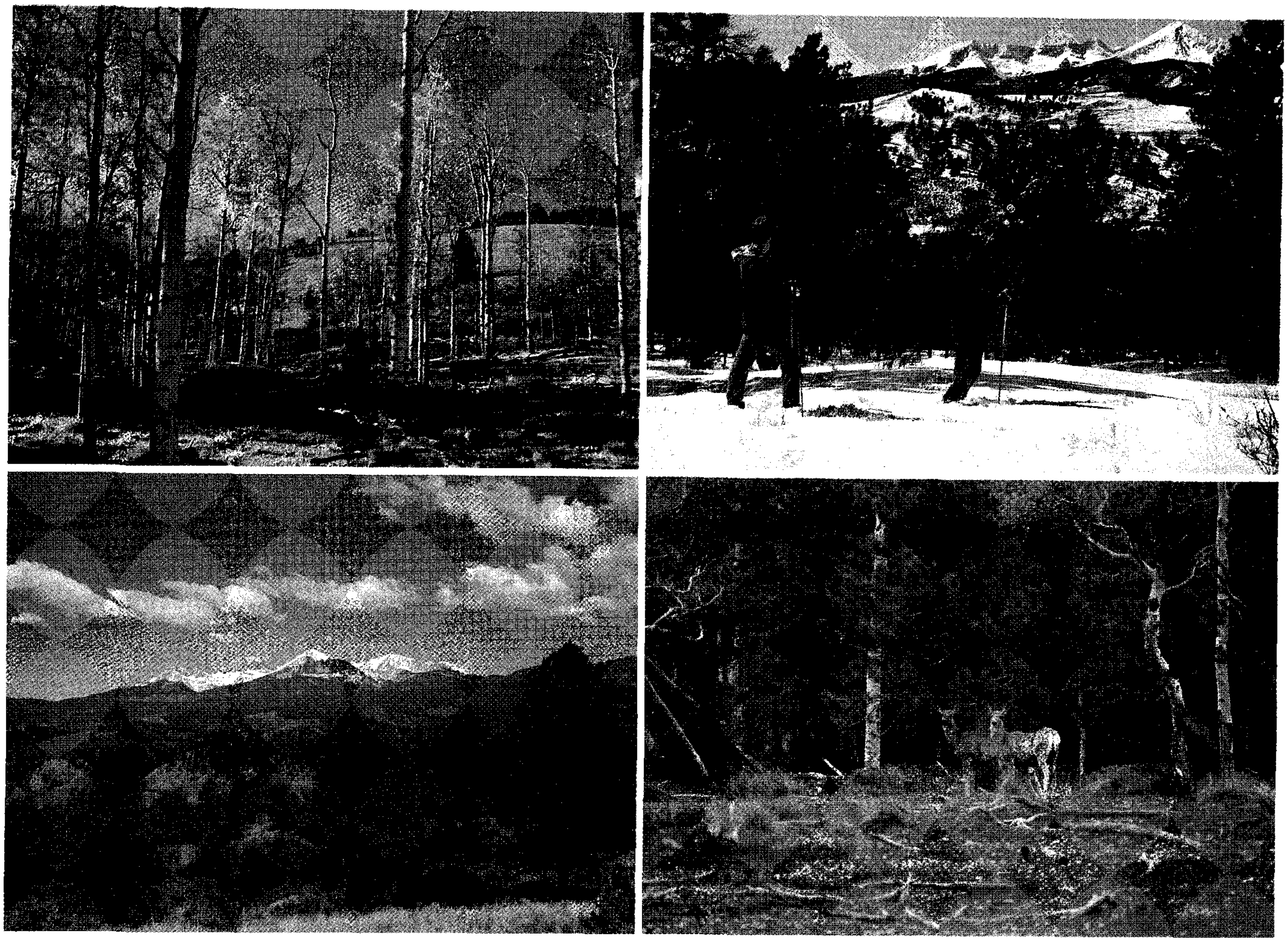

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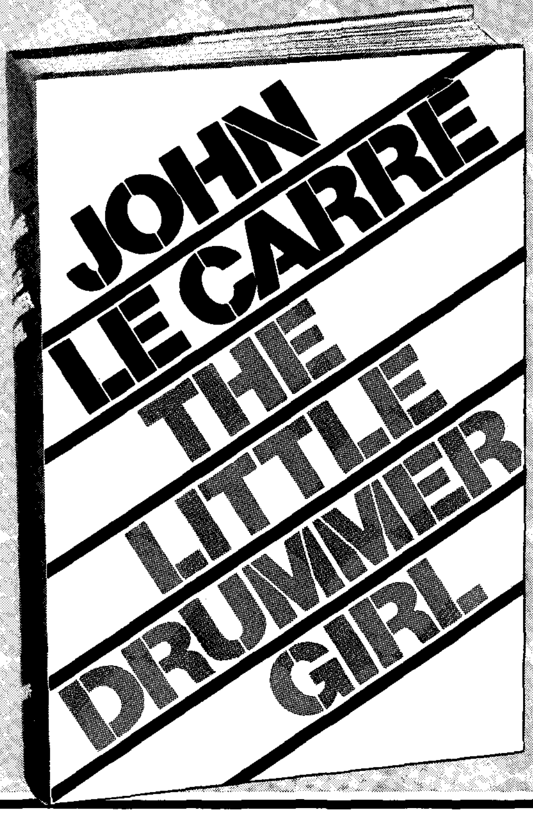
tough with an I.Q. of 135. The story he tells is not, in this day of ethnic adolescent definition, an unfamiliar one, but it becomes notable in the telling. The language is an expressive mixture of Mexican Spanish and American English, the events—frictions at home, macho strivings, unrequited sexual pangs, trouble (by way of a friend in a stolen car) with the police—are strongly imagined and told with vivacity, and although there are many moments of real poignancy, there is also much real humor here, and even joy. The ending is not really satisfactory—abrupt, inconclusive, and dangling—but Mr. Santiago (or, rather, Chato) seems to promise a sequel.

My Search for Warren Harding, by Robert Plunket (Knopf; $13.95). What prompts our hero—a product of the Pittsburgh haute bourgeoisie and of two Ivy League universities, a former development director at a major New York zoo, and the current vice-president and booking agent for a Manhattan-based group of Morris dancers—to rent a decrepit pool house on a decrepit estate in Hollywood for eight hundred dollars a month; to woo his decrepit landlady's blimp-shaped granddaughter (the mother of a baby boy named, by his great-grandmother, Warren); and to butter up the granddaughter's estranged hillbilly husband? The same thing that has prompted a misguided foundation to award him seventy-five hundred dollars: his dream of writing the last word on (in the words of his New York girlfriend) "the shallowest President in history," a President not given a fair shake in the scandalous memoirs ("The Price of Love") of a former Presidential *chauffeuse* who is now our hero's landlady. The side effects of his efforts to get his hands on her trunkful of Harding memorabilia range from an offshore accident, featuring Warren II's mother and a Coast Guard winch, to his self-imposed idyll (undertaken in one of many moments of panic) at a cinder-block health spa where the food is mainly papayas. A very funny novel, Mr. Plunket's first.

A Joke Goes a Long Way in the Country, by Alannah Hopkin (Atheneum; $10.95). A joke (about painted toenails) caps this small, artful novel about a breezy young Irish writer named Alex Buckley



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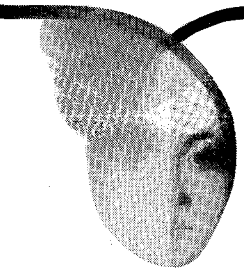

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(her mother is descended from O'Sullivans), who attracts free-lance assignments as easily as she attracts easygoing lovers, both in London (where her parents have long lived and worked) and in the Irish fishing village of Castletownbere (where her elderly aunt has long lived), and who needs to decide (among other matters) which place is her home. The story is essentially a flashback from a rainy July in Castletownbere to the past year or so, and it alternates between London and Ireland, with time out for a trip (with a musician friend on tour) to the United States. This is a lot of artfulness for such a small book—less than a hundred and fifty pages—to bear, and the weight is not eased by its six sections' tongue-in-cheek headings ("Prologue," "Exposition," "Development," "Disintegration," "Resolution," "Epilogue"), but Alannah Hopkin, like Alex Buckley, only *seems* reckless; she gives her story the orderly momentum that those headings promise. Alex's discovery, in history books, of an eighteenth-century Irish outlaw named Morty Óg O'Sullivan Beare (first mentioned in a prologue to "Disintegration") and of a living Basque skipper (introduced, in a letter she sends to London, in "Epilogue") who may be his descendant helps her reconcile her impulses and her ambitions, and the joke, in testing her sense of humor, proves her to be the match of those two men.

NOTE: "Going On Like This," a collection of stories by John Rolfe Gardiner, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atheneum ($12.95).

GENERAL

MY RUSSIA, by Peter Ustinov (Atlantic–Little, Brown; $19.95). Mr. Ustinov, the son of a Russian father and a French mother, was born in England and is a British citizen, but he has deep emotional roots in Russia—not Imperial Russia, not Soviet Russia, but simply Russia. This book is a spirited historical portrait of that Russia, an attempt to persuade the West (particularly America) that the Russians are "intrinsically" like any other people. The result is not an apologia, but it tends, perhaps unavoidably, toward the defensive. "What is generally attributed in the West to Russian

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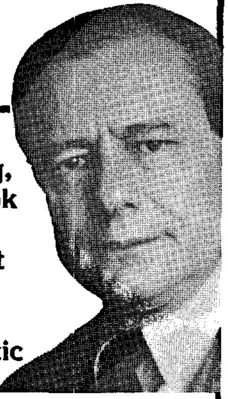

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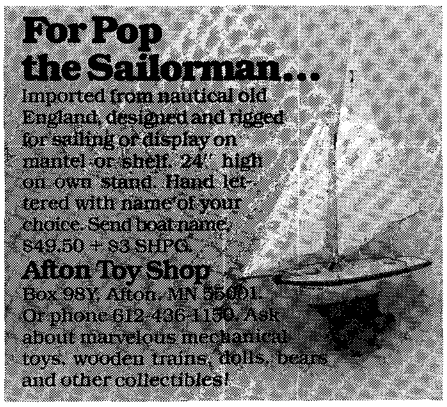

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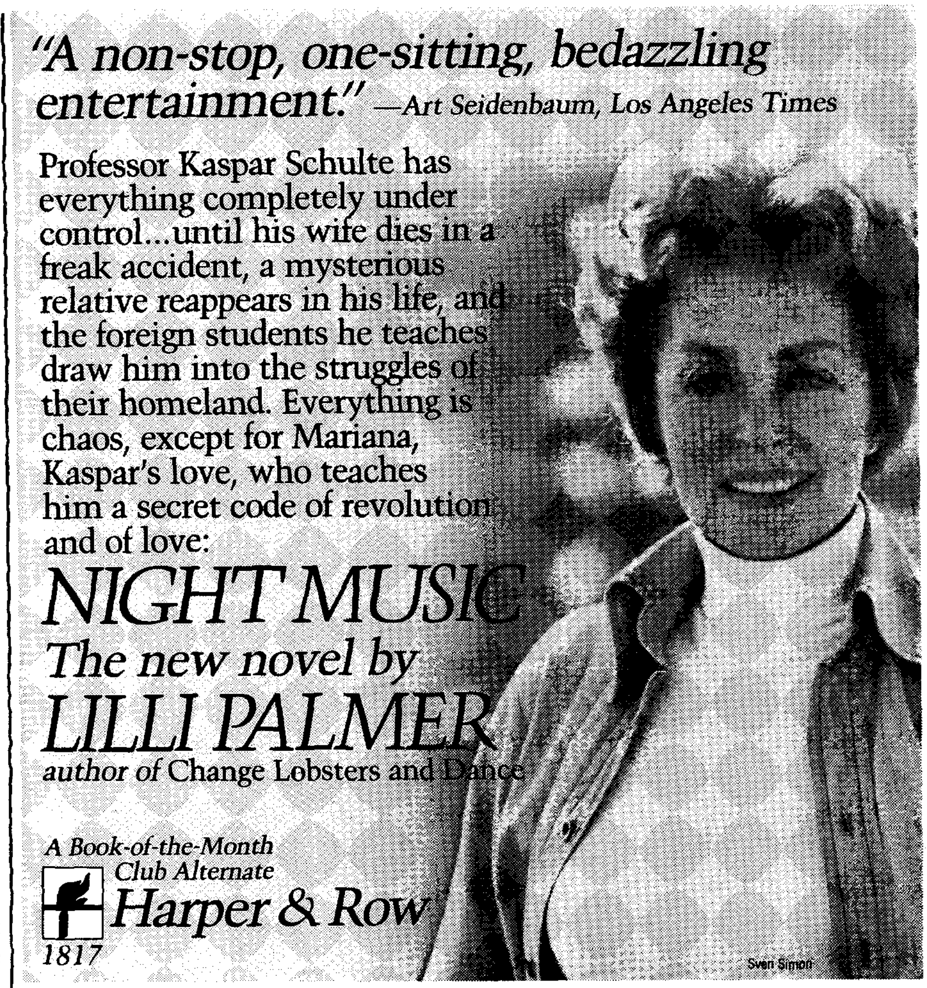
aggression is invariably defensive by nature," he tells us. "The thinking is entirely of protection, of cover. Russia has, in fact, never fought an aggressive war in Europe . . . nor is she mentally constituted for such an adventure." On the other hand, he points out, Russia has been invaded by countless Asiatic hordes, by Sweden, by Turkey, by Napoleon, by the English and French (the Crimean War), by an anti-Bolshevik army of Czechs, French, English, Japanese, and Americans in 1918, and by Hitler. There are, he notes, differences between Russia and the West: "The Russian way of life, then and now, is to be regarded as a rare jewel worthy of protection, and if that protection entails discipline and a lack of the kind of frivolous freedom enjoyed elsewhere, that was and is a sacrifice well worth making. . . . In the U.S. Constitution, the state is, by implication, a necessary evil: in the Soviet Constitution, it is a necessary good." One senses a certain strain in this argument, and a lack of real warmth in Mr. Ustinov's Russophilia: he at no point offers any personal acquaintance with Russia. But only a closed mind could ignore his general pleas for understanding between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. With fine illustrations—drawings, paintings, photographs, and maps.

MINOR CHARACTERS, by Joyce Johnson (Houghton Mifflin; $13.95). A soft-spoken memoir of the author's youth, when, impatient with her overcautious parents, she naïvely sought "life" in Greenwich Village. She suffered no lasting harm from an affair with the novelist Jack Kerouac, which ended in 1958 as a result of his drunkenness and vagrant ways, but her closest friend, who loved the poet Allen Ginsberg, committed suicide. Mrs. Johnson is a recorder of obsessional drives and destinies. Her style is realistic rather than flamboyant, and she succeeds in portraying the Beats not as oddities or celebrities but as individuals. In wry retrospect, she recognizes the folly of young women rebelling against their well-meaning parents only to become subservient to indifferent men.

LECTURES ON DON QUIXOTE, by Vladimir Nabokov, edited by Fredson Bowers (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $17.95). Six lectures on Cervantes' epic novel, which were



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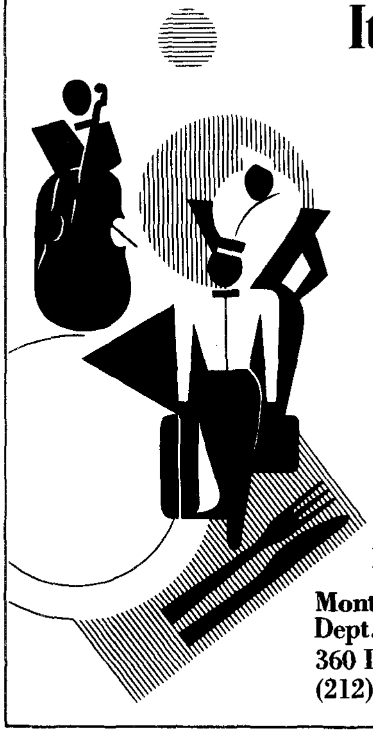

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delivered before a Harvard class in the humanities in the spring of 1952. "Don Quixote" was not one of Nabokov's favorite books. He did not think it was very funny—the comedy is too crude and cruel—or that it was a satire on chivalry, or an upside-down allegory of a putative mad old man who is in reality the only sane person in an insane world. It is, he says, a book more important in its "eccentric diffusion" than for any intrinsic value, and he cites the almost immediate impact it had on the world, and its abiding influence on the great masters of the novel—Dickens, Tolstoy, Flaubert. If "Don Quixote" is not a great novel, its central character is a hero "greater today than he was in Cervantes' womb," Nabokov observes. "He has ridden for three hundred and fifty years through the jungles and tundras of human thought—and he has gained in vitality and stature."

NOTE: "Jelly Roll, Jabbo, and Fats: 19 Portraits in Jazz," by Whitney Balliett, has been published by Oxford ($17.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CONDUCT OF MAJOR MAXIM, by Gavin Lyall (Viking; $14.75). It is suggested to one of the several arms of British Intelligence that something in the past of a rapidly rising East German functionary might render him vulnerable to recruitment as a secret British agent, and the scheme goes forward. This involves a good many harrowing days and nights (in England and in West Germany), much dealing and double-dealing—revelation upon false revelation. It also involves Major Harry Maxim, whom we first met in "The Secret Servant." He is now attached to 10 Downing Street, and he is as quick and resourceful as before. Mr. Lyall, as always, is strong in scene and color, firm in balancing action and cogitation, and rich in slippery Oxbridge conference-room exchange.

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